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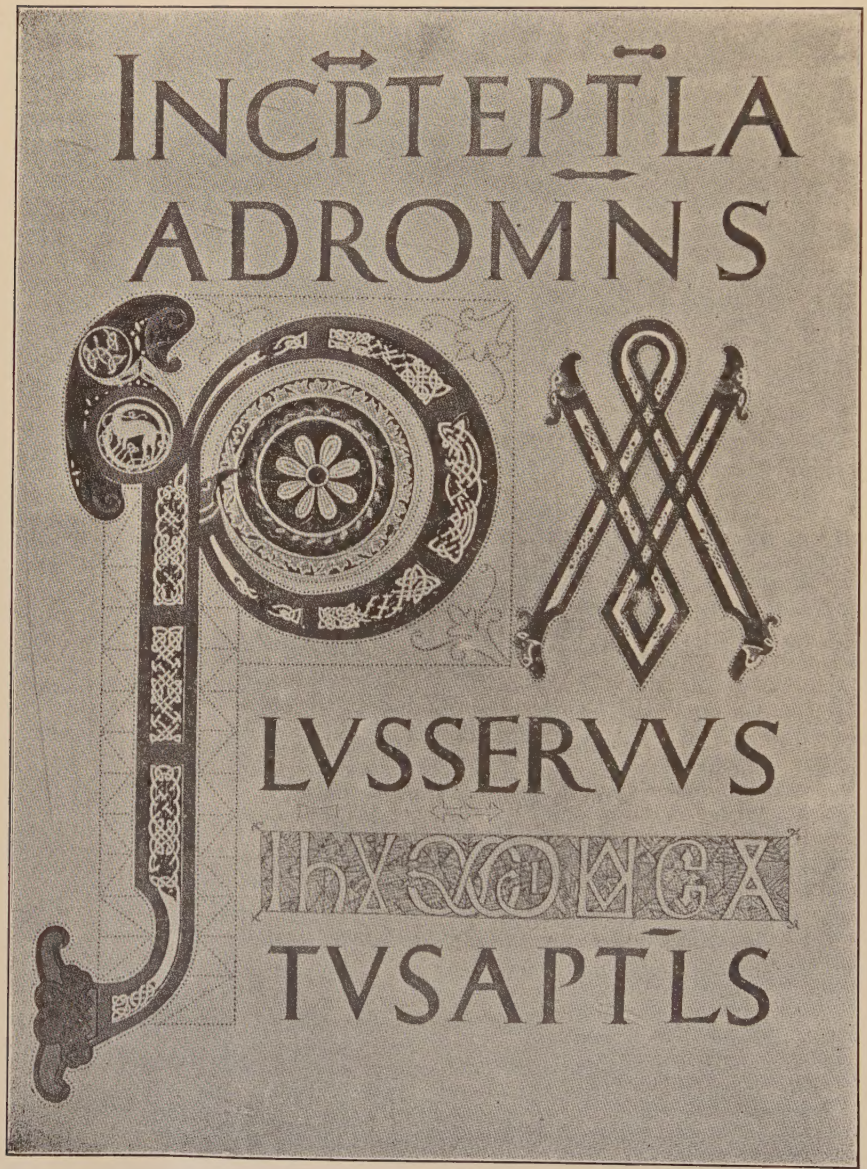
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Teachers' Edition

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EMPEDOCLES

(Fifth Century B. C.)

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

EMPEDOCLES the Sicilian was born at Agrigentum, early in the fifth century B. C. The dates of his birth and death are uncertain, but his life probably covered nearly the whole of the first three-quarters of that century. His family was rich and influential, and in politics allied with the popular or democratic side. He himself rose to a commanding position as a statesman, and was sufficiently versatile to become no less eminent as an orator, poet, religious teacher, and physician. Of his two long poems — the one cosmological, the other religious — four hundred and fifty fragmentary verses have come down to us, the exceptionally large number probably showing the wide-spread character of his popularity. In certain political overturnings he fell into disfavor with his fellow-citizens, and was apparently banished. At any rate, many years of his life were passed in wandering over the Greek countries. Travel in those days took the place of the modern university, and whatever results travel could yield he obtained. A long life was spent in forming and proclaiming philosophic doctrine, in preaching, and in healing the sick. A man of imposing personality, he was popularly believed to work miracles and to possess divine power, — beliefs which he took no pains to discourage. The suspicion of charlatanry which attaches to him appears in the probably baseless story that he secretly threw himself into the crater of Etna, in order not to be thought to have died as a man, but to have disappeared as a god. His character and teachings have deeply affected two notable poems, Lucretius's 'De Rerum Natura,' and Matthew Arnold's 'Empedocles on Etna.'

At the beginning of the fifth century B. C. there was great intellectual activity throughout the Greek world, especially along the coast land of Asia Minor, among the islands of the Ægean Sea, in Sicily and Southern Italy, — the Greek America, — where comfortable conditions had been attained in freedom, wealth, and ease of communication. Here men were becoming conscious of themselves and of an environing world, and had begun to seek a more exact explanation of the universe than the traditional mythologies could supply. The ancient beliefs accepted gods of all degrees and ranges of power. The arrangements of the world were due to them, and all events

were under their control; but they were imagined as having their birth and exerting their activity in an already existing universe. Of this, or of themselves, they did not lay the foundations. Multitudinous they were as the physical forces of our scientific men, and as little capable of accounting for their own origin. In the preceding century men had already begun to wonder about this origin, and to distrust mythological explanations of it. They questioned what was the ultimate ground of things, what was the universal Nature (φύσις) from which gods and men alike proceeded, of what was the world made. These questions mark the first stirrings of a philosophic spirit among the Greeks.

The Ionians or Eastern Greeks suggested in reply that some one of the many elements now existing might be the primordial element, and from this all else be derived. Water or even air might be the primordial stuff (ἀρχή), which processes of thickening and thinning then turned into all that we see. Nature would thus consist of a single real substance, and of it the many objects we perceive would be but the modifications.

Acute minds, however, at Elea in Southern Italy,—Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno,—pressed this hypothesis farther. If the many objects we see are but modifications of a single being or substance, then objects themselves, and the whole changing world which they involve, become illusory. For how could water be changed into anything other than itself, without ceasing in the same degree to be water at all? And if one primordial element is all that ultimately constitutes Being, will not every change of this Being or Substance move in the direction of Not-Being or Insubstantiality? It is useless to suggest that change might arise through the transition from one kind of being to another. If there are kinds of Being, diversity is planted in the frame of things, rational unity disappears, and anything like a universe becomes impossible. The one and the many are so inherently opposed that each must exclude the other from existence. To the Eleatic eye, or to any other capable of distinguishing reality and appearance, all Being is one, changeless, undifferentiated, eternal. It is the deceiving senses which report multiplicity; reason speaks only of unity. The transformations suggested and seemingly warranted by sensuous experience cannot even be thought of with precision, but will on reflection everywhere disclose hidden contradictions.

Only one method of preserving the reality of change accordingly remains, and that is to imbed it in the nature of the primordial element itself. This method was adopted by Heraclitus of Ephesus. Fire, said he, presents a case of existence where nothing like fixed Being is to found. Of fire it is not true that it first exists and afterwards changes. At no moment of its existence, even the earliest, is

it unchanging. Into its nature change is so essentially inwrought that we are obliged to describe it as always becoming, rather than as at any time being. And what is true of fire is true of the universe in general. Ceaseless change characterizes it. All things flow, nothing stands. You cannot bathe twice in the same stream. The Eleatics were right in declaring that Being cannot change except into its opposite, Not-Being; but that is precisely what it perpetually does change into. Nature is made by the union of these opposites. Strife is the father of all, the unceasing strife of Being and Not-Being. The two are inseparable. The original element contains them both, and Nature arises from their conflict.

These, then, were the explanations of the universe offered to Empedocles: the mythological notion of personal divine agency, the primary transformable element of the Ionians, the one fixed substance of the Eleatics, the ceaseless change of Heraclitus. Perhaps we should add the teachings of Pythagoras about number, immortality, and a renovated social order. All these widely divergent cosmologic notions Empedocles accepted, and in his eclectic and compromising fashion sought to adjust them into harmony with one another.

With the Eleatics he agrees in holding that whatever ultimately exists must be perpetual, incapable of changing its qualities, of coming into being or ceasing to be. But he conciliates this with the Heraclitan recognition of the universality of change, by a peculiar adaptation of Ionic doctrine. It is true that not all the elements of the world are equally primordial; but why assume that there is but one such primordial element?—may there not be several? The Pythagoreans taught that the number four entered deeply into the structure of the world. Might there not, then, be four original elements—say, earth, air, fire, and water? Three of these had already figured separately in Ionic speculation. These primordial roots, as Empedocles calls them, in themselves always unchanged, might by mingling with one another, or by separation, produce the appearances which we know as birth, death, and changeable phenomena. Yet to effect such combinations, something is needed which the Ionians overlooked—forces, to operate change and to adjust the elements to one another. These Empedoclean forces are two,—Love and Strife,—or (stripping off that mythological and personified character which this poetizing philosopher attributes to them, as also to his four elements) we may call them by the modern names of affinity and repulsion. In the beginning all the four elements were compacted by Love into a harmonious universe, which may be symbolized by a sphere. Into this spherical concord crept Strife, gradually, through disturbing the normal degrees of mixture, breaking up the primeval whole into individual existences. These individual existences appeared at first in

fragmentary and imperfect forms, heads and arms and eyes coming into life, yet missing their congruous parts. Such monstrosities soon perished. But when one happened to be joined to another in natural fitness, it survived. So there was a progression from the imperfect to the more perfect. Moreover, although in the world which now exists, differentiating and individualizing Strife is in the ascendant, Love will one day have its way again and draw all once more back to the sphere-shaped fourfold harmony. Yet this Love-ruled harmony will not persist, but out of it new mixtures will still proceed, a Strife-cycle forever alternating with a Love-cycle. Out of this same Love our perceptions and desires spring, the elements which form us seeking their similars elsewhere. Only like can be known by like. With these physical doctrines Empedocles combined, for no obvious reason, the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

To sum up, the teaching of Empedocles is a composite, and includes fragments of all the theories current in his time. His own contributions are — 1, the doctrine of the four elements; 2, the perception that for the fashioning of a world, forces are as needful as material; 3, the notion of alternating world-cycles; 4, vague hints of evolution and even of natural selection; and 5, cognition by similars. To have four or five original ideas is to be a wealthy man indeed. Those of Empedocles were all taken up into subsequent philosophy, and have ever since enriched the blood of the world.

The Greek text of the fragments of Empedocles, with Latin translation, may be found in Mullach's 'Fragmenta Philosophorum Græcorum,' Vol. i.; selections, with Latin comment, arranged so as best to exhibit the philosophy, in Ritter and Preller's 'Historia Philosophiæ'; an English translation, in the fifth chapter of Burnet's 'Early Greek Philosophy'; the life, in the eighth Book of Diogenes Laertius; discussions of the philosophy, in all the histories of Greek Philosophy — especially in Burnet, in Zeller's 'Pre-Socratic Philosophy,' Vol. ii., in Zeller's small 'Greek Philosophy,' and in Windelband's 'Geschichte der alten Philosophie.'

G. H. Palmer

[The mere fact that some four hundred and eighty verses of Empedocles have been preserved is doubtless a tribute to his high rank as a poet. Certainly no other among the early philosophers has had so happy a fate. Enough remains to indicate his lofty creative imagination, as well as the splendid march of his verse. A few of the chief fragments are therefore presented here in a metrical version, by W. C. Lawton. The other passages, needed to illustrate Professor Palmer's study, follow in the prose form given them by John Burnet, M. A., in his history of early Greek philosophy.]

FROM THE POEM ON NATURE

EMPEDOCLES was without doubt a leader of mystics, and one who claimed for himself superhuman nature and wisdom; but it seems equally true,—as true as of Plato, of Swedenborg, or of Emerson,—that he was his own first and sincerest believer. In particular, the lines in which he declares his recollections of immortality and of a more blest divine existence, are as earnest as anything in Plato or in Wordsworth.

THERE is a doom of fate, an ancient decree of immortals,
Never to be unmade, by amplest pledges attested:
That, if a spirit divine, who shares in the life everlasting,
Through transgression defile his glorious body by bloodshed,
Or if he perjure himself by swearing unto a falsehood,
Thrice ten thousand seasons he wanders apart from the Blessèd,
Passing from birth unto birth through every species of mortal,
Changing ever the paths of life, yet ever unresting:
Even as I now roam, from gods far-wandered, an exile,
Yielding to maddening strife.

These, as Plutarch and others testify, are the opening lines in the Prelude of Empedocles's great poem on Nature. Other and briefer fragments continue the same train of thought.

ONCE already have I as a youth been born, as a maiden,
Bush, and wingèd bird, and silent fish in the waters. . . .
After what horrors, and after how long and blissful existence,
Thus am I wretchedly doomed to abide in the meadows of mortals!
Loudly I wept and wailed at beholding the place unfamiliar. . . .
Joyless the place, where
Murder abides, and Strife, with the other races of Troubles.

The belief in transmigration, which we are wont to associate especially with the Pythagorean teachings, is nowhere more earnestly and vividly expressed than by Empedocles. The conviction that Man's soul is a fallen exile from a higher diviner sphere, to which he may hope to return only after long purgatorial atonement in earthly incarnations,—all this has been even more magnificently elaborated in Platonic dialogues like the Phædrus and the Phædo; but Plato himself may well owe much of his loftiest inspiration to this Sicilian seer.

The theory of the four elements is clearly stated in a three-line fragment of the same Prelude:—

Hearken and learn that four, at the first, are the sources of all things:
Fire, and water, and earth, and lofty ether unbounded.
Thence springs all that is, that shall be, or hath been aforetime.

Empedocles seems to have rivaled Lucretius himself in the picturesque vividness of his similes. Here, for instance, is an attempt to illustrate how the manifold forms of the visible world might well arise from the mingling of these few elements:—

Just as men who the painter's craft have thoroughly mastered
Fashion in many a tint their picture, an offering sacred;
When they have taken in hand their paints of various colors,
Mingling skillfully more of the one and less of another,
Out of these they render the figures like unto all things;
Trees they cause to appear, and the semblance of men and of women,
Beasts of the field, and birds, and fish that inhabit the waters,
Even the gods, whose honors are greatest, whose life is unending:—
Be not deceived, for such, and nowise other, the fountain
Whence all mortals spring, whatever their races unnumbered.

Incidentally we see clearly that while the painter's art has made many a stride from Homer's time to Empedocles's day, yet "Art is still religion"; the masterpiece is as a matter of course an *anathēma*, an altar-piece.

Among the other fragments of the Proem is the singular invocation of the Muse. The poetic quality is rather disappointing. Despite his hatred of Strife, Empedocles has evidently just indulged in rather strong polemic; perhaps against those who profess to teach more than man may know, for the invocation begins thus:—

Only do ye, O gods, remove from my tongue their madness;
Make ye to flow from a mouth that is holy a fountain unsullied.
Thou, O white-armed Virgin, the Muse who rememberest all things,
Whatsoe'er it is lawful to utter to men that are mortal
Bring me, from Piety driving a chariot easily guided.

It is clear from many such passages, that Empedocles claimed for himself not merely a poetic inspiration but an absolutely superhuman nature. It is not easy to find anywhere a more magnificent and sublime egotism than his. The most famous passage of this character is not from his great work on Nature (or Creation), but is found in the 'Katharmoi' (Poem of Purifications):—

O my friends, whoso in Acragas's beautiful city
Have your dwelling aloft; whose hearts are set upon virtue;
Reverent harbors of guests, who have no share in dishonor,—
Greeting! But I as a god divine, no longer a mortal,
Dwell with you, by all in reverence held, as is fitting,
Girt with fillets about, and crowned with wreaths of rejoicing.
Whatsoever the folk whose prosperous cities I enter,
There I of women and men am revered. By thousands they follow,
Questioning where they may seek for the path that leadeth to profit.
These are in need of prophetic words, and others, in illness,
Since they have long been racked with the grievous pangs of diseases,
Crave that I utter the charm whose power is sovran in all things.—
Yet pray why lay stress upon this, as were it a marvel
If I surpass mankind, who are mortal and utterly wretched?

OTHER FRAGMENTS FROM THE POEM ON NATURE

And thou shalt learn all the drugs that are a defense against ills and old age, since for thee alone shall I accomplish all this. Thou shalt arrest the violence of the weariless winds that arise and sweep the earth, laying waste the cornfields with their breath; and again, when thou so desirest, thou shalt bring their blasts back again with a rush. Thou shalt cause for men a seasonable drought after the dark rains, and again after the summer drought thou shalt produce the streams that feed the trees as they pour down from the sky. Thou shalt bring back from Hades the life of a dead man.

Fools! for they have no far-reaching thoughts who deem that what before was not comes into being, or that aught can perish and be utterly destroyed. For it cannot be that aught can arise from what in no way is, and it is impossible and unheard-of that what *is* should perish; for it will always *be*, wherever one may keep putting it.

I shall tell thee a twofold tale. At one time things grew to be one only out of many; at another, that divided up to be many instead of one. There is a double becoming of perishable things, and a double passing away. The coming together of all things brings one generation into being and destroys it; the other grows

up and is scattered as things become divided. And these things never cease, continually changing places, at one time all uniting in one through Love, at another each borne in different directions by the repulsions of Strife.

For of a truth, they [*i. e.*, Love and Strife] were aforetime and shall be; nor ever, methinks, will boundless time be emptied of that pair. And they prevail in turn as the circle comes round, and pass away before one another, and increase in their appointed turn.

For if thou takest them [trees and plants] to the close recesses of thy heart and watchest over them kindly with faultless care, then thou shalt have all these things in abundance throughout thy life, and thou shalt gain many others from them; for each grows ever true to its own character, according as its nature is. But if thou strivest after things of a different kind, as is the way with men, ten thousand woes await thee to blunt thy careful thoughts. All at once they will cease to live when the time comes round, desiring each to reach its own kind: for know that all things have wisdom and a share of thought.

It is not possible for us to set God before our eyes, or to lay hold of him with our hands, which is the broadest way of persuasion that leads into the heart of man. For he is not furnished with a human head on his body, two branches do not sprout from his shoulders, he has no feet, no swift knees, nor hairy parts; but he is only a sacred and unutterable Mind, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts.

FROM THE POEM OF PURIFICATIONS

And there was among them a man of rare knowledge, most skilled in all manner of wise works, a man who had won the utmost wealth of wisdom; for whensoever he strained with all his mind, he easily saw everything of all the things that are now [though he lived] ten, yea, twenty generations of men ago. . . .

But at the last, they appear among mortal men as prophets, song-writers, physicians, and princes; and thence they rise up as gods exalted in honor, sharing the hearth of the other gods and the same table; free from human woes, safe from destiny, and incapable of hurt.

ENNIUS

(239–169 B. C.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

DOUBTLESS every human race — surely every Aryan clan — has felt, and in some measure gratified, the need of lyric utterance, in joy, in grief, and in wrath. The marriage song, the funeral chant, the banqueters' catch, the warriors' march, the hymn of petition and of thanksgiving — these must have been heard even in early Latium. Yet this Latin peasant soldier was surely as unimaginative a type of man as ever rose to the surface of self-conscious civilized life. His folk-song, like his folk-lore generally, must have been heavy, crude, monotonous, clinging close to the soil. Macaulay's Lays still stir the boyish heart, though Matthew Arnold did repeat, with uncharacteristic severity, that he who enjoyed the barbaric clash of their doggerel could never hope to appreciate true poetry at all! But good or bad, they are pure Macaulayese. No audible strain has come down, even of those funeral ballads and festival lays whose former existence is merely asserted, without illustration, by Cato and by Varro.

At the threshold of Hellenic literature stand the two epics whose imaginative splendor is still unrivaled. The first figure in Roman letters, seven centuries later, is a Greek slave, or freedman, Livius Andronicus, translating into barbarous Saturnian verse the Iliad and Odyssey, and rendering almost as crudely many a famous tragedy. Next Nævius sang, in those same rough Saturnians, the victory of Rome in the Punic wars. Joel Barlow's 'Columbiad' and "meek drab-skirted" Ellwood's 'Davideis' might have made room between them for this martial chant, if it had survived. Then Plautus, fun-maker for the Roman populace, "turned barbarously" into the vulgar speech plays good and bad, of the Middle and New Attic Comedy. The more serious of these dramas, like the 'Captivi,' seem like a charcoal reproduction upon a barn door of some delicate line engraving, whose loss we must still regret. Yet much of the real fun in Plautus is Roman, and doubtless his own. Moreover, he or his Greek masters — probably both — knew how to make a comedy go in one unpausing rush of dramatic action, from the lowering to the raising of the curtain. But to true creative literature these versions of Menander and Philemon bear about the same relation as would

adaptations of Sardou and Dumas, with local allusions and «gags,» in Plattdeutsch, for the Hamburg theatre.

The next figure in this picturesque line is Ennius, who like nearly all the early authors is no Roman gentleman, not even a Latin at all. Born (239 B. C.) in the village of Rudiæ of far-off Calabria, he heard in this cottage home the rough Oscan speech of his peasant race. This language held for them somewhat the position of Aramaic among the fisher folk of Galilee two centuries and a half later. In both lands, Greek was the ordinary speech of the market-place; Latin, at most, the official language of the rulers. The boy Ennius seems to have been educated in the Hellenic city of Tarentum. Even there, he may not yet have spoken Latin at all. Cicero apparently confesses in the 'Archias' (62 B. C.) that his native speech had even then made no headway «beyond the narrow boundaries» of Latium. In Magna Græcia, Ennius probably often heard classic Greek tragedy acted, as Virgil intimates he still did in his time.

We have referred elsewhere to the dramatic incident, that Cato the Elder brought in his train from Corsica the man who, more than all others, was to establish in Rome that Hellenic art most dreaded by the great Censor. Cato was the younger of the two. Ennius was just

«Midway upon the journey of our life.»

He was then a *centurion* in rank; that is, he had fought his way, no doubt with many scars, to the proud place at the head of his company. (A young Roman gentleman, invited by the general to join his staff, knew little of such campaigning.) This was at the close of Rome's second and decisive struggle with Carthage, so long the queen of the Western Mediterranean. Ennius lived on, chiefly in Rome, as many years longer; his death coinciding with the equally decisive downfall of Macedonia (168 B. C.). His life, then, spans perhaps the greatest exploits of Roman arms. This was doubtless also the age in which the heroic national character reached its culmination—and began to decay.

Of this victorious generation the Scipios are probably the best type. Its chief recorder was their friend and protégé, the Calabrian peasant and campaigner. Of all the missing works in the Latin speech, perhaps not even the lost books of Livy would be so eagerly welcomed—so helpful in restoring essential outlines, now lacking, of Roman action and character—as the 'Annals' of Ennius, in eighteen books, which followed the whole current of Roman tradition, from Æneas and Romulus down to the writer's own day. And this work was, at the same time, the first large experiment in writing Homeric hexameters in the Latin speech! So true is it, that the Hellenic Muse was present at the birth of Roman literature. Though no work of

Ennius survives save in tantalizing fragments, he is the manliest, the most vivid figure in the early history of Latin letters.

Gellius preserves a saying of Ennius, that in his three mother tongues he had three hearts. But his fatherland had accepted in good faith, long before, the Italian supremacy of Rome. His love for the imperial city quite equaled that of any native. He became actually a citizen through the kindness of his noble friend Fulvius, who as one of the triumvirs appointed to found Potentia, enrolled Ennius among the "colonists" (184 B. C.).

"Romans we now are become, who before this day were Rudini!"

is his exultant cry, in a line of the 'Annals.'

It is not likely that he had any assistance on this occasion from Cato, who had already discovered his own grievous error. Some years earlier one of the Fulvii had taken Ennius with him on a campaign in Greece (189 B. C.); but evidently not as a centurion! It is of this Fulvius that Cicero says in the 'Archias,' "He did not hesitate to consecrate to the Muses memorials of Mars." The alliteration suggests a poetic epigram; and Cato is known to have complained in a public oration that Fulvius "had led poets with him into his province." Ennius might have been useful also as an interpreter, as a secretary, and as a table companion.

One of the longest fragments from the 'Annals' describes such a friend of another Roman general. Gellius, who preserves the lines, quotes good early authority for considering them as a self-portraiture by Ennius.

PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR

So having spoken, he called for a man, with whom often and gladly
Table he shared, and talk, and all his burden of duties,
When with debate all day on important affairs he was wearied,
Whether perchance in the forum wide, or the reverend Senate;
One with whom he could frankly speak of his serious matters,—
Trifles also, and jests,—could pour out freely together
Pleasant or bitter words, and know they were uttered in safety.
Many the joys and the griefs he had shared, whether public or secret!
This was a man in whom no impulse prompted to evil,
Whether of folly or malice. A scholarly man and a loyal,
Graceful, ready of speech, with his own contented and happy;
Tactful, speaking in season, yet courteous, never loquacious.
Vast was the buried and antique lore that was his, for the foretime
Made him master of earlier customs, as well as of newer.

Versed in the laws was he of the ancients, men or immortals.
Wisely he knew both when he should talk and when to be silent.—
So unto him Servilius spoke, in the midst of the fighting . . .

The soldier-scholar who could draw this masterly portrait must have been somewhat worthy to sit for it. Certain touches indeed were hardly possible without self-consciousness. The rare combination of antique lore and modern knowledge of the world is one such. Another is the «content with his own»; for though a friend of the wealthiest, Ennius, we are told, lived simply in a small house, attended by one servant only. This same handmaid takes part in a little comedy, which in the arid waste of Roman gravity may almost count as funny:—

«When Scipio Nasica once came to call on the poet Ennius, and asked for him at the door, the maid said Ennius was not at home. Now, Nasica perceived that this was said at the master's bidding, and that he really was within. A few days later Ennius came to his friend's house, in his turn, and called for Nasica, who bawled out that he was 'not at home.' 'What! don't I know your voice?' said Ennius.—'You're a shameless fellow!' came the response. 'When I asked for you, I took your maid's word for it that you were out. You don't believe me myself?'»

Scipio's resentment does not seem very deep. He had realized, probably, that two callers were already with Ennius, both unsocial dames,—Podagra and Calliope; for however ill it agrees with the pleasing picture of poetic simplicity and contentment, we have Ennius's own word in the matter:—

«Only when housed with the gout am I a maker of verses.»

Horace indeed, waging the old contest which neither Demosthenes nor Franklin has fully decided in favor of the water-drinkers, declares:—

«Even in the morning the Muses have mostly reeked of the wine-cup.
Homer confesses his fondness for wine by chanting its praises.
Father Ennius, too, leaped forward to sing of the battle
Never unless well drunk!»

That same aristocrats' disease, the Nemesis of port wine and good living,—gout,—is reputed to have carried off this austere and contented poet at threescore and ten (in 169 B. C.). Perhaps the hospitalities of the Scipios and Fulvii must bear the blame. Horace too loved his «mess of watercress,» at home;—and dined by preference with Mæcenas! At any rate, Ennius had no prolonged last illness nor dotage. Says Gellius: «Ennius tells us in the *twelfth* book of his

'Annals' that he is in his sixty-seventh year when composing it." The completion of eighteen books is made certain by many quotations.

The total amount of these citations by later authors is about six hundred hexameters, perhaps a twentieth of the whole. Many are mere half-lines or single verses, quoted by a grammarian for a rare word, or by literary critics to illustrate Virgil's method of graceful borrowing. The latter tribe, by the way, make a strong showing. *Plagiarism* is not quite the nicest word. The ancients seem to have felt there was one right way to say anything. If they found a block, large or small, shaped to their hand, they merely tried to set it where it should be more effective than even where its maker put it! Often the open transfer was a loyal courtesy.

"Muses, ye who beneath your feet tread mighty Olympus"

were the first words of the 'Annals.' Other early fragments are:

"Fettered in slumber gentle and placid—"

"Seemed to approach me Homer the poet—"

This opening vision may be connected with the assertion attributed to Ennius, that the soul of Homer had transmigrated, through many other incarnations, into his own body.

The tale of Rome, it would seem, began as with Virgil in the Troad,

"Where in Pelasgian battle the ancient Priam had fallen."

Romulus appeared as the child of *Æneas's daughter* Rhea Silvia. It was apparently Cato who, first among Romans, noted the gap of some four centuries between the traditional time of Troy's downfall and the accepted Roman founder's date, and so caused the shadowy kings of Alba to defile in long uneventful line, like Banquo's descendants, across the legendary stage. Cato may have published his discovery as a savage criticism upon this very poem.

However diversified in scale and tone of treatment, the entire history of Rome of course constitutes a subject hopelessly beyond the limits of epic unity. The sections of the long poem must have fallen apart, like those of all later rhythmical chronicles. Yet we may well believe that the energy of the manly singer, his patriotic spirit, his faith in Rome's high mission, never flagged nor failed.

The tenderest passage extant seems modeled on a briefer sketch in Io's account of her own sorrows, in Æschylus's 'Prometheus.' The Vestal Rhea Silvia has been startled by a prophetic dream:—

RHEA SILVIA'S DREAM

RAISING her trembling body, the crone with a light had approached her:
This is the tale she affrighted relates, when roused from her slumber:—
"Daughter of Eurydicè, by our father dearly beloved,
Force and life are wholly from out my body departed!
Ay, for it seemed that a goodly man amid beautiful willows
Bore me by banks of rivers and unknown places. Thereafter,
Sister mine, in solitude—so I fancied—I wandered:
Slowly I sought thee, with wistful heart, but could not descry thee,
Tracing thy feet; for nowhere a pathway guided my footsteps.
Then in these words, and aloud, methought my father addressed me:
'O my daughter, for thee is first great sorrow appointed:
Then in turn shall fortune revisit thee, out of the river.'
Such were my father's words, O sister, and then he departed,
Suddenly, nor was he seen by me, though heartily longed for:
Not though often my hands to the azure expanses of heaven
I with tears held forth, and in loving accents addressed him:—
Then, with pain, from my weary heart had slumber departed."

We cannot doubt, however, that the poem reached its highest level in describing the life struggle of Rome against Pyrrhus, and later against Hannibal. The former commander impressed even his Italian foemen as a gallant and chivalric figure. One fine speech of his yet remains, and Ennius must have had much of that "stern joy that warriors feel" when he laid such noble words upon the lips of the Epirote king. To be sure, their final victory made it easier for the Romans, or for their annalist, to be generous.

PYRRHUS'S SPEECH

GOLD for myself I crave not; ye need not proffer a ransom.
Not as hucksters might, let us wage our war, but as soldiers:
Not with gold, but the sword. Our lives we will set on the issue.
Whether your rule or mine be Fortune's pleasure,—our mistress,—
Let us by valor decide. And to this word hearken ye also:—
Every valorous man who is spared by the fortune of battle,
Fully determined am I his freedom as well to accord him.—
Count it a gift. At the wish of the gods in heaven I grant it.

From that more prolonged dubious and mortifying struggle with the greatest of Carthaginians, wherein Ennius himself had played a

manful part, no such effective passage is quotable. There are however three lines only in praise of the great Fabius, which we might be glad to apply to our own Washington or Lincoln:—

CHARACTER OF FABIUS

Simply by biding his time, one man has rescued a nation.
Not for the praises of men did he care, but alone for our safety.
Therefore greater and greater his fame shall wax in the future.

The Greek element in this monument of Roman patriotism was evidently large. Numerous passages yet remain which can be profitably compared with their Hellenic originals. Indeed, upon his formal side Ennius may have been as far from independence as Virgil himself. Like most Roman poets, he is interesting less as a creative or imaginative artist than as a vigorous patriotic man, endowed with robust good sense and familiar with good literary models. His own character is at least as attractive as his work.

For these reasons we may regret somewhat less the loss of his tragedies, which were no doubt based almost wholly upon Greek originals. Mere translations they were not, as the rather copious fragments of his 'Medea' suffice to show when set beside Euripides's play. In any case, it would be unfair to hold him responsible for sentiments uttered by his dramatic characters; *e. g.*,—

«I have said, and still will say, a race of Heavenly gods exists:
But I do not think they care for what concerns the human race:
If they cared, the good were happy, bad men wretched. 'Tis not so!»

Of course, whoever said this may have had as prompt cause for remorse as Sophocles's Jocasta. There was however in Rome — more perhaps than in Athens — a prevailing conviction that the dramatic stage should offer us only manly and elevating types of character. For instance, excessive lamentation over physical or psychical woes was sternly condemned, and perhaps largely eliminated from the Latin versions of Attic dramas. Even a single play of the best Roman period, like Ennius's 'Medea,' would give us fuller knowledge on all such questions; but we can hardly hope that any have been preserved, even in Egyptian papyrus rolls.

In many other interesting ways Ennius took a leading part in enabling «vanquished Greece to conquer her victors.» In the list of comic poets, indeed (quoted by Gellius, xv. 24), Ennius has but the tenth and last place, even this being granted him merely «*causa antiquitatis.*» In truth, humor was probably the one gift of the gods almost wholly denied to Ennius, as to another sturdy patriot-poet, John Milton. He translated a Greek work on Gastronomy, a subject

with which he may have been only too familiar. In his 'Epicharmus' the old Sicilian poet appeared to him, like Homer, in a dream:—

«For it seemed to me that I was lying dead upon my couch. . . .
Some are truthful visions, yet it need not be that all are so. . . .
'Tis the soul perceives and hearkens: all things else are deaf and blind.»

The purport of the vision was a material explanation of the universe, based upon the four elements of Empedocles. Ennius hit upon a recondite truth, in attempting to explain away the very gods of the Roman Pantheon:—

«That I mean as Jupiter which among Greeks is known as air.»

Modern philology verifies this almost literally. These may well have seemed bold words to publish in Rome, though the refined circle about the Scipios had doubtless as little belief in the popular mythology as the men of the world—and of letters—who met two centuries later around Mæcenas's board. Ennius even translated Euhemerus, who has given his name to the theory that makes the divine legends mere distorted reminiscences of real men and women, living many generations earlier. The Transmigration doctrine is hardly consistent with these atheistic tendencies, and the whole tale of the identity between Homer's and Ennius's soul may be based merely on some bold assertion of Ennius's own supremacy in Latin letters. Few Roman poets have any false (or real) modesty on this question.

This brings us to the last form of Ennius's poetic activity which we can mention; viz., epitaphs. On Africanus he wrote an elegiac couplet, expressing the favorite eulogy of the ancients upon a successful soldierly life. Xenophon, for instance, records a prayer of the younger Cyrus to quite the same effect.

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO

Here is he laid unto whom no man, whether foeman or comrade,
Ever was able to give recompense worthy his deeds.

In the companion inscription intended for himself, Ennius brings two familiar thoughts into rather striking association. Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' has lifted the first to a far nobler level.

EPITAPH ON ENNIUS

No one may honor my funeral rites with tears or lamenting.
Why? Because still do I pass, living, from lip unto lip.

An iambic couplet, quoted from "Ennius, in the third book of his Satires," may be echoed thus:—

> Hail, Ennius the poet, who for mortal men
> Thy flaming verses pourest from thy marrow forth!

Perhaps in these same 'Satires' (Miscellanies?) occurred another eulogistic couplet upon his illustrious friend:—

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO

> How great a statue shall the folk of Rome to thee upraise,
> How tall a column, Scipio, that thy deeds may duly praise?

This friendship of Ennius with the elder Africanus was quite famous. The young bearer of the name, Æmilianus, showed similar appreciation of the noble Greek exile Polybius. We know just enough of these Scipios and their age to realize that in our enforced ignorance we miss the noblest spirits, doubtless also the happiest days, of republican Rome. It was the general belief of later antiquity, that a bust of Ennius had an honored place in the tomb of the great Scipio family. This does not appear to have been verified, however, when the crypt was discovered in modern times.

We have already indicated that Ennius's work, so far as we can judge it, by no means justified his claim to Homeric rank, in any sense. Perhaps he never held a place at all among the great masters of creative imagination. But at least, by his vigorous manly character, his wide studies, his good taste, and his lifelong industry, he does claims a position as an apostle of culture and the founder of literature, perhaps fairly comparable to that of Lessing.

We cannot — for the best of reasons — follow the present study with adequate citations, as is the rule in this work. It is not even possible to point out for the English student any translation of the scanty fragments which survive. For a fuller selection from them, however, and also for a more copious discussion of Ennius's character, we are glad to refer to one of the best sections in a most excellent book: Chapter iv. of 'The Roman Poets of the Republic,' by the late William Y. Sellar. Classical specialists will find Lucian Müller's study of Ennius the most exhaustive. The fragments of the 'Annals' are also given in Bährens's 'Poetæ Latini Minores,' Vol. vi.

William Granolan Lawton.

JOSEF EÖTVÖS

(1813–1871)

THE life of Baron Josef Eötvös falls within the most critical period of Hungarian history. He was born in Buda-Pesth on September 23d, 1813, at a time when the Hungarians were already in open revolt against the Hapsburg rule. His father, who had accepted great favors from the government and was consequently considered hostile to the cause of the people, had married a German woman, Baroness von Lilien. Her nobility of character and true culture had a great influence on her son in his early childhood; and added to this was the equally important influence of his tutor Pruzsinsky, a man who had taken an active part in Hungarian politics, and was thoroughly imbued with the French liberal ideas of 1789.

JOSEF EÖTVÖS

When the young Baron Eötvös was sent to a public school, his schoolmates treated him so coldly that he demanded an explanation. He was told that his father had embraced the cause of the government and was a traitor, and that most likely he would be a traitor himself. He had a boy's ignorance of politics, but went home determined to understand the situation; and the result was his first political speech,—from the teacher's desk in the school-room,—in which before his assembled enthusiastic schoolmates he swore fidelity to Hungary and the cause of Hungarian liberty, an oath of which his entire life was the fulfillment.

When Eötvös had finished his law studies he accepted a position in the government offices; but to a man of his wide interests the dry official life could not be satisfying, and in 1830 he made his literary début with a translation of Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen.' In 1833 followed an original comedy, 'The Suitors'; in '34 a tragedy, 'Revenge'; and in '35 a translation of Victor Hugo's 'Angelo.' His æsthetic introductions to his translations attracted the attention of the Hungarian Academy, and caused his election as corresponding member at the early age of twenty-two. The literary publications of the following years contained several lyric poems from his pen.

In 1836 Eötvös went abroad and spent a year traveling in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, France, and England. Upon his return

he gave up his official position and went to his father's estate Sály, where he wrote his first great novel, 'The Carthusian Monk.' It is written in the form of the autobiography of a young Frenchman, Count Gustave, who finds himself a prey to the most tormenting doubts. The prejudices of the aristocracy, the recklessness of the would-be democrats, the tottering of the old faith, and the hopelessness of atheism, are powerfully depicted. Gustave's bride Julie leaves him for her lover, a man of low birth. Her happiness is short-lived, and followed by deep disappointment and degradation. Gustave considers himself partly responsible for her misery, and makes an attempt to forget his sorrow in a life of pleasure and dissipation; but his moral abasement brings him despair instead of oblivion. He meets his former bride Julie, and in trying to rescue her, loses his new bride Betty and causes her unhappiness. Driven to despair, he seeks comfort in a Carthusian cloister, but not even here, in prayer and silence, does he find peace. After an attempt to commit suicide, from which he is saved by a song sung outside his window, he finally becomes reconciled to life by the daily contact with religious faith and quiet industry, and dies with a regained belief in immortality.

After 1840 Eötvös settled in Buda-Pesth and began his career as politician and statesman. Two years before, he had published a pamphlet on prison reforms, and had defended the system of silence as opposed to that of solitary confinement. In 1840 he published two essays, one on 'Pauperism in Ireland' and the other on 'The Emancipation of the Jews.' He was a stanch adherent of Kossuth's, and became the foremost writer on Kossuth's paper: the articles which he wrote for this he collected later under the title 'Reform'; in 1847 he published a continuation of them, 'Teendöink' (Our Problems). He was moreover considered the most brilliant leader and speaker of the Opposition party.

In 1846 Eötvös wrote his second great novel, 'The Village Notary,' a book which secured him world-wide fame. It is intended to be a true picture of the county administration system of Hungary at the time: we find here the landed aristocracy, both great and small; the poor nobleman without landed property; the official of the county administration; the submissive peasant, and all the remaining pariahs of Hungarian society. The novel contains three or four stories, more or less connected: the family tragedy of the sheriff Rety; the fate of the poor village notary Tengely, who is not able to prove his noble birth and in consequence is subjected to many prosecutions and trials; and finally the story of the honest but quick-tempered peasant Viola, who is driven to a lawless life by the arbitrariness and cruelty of his superior. This novel is inseparably linked with the name of Eötvös, and may justly be considered one of the masterpieces of Hungarian literature.

When the progressive party under Kossuth conquered in 1848, when the policy of the Opposition was sanctioned by the King and the first responsible ministry was founded, Baron Eötvös accepted the portfolio of Minister of Education. When the war with Austria became inevitable he went abroad, and did not return until peace was established. In Munich he wrote his work on 'The Equality of the Nationalities,' and began his book on 'The Dominant Ideas of the Nineteenth Century and Their Influence upon the State.' The Academy made him its vice-president in 1855, and the next year president.

During the following years he continued his political activity as member of the Reichstag and editor of a political weekly; and when a reconcilation with the government took place in 1867, he again became member of the cabinet, and remained so until his death. Personally Eötvös was a man of unusual culture of mind and heart, a nobleman in the truest and fullest sense of the word. As poet, writer, and statesman, it is he more than any other Hungarian who has exerted an influence upon the course of European culture.

VIOLA IN COURT

From 'The Village Notary'

The appearance of the prisoner produced a profound sensation in the court. Kishlaki felt deep pity for his misfortunes, though he could not but admit that his fate was in part merited. Völgyeshy, who had heard enough to convince him that there was no hope of the court pronouncing in favor of Viola, shuddered to think that the man whom he saw was doomed to die before sunset. Mr. Catspaw showed great uneasiness when he heard the rattling of the chains; and Shoskuty, who had never seen the robber, was quite as much excited by his curiosity as Mr. Skinner by the feelings of ill-dissembled triumph with which he watched the prisoner's features and carriage. Zatonyi alone preserved his habitual composure.

"At last you've put your head in the snare, you precious villain!" cried Mr. Skinner. "Well, what do you say? Whose turn is it to be hanged? Yours or mine, eh?"

The president of the court looked amazed; but Mr. Skinner laughed, and said:—

"Perhaps you are not aware of my former acquaintance with Viola? There's a bet between us two, who is to hang first; for

that fellow has sworn to hang me if ever I fall into his hands. Is it not so, Viola?»

«No,» said the prisoner, «it's not so. If I swore I would be revenged, it is well known that I had good cause for it; I have to thank this gentleman for my wretched life and shameful death. But I never vowed to hang you!»

«Never mind!» shouted the justice. «You are humble enough, now that you are in the trap; but I am sure you would have kept your word if you had been able to put your hands upon me. I too have sworn an oath, to hang you where I find you — now tell me who has the worst of it?»

«I know that all is over with me,» replied Viola, fixing his dark eyes upon the justice; «there is no one to take my part — I know I must die; but it is cruel to insult a dying man.»

Völgyeshy, who was scarcely able to repress his feelings, interfered, and protested in Latin that there was a vendetta between the accused and one of the judges, and that another judge must be found. But his protest had no other effect than an admonition, which the president gave Mr. Skinner in very bad Latin, to eschew such light and irrelevant conversation; and the court commenced forthwith to examine the prisoner.

Viola replied calmly and simply to the questions which were put to him; and at last, as though wearied by the length of the examination, he said:—

«What is the use of all this questioning? It is a pity the gentlemen should lose their time with me. Mr. Skinner has told me that I am to be hanged; why then should I waste my words in an attempt to save my life? I'll confess anything you like, I don't care what it is; for believe me, if it had not been for my family, I would never have waited till this day. I would have hanged myself in the forest to make an end of it, I assure you.»

«But how can you possibly confess, when you are ignorant of what you are accused of?» said Völgyeshy. «You stand before righteous judges. Speak out, man, honestly and freely, as you would speak to God; for believe me, the judges are by no means agreed upon your sentence.»

«Thanks to you for your good-will,» said the culprit; «but I know there is no help. I am a robber; I have been taken in arms; they will hang me. They may do it: but let them make haste; and spare me your questions!»

Mr. Catspaw, who showed some uneasiness, interposed, and said:—

"If he refuses to confess, we cannot force him: it is expressly set forth in the articles that no violence is to be used to obtain a confession. Our best plan is to read the questions to him, and if he refuses to answer them, why, it's his own business, not ours."

"No," said Völgyeshy; "this man ought to know that his fate does not depend on the decision of the worshipful Mr. Paul Skinner; that the court are prepared to listen to his defense, and that the verdict will be dictated neither by hate nor revenge, but by pure and impartial justice. If the prisoner knows all this, which it appears he does not, he may possibly be induced to reply to the charges."

He turned to Viola, and continued:—

"Speak out, my man. Your life is in the hands of these gentlemen, who have to answer for it to God, your Judge and theirs. Pray consider that unless you speak, there is no hope for you. Think of your family; and, tell us plainly, is there anything you have to say for yourself?"

Kishlaki was deeply moved; Mr. Catspaw cast an angry look at the speaker, and Zatonyi yawned.

"I will not speak in my own defense!" said the prisoner.

"Pray consider," urged the young lawyer; "the court will listen to anything you may say. These gentlemen have a painful duty to fulfill; but they are far from wishing to take your life. If you can give us any excuses, do so, by all means."

"It is provided in Chapter 6 of the Articles, that the prisoner shall not be wheedled into a confession," said Zatonyi, with an expression of profound wisdom.

"Gentlemen," said Viola at length, "may God bless you for your kindness, and for your wishing to help me! but you see it's all in vain. There are indeed many things I might say in defense; and when I go to my God, who knows all and everything, I am sure he'll judge me leniently; but there is no salvation for me in this world. You see, your worships, there is no use of my telling you that once upon a time I was an honest man, as every man in the village of Tissaret can prove. What is the use of my saying that I became a robber not from my own free will, but because I was forced to it; that I never harmed any poor man; that I never took more from the gentry, in the way of

robbing, than what was necessary to keep life in my body; and that I never killed any one, unless it was in self-defense? Am I the less punishable for saying all this? No. Whatever my comrades may have done is scored down to *my* account. I am a robber and a dead man."

"All this may serve to modify the sentence. But what do you mean by saying that you were *forced* to be a robber?"

"Ask his worship, the justice of the district," said the prisoner, looking at Mr. Skinner; "he knows what made me a robber." And he proceeded to tell the tale of his first crime.

"It's true; its true as gospel," sighed Kishlaki. "I came to Tissaret on the day after the thing had happened, when the sheriff told me all about it."

"*Nihil ad rem!*" said Zatonyi.

"But what does it avail me?" continued the prisoner, whose pale face became flushed as he spoke. "What can it avail me to tell you all the revolting cruelties which were practiced against me, and which to think of gives me pain? Am I the less a robber? Will these things cause you to spare me? No; I ought to have suffered the stripes, and kissed the hands of my tyrant; or I ought to have left my wife in her darkest hour, because nothing would serve my lady but that *I* should drive her to Dustbury. How then could I, a good-for-nothing peasant, dare to love my wife! How could I dare to resist when the justice told them to tie me to the whipping-post! But I dared to do it. I was fool enough to fancy that I, though a peasant, had a right to remain with my wife; I could not understand that a poor man is a dog, which anybody may beat and kick. Here I am, and you may hang me."

"I'll tell you what, you'll swing fast enough, my fine fellow!" said Zatonyi, whose cynicism was not proof against the prisoner's last words. "What, man! hanging's too good for you; that's all I have to say!"

"You see, sir," said Viola, appealing to Völgyeshy, "you see there is nothing that can excuse me in the eyes of mankind. But there's a request I have to address to the court."

Mr. Catspaw trembled, as the prisoner went on.

"When I left the burning hut in which Ratz Andor shot himself, I held some papers in my hands, which were stolen from the house of the notary of Tissaret."

"So you confess to the robbery?" cried Zatonyi.

"No, sir; I do not. God knows I am guiltless of that robbery," cried Viola, raising his hands to heaven; "but that's no matter. All I say is that I had the papers, and that I took them away with me; and if you mean to prove by that that I committed the robbery, you may. I do not care: all I say is, that I took the papers with me."

"It's a lie!" murmured Mr. Skinner.

"No; it's not a lie; it's the truth, and nothing but the truth! When I left the hut I was blind and unarmed: I held the papers in my hands, and I felt some one snatch them away from me — I can take my oath on it! — and my senses left me; when I recovered I was bound, and in the hands of the Pandurs and peasants. They dragged me to St. Vilmosh. I asked for the papers, for they belong to Mr. Tengelyi: and it was for their sake I surrendered, because I did not wish them to be burned; for they are the notary's important papers. But I understand that when I left the hut there was no one by except the justice and Mr. Catspaw; and the justice says that I had no papers. I most humbly beseech the court to order the justice to give those papers to the rightful owner."

"May the devil take me by ounces, if I've seen the least rag of paper!" cried Mr. Skinner.

"Sir," said Viola, "I am in your power: you may do with me as you please; you may hang me if you like; but for God's sake do not deny me the papers. I am under great obligations to Mr. Tengelyi. He relieved my family in the time of their distress; and I wish to show my gratitude by restoring those papers to him. I have come to suffer a disgraceful death — "

"You impertinent dog!" cried Mr. Skinner: "how dare you insinuate? how dare you say? how dare you — I am insulted; I insist on the court giving me satisfaction."

"I am in the hands of the court," said the prisoner. "Beat me, kick me, torture me; but give me the papers!"

"I am sure it's a plot," whispered Mr. Catspaw to the assessor. "Tengelyi declares that his diplomas are gone. Who knows but he may be a patron of this fellow?"

"Nothing is more likely," replied the assessor.

"What, fellow! what, dog! do you mean to say that I *stole* the papers?"

"All I say is, that I *had* the papers in my hands, and that some person took them away. I wish the court would please to

examine the Pandurs, who will tell you that nobody was near me but the justice and Mr. Catspaw."

"This is indeed strange," murmured Mr. Kishlaki. Mr. Skinner pushed his chair back, and cried:—

"The court cannot possibly suffer one of its members to be accused of theft!"

"Yes, too much is too much," said Zatonyi, with a burst of generous indignation; "if you do not revoke your words, and if you do not ask their worships' pardon, we will send you to the yard and have you whipped!"

Viola answered quietly that he was in their worships' power, but that he would repeat what he had said to the last moment of his life; and Zatonyi was just about to send the prisoner away to be whipped, when Völgyeshy reminded him in Latin that the Sixth Chapter of the Articles made not only prohibition of what the assessor had been pleased to term "wheedling," but also of threats and ill-treatment.

Baron Shoskuty remarked that the young lawyer's explanation of the articles was sheer nonsense; for the prisoner would not be under restraint if Mr. Völgyeshy's commentaries were accepted as law. He might call the worshipful magistrates asses; nay, he might even go to the length of beating them, without suffering any other punishment than being hanged. This able rejoinder induced the judges to reconsider Mr. Zatonyi's proposition to inflict corporal punishment on the prisoner; and nobody can say what would have come of it but for the firmness of Völgyeshy, who protested that he would inform the lord-lieutenant and the government of any act of violence to which they might subject the culprit. This threat had its effect. Baron Shoskuty, indeed, was heard to murmur against the impertinence of young men, while Mr. Zatonyi made some edifying reflections about sneaking informers; but this was all. No further mention was made of the whipping.

While the above conversation was being carried on in a tongue of which he could but catch the sounds and not the meaning, Viola stood quietly by, although a lively interest in the words and motions of the speakers was expressed in his face. Messrs. Catspaw and Skinner conversed in a whisper. At length the attorney turned round and addressed the court:—

"As the prisoner has thought proper to accuse *me*," said he, "it is but right that I should be allowed to ask him a few

questions. You said I was near you when you left the hut, did you not? Now tell me, did you see me at the time?"

"No, I did not; I was blind with the smoke and fire in the hut; but the peasants told me that the two gentlemen were near me, and I felt somebody snatch the papers from my hand."

"Do you mean to say that the smoke in the hut was very dense?"

"I could not see through it; at times the flames were so fierce that they nearly blinded me."

"But how did you manage to save the papers?"

"They lay by my side on my bunda. I seized them and took them out. They were wrapped in a blue handkerchief."

"He speaks the truth," said Mr. Catspaw smiling; "or rather he tells us what he believes to be the truth. He held something in his hand, when he rushed from the hut more like a beast than like a human creature, I assure you, my honorable friends. I was not at all sure whether it was not a weapon of defense; I snatched it away, and on examination I identified it as a most harmless handkerchief, which certainly was wrapped round some soft substance. But," continued he, addressing the prisoner, "if you fancy you saved the papers, my poor fellow, you are much mistaken, indeed you are! My dear Mr. Skinner, pray fetch the parcel which we took from Viola at the time of his capture."

Mr. Skinner rose and left the room.

"The papers were in the handkerchief, I'll swear!" said Viola; but his astonishment and rage were unbounded when the judge returned with the parcel, which on examination was found to contain a pair of cotton drawers. He knew it was the handkerchief, the same in which he had wrapped the papers, and yet they were not there! How could he prove that they had been stolen?

"I trust my honorable friends are convinced," said Mr. Catspaw, "that the wretched man has no intention of imposing upon the court. I believe, indeed, nothing can be more probable than that he was possessed of Tengelyi's documents; and it is likewise very probable that he intended to save those papers; but according to his own statement, he was half blind with the fire and smoke, and instead of the papers he took another parcel—some other booty, perhaps. Nothing can be more natural—"

"Yes, indeed!" interposed Baron Shoskuty. "*Nemo omnibus!*—you know! Awkward mistakes *will* happen. Perhaps you will

be pleased to remember the fire in the house of the receiver of revenues in the —— county. The poor man was so bewildered with fear that all he managed to get out of the house was a pair of old boots. The whole of the government money was burned. The visiting justices found the money-box empty — empty, I say! All the bank-notes were burned, and nothing was left but a small heap of ashes."

"Gentlemen!—" said Viola at length; but Mr. Catspaw interrupted him.

"I implore my honorable friends not to resent anything this wretched creature may say! I am sure he speaks from his conscience; nor is he deserving of chastisement. He is a prey to what we lawyers term '*Ignorantia invincibilis*'!"

"Of course! of course!" said Baron Shoskuty. "It's a legal remedy, you know."

"Gentlemen!" said the prisoner, "I am a poor condemned criminal, but the judge and Mr. Catspaw are mighty men. And I am doomed to appear this day before God's judgment seat! What motive should I have for not telling you the truth? May I be damned now and forever — yes, and may God punish my children to the tenth generation — if the papers were not in this very cloth!"

"I told you so!" said Mr. Catspaw, still smiling. "I knew it. This man is doting — '*borné*,' to use a French term. He'd say the same if we were to put him on the rack! — It's all very natural," said he to the prisoner. "You've made a mistake, that's all. Pray be reasonable, and consider, if you had brought Mr. Tengelyi's papers from the hut, what reason could I or Mr. Skinner have for refusing to produce them?"

"Of course!" said Baron Shoskuty. "What reason could these gentlemen have? How is it possible to suppose such a thing?"

Viola was silent. He stood lost in deep and gloomy thoughts. At last he raised his head and asked that the attendants might be sent away, adding, "I am in chains, and there are no less than six of you. You are safe, I assure you."

The room was cleared. Viola looked at Mr. Catspaw, and said:—

"What I have to tell you will astonish you all, except Mr. Catspaw. I never wished to mention it, and I would not now allow the servants to hear it; for my wife and children live at

Tissaret, and the Retys may perhaps be induced to pity the poor orphans. But if it is asked what reason the attorney can have for not producing the notary's papers, I will simply say that Mr. Catspaw is most likely to know his own mind and his own reasons — and good reasons they must be — to induce him to bribe somebody to steal the papers; for to tell you the truth, it was he who planned the robbery."

The attorney trembled.

"Really, this man is malicious!" cried he. "I am curious to know what can induce him to accuse an honest man of such a thing."

"Don't listen to his nonsense!" said Baron Shoskuty.

But Mr. Völgyeshy insisted on the prisoner's being heard, and Viola told them the history of the robbery, from the evening on which he had listened to the attorney's conversation with Lady Rety, to the night in which he seized the Jew in Tengelyi's house, knocking him down, and fled with the papers. The only circumstances which he did not mention were the fact of his having been hid in the notary's house when Messrs. Catspaw and Skinner pursued him in Tissaret, and his conversations with the Liptaka and Peti. Mr. Catspaw listened with a smile of mingled fear and contempt; and when Viola ceased speaking, he asked for permission to put a few questions to the prisoner.

"Not, indeed," said he, "for the purpose of defending myself or Lady Rety against so ridiculous an accusation; but merely to convince this fellow of the holes, nay, of the large gaps, in his abominable tissue of falsehoods." And turning to Viola he asked:—

"Did you inform anybody of the conversation which you pretend to have overheard between me and Lady Rety?"

"No, I did not."

"Pray consider my question. Is there any one to whom you said that some one wished to steal the notary's papers? We ought to know your associates. Now, did you not speak to Peti the gipsy, or to that old hag the Liptaka?"

Viola persisted in denying the fact. He was too well aware of the disastrous consequence this avowal would have for his friends.

Mr. Catspaw went on.

"Where did you hide at the time we pursued you at Tissaret?"

Viola replied that he was not in Tissaret.

"Do you mean to say that you were not in the village?"

"No!"

The attorney sent for the old Liptaka, to whom he read her depositions, from which it appeared that the prisoner attempted to inform Tengelyi of the intended robbery.

"What do you say to this evidence?" added he.

"That it is true, every word of it. I'll swear to the truth of my words!" said she.

"Viola has confessed," said Mr. Catspaw, "that he told you of the matter when hiding in the notary's house, while we pursued him through Tissaret. Is there any truth in this statement?"

The Liptaka, feeling convinced that Viola must have confessed as much, said it was quite true, but that Tengelyi was ignorant of the prisoner's presence. The old woman was sent away, and Mr. Catspaw, turning to the court, asked triumphantly:—

"Did you ever hear of such impertinence? The prisoner protests that he did not inform anybody of the alleged intended robbery; and the old woman swears that Viola did inform her, for the purpose of cautioning the notary. Then again, the old woman did not say anything to the notary, without having any ostensible reason for not doing what she alleges she promised to do. The prisoner will have it that he was not in Tissaret at the time we pursued him; and the witness—why, gentlemen, the witness deposes that the subject in question was mentioned to her at that very time. I say, you great fool! if you had time for another batch of lies, I would advise you to make out a better story. But let us go on. Who told you that the Jew and Tzifra intended to rob the notary?"

"I cannot answer that question," replied Viola.

"Indeed? What a pity! I'd like to know the gentleman who gives you such correct information; unless, indeed, you keep a '*familiaris*,'—a devil, I mean."

"The only thing I told you was that I knew of the robbery."

"But how did you know of it?"

"The Jew and Tzifra talked about it in the pot-house near Dustbury."

"Were you present? Did you hear them?"

"No; I had it from a friend."

"I'm sure it was your '*familiaris*,' your devil,—your artful dodger!" said Mr. Catspaw smiling; "but since you knew that

the robbery was to take place, why did you not inform the justice of it?"

"I was outlawed; a prize was offered for my head."

"Indeed, so it was; but your friend—why did not he inform the proper authorities? Was he also *wanted?* and if so, why did he not inform Tengelyi, or Mr. Vandory, who I understand has likewise lost his papers?"

"I cannot tell you. Perhaps he did not find the notary. At all events, he knew that I would prevent the robbery, so he told me of it."

"A very extraordinary thing, this!" said Mr. Catspaw; "for a man to apply to a robber with a view to prevent a robbery! And you wanted to prevent the robbery, did you not? Now tell me, did you set about it by yourself? And what became of your comrade—I mean the man who told you about it? Did he too go to Tissaret?"

"There was no occasion for it."

"Still, it is very extraordinary that you should not have hunted in couples, knowing as you did that there were two men to commit the robbery. What a capital thing for you, if you could summon your comrades to explain it all! For if some went to Tissaret to prevent the robbery, there can be no harm in our knowing who your comrade is. He ought to be rewarded for his zeal."

"I had no comrade. I was alone," said Viola.

"Very well, you were alone; let it be so. Whom did you see in the notary's house?"

"No one but the Jew; he who is now waiting in the hall."

"Did you see Tzifra?"

"No. The Jew was alone in the house."

"But the Jew swears that it was you who committed the robbery!"

"I don't care. I've said what I've said."

"Is there anything else you have to say?"

"No."

"Very well. I've done with you," said the attorney, as he rang for the servants.

"Take him away," said he, as the haiduks made their appearance. Viola turned round and left the room.

EPICTETUS

(First Century A. D. ?)

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

F THE three great authors among the later Stoics, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus offers the most cultivated literary flavor, Seneca the most varied and discursive knowledge, and Epictetus the simplest and most practical tonic. As compared with the two other writers, Epictetus shortens his sword; that is, his sentences. They have the merit which Thoreau set above all others: they are "concentrated and witty." Some of them have attained to the rank of proverbs,—that is, of being quoted by those who never heard of the author; as when men say, "All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one," which is not the precise phrase used by Epictetus, but comes very near it. What is more essential than any matter of language is that he, like the other later Stoics, and even more than the rest of these, had outgrown the earlier tradition of their predecessors and recognized human feeling. In this respect, indeed, he went further than many Christian teachers. When Cardinal Manning was on his way to Rome, after his conversion, he lost his portmanteau containing family letters. The moral lesson to be drawn from this is thus noted in his diary: "To be dead to earthly and natural affections." Epictetus, although a Stoic by profession and practice, would not have gone so far.

The system of Epictetus is not hard to grasp, for it is very simple, and wholly practical. All objects, all events, in short, everything earthly, may be divided into classes: the things which are within our own control and the things over which we have no control. We must live for the one class—the things controllable; and must hold the other as absolutely secondary. All possessions that come to us from without, all joys, even those of domestic happiness, are beyond our own control and must be held as loans, not as gifts; the inward life is apart from these and goes on the same, whether they come or go, and this alone we can control. Children are dear, love is real, God is good; but we must acquiesce quietly in the loss of every human joy at the word of command, and never murmur. There is no hardness, as of the elder Stoics; no jaunty refusal of personal ties, as with Epicurus; behind the brief, terse maxims of this slave-philosopher there is an atmosphere of love and faith. It even

meets curiously the maxims of some of the mystics. It teaches humility, unselfishness, forgiveness, trust in Providence. «What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit.» The philosopher, «when beaten, must love those who beat him.» There is a special chapter, headed «That we ought not to be angry with the erring.» «All is full of beloved ones . . . by nature endeared to one another.» «Who is there, whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?» In several places he speaks with contempt of suicide; although he vindicates Divine providence by showing that we are not forcibly held down to a life of sorrow, since we always keep the power of exit in our own hands. To make this exit, at any rate, is but the cowardice of a moment, while a life of wailing is prolonged cowardice.*

There is absolutely no hair-splitting, no cloud of metaphysics. He does not aim at these things; he bears hard on all pretenders to abstract philosophy, and brings all to a strict practical test. Even the man who professes such a modest practical philosophy as his own must bring it constantly to the proof. «It is not reasonings that are wanted now,» he says; «for there are books stuffed full of Stoical reasonings. What is wanted, then? The man who shall apply them; whose actions may bear testimony to his doctrines. Assume this character for one, that we may no longer make use in the schools of the examples of the ancients, and may have some examples of our own.» Elsewhere, in a similar spirit, he spurns the thought of measuring virtue by the mere degree of familiarity with some great teacher. He refers, for instance to Chrysippus, who was accepted as the highest authority among the later Stoics, although not one of his seven hundred volumes has come down to the present age. «Who is in a state of progress? He who has best studied Chrysippus? Does virtue consist in having read Chrysippus through? . . . Show me your progress! As if I should say to a wrestler, 'Show me your muscle!' and he should answer, 'See my dumb-bells.'—'Your dumb-bells are your own affair; I desire to see the effect of them.'» «The only real thing,» he adds, «is to study how to rid life of lamentation and complaint, and '*Alas!*' and '*I am undone!*' and misfortune and failure.»† Thus at every step Epictetus brings us resolutely down to real life; let others, if they will, rest in the clouds.

He thus leaves, it may be, some of the loftiest spiritual heights and the profoundest intellectual processes to others; no man can do

*The passages here cited may be found in Higginson's 'Discourses of Epictetus.' (Revised Edition: Boston, 1891.)

†Ibid.

everything. Yet he has found readers at all periods, alike among men of thought and men of action. Marcus Aurelius ranked him with Socrates, and Origen thought that his writings had done more good than those of Plato. In modern times, Niebuhr has said of him, "Epictetus's greatness cannot be questioned, and it is impossible for any person of sound mind not to be charmed by his works." Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black patriot and general, kept this book by him; and one of the most delightful of modern actresses has the same habit. There is something extremely interesting in the thought that a Phrygian slave should have uttered thoughts which thus kept their hold for eighteen hundred years upon minds thus widely varying.

Little is known of Epictetus personally, except that he was probably born at Hierapolis in Phrygia, and that he was the slave of Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero, living in Rome in the first century of our era. Origen preserves an anecdote of him, that when his master once put his leg in the torture, Epictetus quietly said, "You will break my leg!" and when this happened he added in the same tone, "Did I not tell you so?" Becoming in some way free, he lived afterwards at Rome, teaching philosophy. According to his commentator Simplicius, he lived so frugally that the whole furniture of his house consisted of a bed, a cooking vessel, and a lamp; and Lucian ridiculed a man who bought the latter, after the death of Epictetus, in hopes to become a philosopher by using it. When Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, Epictetus returned to Nicopolis, a city of Epirus, and taught in the same way there; still living in his frugal way, but adopting a child whose parents had abandoned it. He suffered greatly from lameness. After Hadrian became emperor (A. D. 117), Epictetus was treated with favor, but did not return to Rome. In his later life his discourses were written down by his disciple Arrian. Only four of the original eight books are extant. This, with the 'Enchiridion,' a more condensed and aphoristic work, and a few fragments preserved as quotations by various authors, are all that we know of his teachings. Even the date of his death is unknown; but he wrote his own epitaph in two lines, preserved by Aulus Gellius (B. ii., Chap. 18): "Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body, an Irus in poverty, and favored by the Immortals."

His works have gone through many editions and a variety of translations, of which that of Elizabeth Carter — Dr. Johnson's friend, and pronounced by him to be the best Greek scholar in England — has been most popular, being many times reprinted. It was somewhat formal and archaic in style, however, and was followed by that of Long, which was however the work of that author's old age, was somewhat stiff and cramped in style, and not nearly so readable as

his Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In the sixth century an elaborate commentary on the 'Enchiridion' was written in Greek, by Simplicius. This was translated into English by Stanhope, and was in turn made the text for a commentary, longer than itself, by Milton's well-known adversary Salmasius.

T. W. Higginson

FROM THE DISCOURSES

Selections from Higginson's 'Discourses of Epictetus,' Revised Edition, Boston, 1891

The Divine Supervision

When a person asked him how any one might be convinced that his every act is under the supervision of God: "Do you not think," said Epictetus, "that all things are mutually connected and united?"

"I do."

"Well, and do not you think that things on earth feel the influence of the Heavenly powers?"

"Yes."

"Else how is it that in their season, as if by express command, God bids the plants to blossom and they blossom, to bud and they bud, to bear fruit and they bear it, to ripen it and they ripen; and when again he bids them drop their leaves, and withdrawing into themselves to rest and wait, they rest and wait? Whence again are there seen, on the increase and decrease of the moon, and the approach and departure of the sun, so great changes and transformations in earthly things? Have then the very leaves, and our own bodies, this connection and sympathy with the whole; and have not our souls much more? But our souls are thus connected and intimately joined to God, as being indeed members and distinct portions of his essence; and must he not be sensible of every movement of them, as belonging and connatural to himself? Can even you think of the Divine administration, and every other Divine subject, and together with these of human affairs also; can you at once receive impressions on your senses and your understanding from a thousand objects; at once assent to some things, deny or suspend your judgment

concerning others, and preserve in your mind impressions from so many and various objects, by whose aid you can revert to ideas similar to those which first impressed you? Can you retain a variety of arts and the memorials of ten thousand things? And is not God capable of surveying all things, and being present with all, and in communication with all? Is the sun capable of illuminating so great a portion of the universe, and of leaving only that small part of it unilluminated which is covered by the shadow of the earth; and cannot He who made and moves the sun, a small part of himself if compared with the whole,—cannot he perceive all things?

"'But I cannot,' say you, 'attend to all things at once.' Who asserts that you have equal power with Zeus? Nevertheless, he has assigned to each man a director, his own good genius, and committed him to that guardianship,—a director sleepless and not to be deceived. To what better and more careful guardian could he have committed each one of us? So that when you have shut your doors and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your genius is within; and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? To this God you likewise ought to swear such an oath as the soldiers do to Cæsar. For they, in order to receive their pay, swear to prefer before all things the safety of Cæsar: and will you not swear, who have received so many and so great favors; or if you have sworn, will you not fulfill the oath? And what must you swear? Never to distrust, nor accuse, nor murmur at any of the things appointed by him; nor to shrink from doing or enduring that which is inevitable. Is this oath like the former? In the first oath persons swear never to dishonor Cæsar; by the last, never to dishonor themselves."

Concerning Providence

"Are these the only works of Providence with regard to us? And what speech can fitly celebrate their praise? For if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity, and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig or plow or eat, to sing this hymn to God:—Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow

insensibly, to breathe in sleep? These things we ought forever to celebrate; and to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. But because the most of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station, and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan; but since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business; I do it; nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is permitted me: and I call on you to join in the same song."

Concerning Parentage

Why do you, Epicurus, dissuade a wise man from bringing up children? Why are you afraid that upon their account he may fall into anxieties? Does he fall into any for a mouse that feeds within his house? What is it to him if a little mouse bewails itself there? But Epicurus knew that if once a child is born, it is no longer in our power not to love and be solicitous for it. On the same grounds he says that a wise man will not engage himself in public business, knowing very well what must follow. If men are only so many flies, why should he not engage in it?

And does he, who knows all this, dare to forbid us to bring up children? Not even a sheep or a wolf deserts its offspring; and shall man? What would you have,—that we should be as silly as sheep? Yet even these do not desert their offspring. Or as savage as wolves? Neither do these desert them. Pray, who would mind *you*, if he saw his child fallen upon the ground and crying? For my part, I am of opinion that your father and mother, even if they could have foreseen that you would have been the author of such doctrines, would not have thrown you away.

Concerning Difficulties

Difficulties are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more

profitable difficulty on his hands than you have, provided you will but use it as an athletic champion uses his antagonist.

Suppose we were to send you as a scout to Rome. But no one ever sends a timorous scout, who when he only hears a noise or sees a shadow runs back frightened, and says, "The enemy is at hand." So now if you should come and tell us:—"Things are in a fearful way at Rome; death is terrible, banishment terrible, calumny terrible, poverty terrible; run, good people, the enemy is at hand;" we will answer, Get you gone, and prophesy for yourself; our only fault is that we have sent such a scout. Diogenes was sent as a scout before you, but he told us other tidings. He says that death is no evil, for it is nothing base; that calumny is only the noise of madmen. And what account did this spy give us of pain, of pleasure, of poverty? He says that to be naked is better than a purple robe; to sleep upon the bare ground, the softest bed; and gives a proof of all he says by his own courage, tranquillity, and freedom, and moreover by a healthy and robust body. "There is no enemy near," he says; "all is profound peace." How so, Diogenes? "Look upon me," he says. "Am I hurt? Am I wounded? Have I run away from any one?" This is a scout worth having. But you come and tell us one tale after another. Go back and look more carefully, and without fear.

Words and Deeds

"Pray, see how I compose dialogues."

Talk not of that, man, but rather be able to say:—See how I accomplish my purposes; see how I avert what I wish to shun. Set death before me; set pain, a prison, disgrace, doom, and you will know me. This should be the pride of a young man come out from the schools. Leave the rest to others. Let no one ever hear you waste a word upon them, nor suffer it, if any one commends you for them; but admit that you are nobody, and that you know nothing. Appear to know only this, never to fail nor fall. Let others study cases, problems, and syllogisms. Do you rather contemplate death, change, torture, exile; and all these with courage, and reliance upon Him who hath called you to them, and judged you worthy a post in which you may show what reason can do when it encounters the inevitable.

Of Tranquillity

Consider, you who are about to undergo trial, what you wish to preserve, and in what to succeed. For if you wish to preserve a mind in harmony with nature, you are entirely safe; everything goes well; you have no trouble on your hands. While you wish to preserve that freedom which belongs to you, and are contented with that, for what have you longer to be anxious? For who is the master of things like these? Who can take them away? If you wish to be a man of modesty and fidelity, who shall prevent you? If you wish not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desires contrary to your principles; to aversions contrary to your opinion? The judge, perhaps, will pass a sentence against you which he thinks formidable; but can he likewise make you receive it with shrinking? Since, then, desire and aversion are in your own power, for what have you to be anxious? Let this be your introduction; this your narration; this your proof; this your conclusion; this your victory; and this your applause. Thus said Socrates to one who put him in mind to prepare himself for his trial:—"Do you not think that I have been preparing myself for this very thing my whole life long?" By what kind of preparation? "I have attended to my own work." What mean you? "I have done nothing unjust, either in public or in private life."

But if you wish to retain possession of outward things too,—your body, your estate, your dignity,—I advise you immediately to prepare yourself by every possible preparation; and besides, to consider the disposition of your judge and of your adversary. In that case, if it be necessary to embrace his knees, do so; if to weep, weep; if to groan, groan. For when you have once made yourself a slave to externals, be a slave wholly; do not struggle, and be alternately willing and unwilling, but be simply and thoroughly the one or the other,—free or a slave; instructed or ignorant; a game-cock or a craven; either bear to be beaten till you die, or give out at once; and do not be soundly beaten first, and then give out at last.

FROM THE 'ENCHIRIDION'

The Basis of Philosophy

There are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power. Within our power are opinion, aim, desire, aversion, and in one word, whatever affairs are our own. Beyond our power are body, property, reputation, office, and in one word, whatever are not properly our own affairs.

Now, the things within our power are by nature free, unrestricted, unhindered; but those beyond our power are weak, dependent, restricted, alien. Remember, then, that if you attribute freedom to things by nature dependent, and seek for your own that which is really controlled by others, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will find fault both with gods and men. But if you take for your own only that which is your own, and view what belongs to others just as it really is, then no one will ever compel you, no one will restrict you, you will find fault with no one, you will accuse no one, you will do nothing against your will; no one will hurt you, you will not have an enemy, nor will you suffer any harm.

Aiming therefore at such great things, remember that you must not allow yourself any inclination, however slight, towards the attainment of the others; but that you must entirely quit some of them, and for the present postpone the rest. But if you would have these greater things, and possess power and wealth likewise, you may miss the latter in seeking the former; and you will certainly fail of that by which alone happiness and freedom are procured.

Terrors

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things. Thus death is nothing terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the terror consists in our notion of death, that it is terrible. When therefore we are hindered, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never impute it to others, but to ourselves; that is, to our own views. It is the action of an uninstructed person to reproach others for his own misfortunes; of one entering upon instruction, to reproach himself; and of one perfectly instructed, to reproach neither others nor himself.

The Voyage

As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish or a truffle in your way, but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call, and then you must leave all these things, that you may not have to be carried on board the vessel bound like a sheep; thus likewise in life, if instead of a truffle or shell-fish such a thing as a wife or a child be granted you, there is no objection; but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, and never look behind. But if you are old, never go far from the ship, lest you should be missing when called for.

Events

Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.

Surrender

If a person had delivered up your body to some passer-by, you would certainly be angry. And do you feel no shame in delivering up your own mind to any reviler, to be disconcerted and confounded?

Integrity

If you have assumed any character beyond your strength, you have both demeaned yourself ill in that, and quitted one which you might have supported.

The Test

Never proclaim yourself a philosopher, nor make much talk among the ignorant about your principles; but show them by actions. Thus, at an entertainment, do not discourse how people ought to eat; but eat as you ought. For remember that thus Socrates also universally avoided all ostentation. And when persons came to him, and desired to be introduced by him to philosophers, he took them and introduced them; so well did he bear being overlooked. So if ever there should be among the ignorant any discussion of principles, be for the most part silent.

For there is great danger in hastily throwing out what is undigested. And if any one tells you that you know nothing, and you are not nettled at it, then you may be sure that you have really entered on your work. For sheep do not hastily throw up the grass, to show the shepherds how much they have eaten; but inwardly digesting their food, they produce it outwardly in wool and milk.

The Two Handles

Everything has two handles: one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne; but rather by the opposite, that he is your brother, that he was brought up with you; and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.

FROM THE 'FRAGMENTS'

Sweet and Bitter

It is scandalous that he who sweetens his drink by the gift of the bees, should by vice embitter reason, the gift of the gods.

Love of Man

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.

Monuments

If you have a mind to adorn your city by consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument, —of gentleness and justice and benevolence.

Civic Honor

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

Healing

It is more necessary for the soul to be healed than the body; for it is better to die than to live ill.

For Humanity

A person once brought clothes to a pirate who had been cast ashore and almost killed by the severity of the weather; then carried him to his house, and furnished him with all necessaries. Being reproached by some one for doing good to the evil, "I have paid this regard," answered he, "not to the man, but to humanity."

Aspiration

Think of God oftener than you breathe.

Divine Presence

If you always remember that God stands by as a witness of whatever you do, either in soul or body, you will never err, either in your prayers or actions, and you will have God abiding with you.

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ERASMUS

ERASMUS

(1465?–1536)

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

IN ANY view of modern civilization Erasmus is a leading personage, for he is one of the two great militant literary men of modern times;—one of the two men of letters who have taken a stronger hold and exercised a wider influence on the thought of the civilized world than have any others, from the Roman Empire to this day.

He was born at Rotterdam, most biographers say in 1467: Hallam thought that he had proved the date to be 1465: others see reasons for believing that it was 1466: Burigny insisted that no one knew the exact year—not even Erasmus himself.[1] But more important than a precise date is the fact that he was born only about ten years after the downfall of the Eastern Empire; only about a quarter of a century after the discovery of printing; about twenty years before Luther; and but little longer before the great age of discovery—the period of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan; the period also of a new awakening of scholarship in Germany, shown in the founding of new universities and the putting of new life into old ones;—the period of new horizons, hopes, and activities. He stood in the centre of this great epoch, and acted most powerfully upon it.[2]

Though an illegitimate child, he took his paternal name Gerard, which, being interpreted to mean amiable, was put into Latin as Desiderius, and into Greek as Erasmios or perhaps Erasmos. So, in accordance with the custom of men of his sort in his time, he called himself Desiderius Erasmus; just as Schwartzerd or Black-earth translated his name into Greek and called himself Melanchthon.

The first years of Erasmus were full of hardship. His patrimony was stolen from him by faithless guardians; his liberty was wheedled from him by zealous monks: but a remarkable keenness, shrewdness,

[1] For Hallam's argument regarding the exact date of Erasmus's birth, see his 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' (London, 1847), page 287, note; see also Drummond. For Burigny, see his 'Vie d'Érasme' (Paris, 1757), pages 5 and 6, and note.

[2] Regarding the strengthening of university life and of thought generally in Germany at this period, see especially Creighton, 'History of the Papacy during the Reformation.'

and passion for knowledge asserted itself in him; though struggling against poverty throughout his early life, and against ill health always, he grew rapidly and symmetrically in the best knowledge of his time, and especially in the new learning;—that new study of Latin thought to which thinking men, weary of scholastic philosophy, had turned toward the close of the Middle Ages; and above all, to that study of Greek thought which had taken refuge in Western Europe at the downfall of the Eastern Empire, and especially at the Turkish conquest of Constantinople in 1453.

It happened, to the great good fortune of the world, that the scholarship in which Erasmus was nurtured had in it not only enlightenment, but manliness and earnestness. In the little town of Deventer in Holland, Gerard Groot had founded in 1400 an order called the Brotherhood of the Life in Common, or as they were more popularly known, the Good Brethren. The order was devoted to plain living and high thinking. Property was for the most part held in common. Manual labor was exacted of all. All showed a fervency in devotion and an energy in well-doing such as the older orders of monks had not known for many generations.

Among other things, the Brethren devoted themselves to a scheme of education at once thorough and comprehensive; not disdaining to work in primary schools, not shrinking from the most advanced scholarly inquiry. This Deventer school acted powerfully in fusing what was best in mediæval thought with the new learning. Its influence was felt in all parts of Northern Europe. In 1433 the order numbered forty-five houses, in 1460 three times as many. Several of its scholars became famous; among them Thomas à Kempis, and Nicholas of Cues, the poor fisherman's son, who became the Cardinal de Cusa,—scholar, statesman, and reformer,—the forerunner of Copernicus in teaching the new astronomy.[1]

From these men of the Deventer school Erasmus received the first strong impulse toward his great career; and though he remained at the school only until about his fourteenth year, he secured recognition as a youth of wonderful promise.

Now came an evil period. He was entrapped into a monastery, and finally, about the time of his coming of age, was induced to take priestly orders. Yet even in the monastery the spirit of the Deventer school was still working within him; for now it was, in his monastery at Stein, about 1490, that he took up the work of the man who first brought the modern spirit of scholarly criticism to bear upon Biblical research,—the brilliant Italian scholar Laurentius Valla. Out

[1] For the value of the Deventer school, see Hallam, 'History of Literature,' Vol. i., page 125; also a reference in Cantù, which is very striking as coming from so devoted a Catholic; also Creighton as above, Vol. v., Chap. i.

of this grew Erasmus's greatest contribution to the thought of Christendom,—a contribution which is doing its work in all lands to-day: none of Erasmus's revolutionary work has ever shown such persistent vitality as this evolutionary work.[1]

He soon saw that a monastic life was not for him. Others saw it; among these the Archbishop of Cambray, who made him his private secretary, and finally supplied him the means with which to study at Paris. But these means were dealt out grudgingly. He still had to endure great privations in order to gain instruction from the accomplished teachers gathered there, and in one of his letters he writes:—

«I have given my whole soul to Greek learning, and as soon as I get any money I shall first buy Greek books and then clothes.»

During his stay in Paris his ability was noted by various men of influence; and now began his struggle to rid himself of monastic and clerical entanglements, in which effort he was finally successful. It was at this period—in 1500—that he published among other things the first edition of his 'Book of Adages' or Proverbs.

The 'Book of Adages' was the first broadside sent from the new scholarship into the old, and it penetrated European thought widely and deeply. Erasmus became at once the head of the party supporting the new learning against mediæval scholasticism. Admirers sought his friendship on all sides; among them the leading mitred heads, crowned heads, and even the Pope himself. He received letters breathing the warmest friendship from Henry VIII. of England; Francis I. of France; Charles V. of Spain and Germany; the two successive popes, Leo X. and the schoolmate of Erasmus at Deventer, Adrian VI.; and still later from the two popes who succeeded these. In the 'Adages' Erasmus proclaimed war against the mendicant friars throughout Europe; and from time to time, in new editions, came new forms of ridicule, even more and more effective.

Another manifestation of Erasmus's boldness is yet more striking; for while he attacked bigotry fearlessly, he attacked tyranny with yet more bitter hatred. Strenuous as his attacks on bigotry were, he never really penetrated to its underlying principle—to the doctrine that salvation depends upon belief; but in attacking the oppressions of monarchy he went to its very heart. This will be especially shown in the extracts from the 'Adages,' as well as from the other writings given as an appendix to this article. He attacked its foundations; so that one might imagine himself within sound, not of a

[1] For the evolution of Erasmus's ideas in Biblical criticism out of those of Valla, see White's 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,' Vol. ii., pages 303 and following; also Drummond, 'Life of Erasmus,' Vol. i., pages 26 and following; also Durand de Laur, 'Érasme,' Vol. i., pages 16 and following.

scholar admired in colleges and petted in courts, but of some modern French tribune or American stump orator.

Curiously enough, this book, the 'Adages,' which aided powerfully to bring in the great revolution of the sixteenth century, became the fashion and fad among those at whom it really struck. Pope Leo X., as well as Charles V., Henry VIII., Francis I., and a host of royal personages, welcomed the 'Adages' of Erasmus; just as two centuries later Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, Joseph II. of Austria, Charles III. of Spain, and a multitude of eighteenth-century princes, welcomed the 'Persian Letters' of Montesquieu and the 'Philosophical Dictionary' of Voltaire: the book took hold upon thinking men throughout Europe, and it went speedily through more than fifty editions.

The bitterness of the monks against him and the admiration of thinking men for him steadily increased. From almost every crowned head in Europe, including the Pope, came lucrative invitations to their respective courts. And here a remark should be made in justice to him. It strikes a modern scholar unpleasantly, in reading Erasmus's correspondence, to see him insisting constantly on his needs, and demanding pecuniary aid. He seemed to feel that he had a right to it, and he obtained it: gold, silver, and pensions came to him from every land; from friends in England like Lord Mountjoy, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury; and from various personages on the Continent. But this was simply the way of his time among scholars. All this was in the old system of patronage. Men wealthy and high placed were expected to see that the republic of letters received no detriment, and that its main upholders were cared for.

But for any proper understanding of this history, and of Erasmus's character, one thing should be most carefully noted. It is vastly to his credit. The highest Church preferment was pressed upon him by the Pope, by the sovereigns, and by various eminent ecclesiastics, throughout the greater part of his life; cardinals' hats, bishoprics, deaneries, would have been his had he signified a wish, or even a willingness to take them: but positions of this sort, lucrative though they might be, sinecures though they might be, he steadfastly refused. He determined to keep his freedom; to give no one a right to call him servant; to undertake no duties—no matter how splendid or honorable, no matter how easy—which should in any way deprive him of his liberty.

And here sundry sources of Erasmus's qualities should be noted. He was not only a scholar by the study of books, but by the study of men and events. For leading features in his training were his acquaintance with the men best worth knowing, and his knowledge

of the history then making in all parts of Europe. Considering his limited resources and the difficulty of traveling at that period, the frequency and length of his journeys strike us with wonder. We hear of him in Paris, at Oxford and Cambridge, in various parts of Italy, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in the Netherlands. The extent of his correspondence amazes us.

One thing, effective in determining his character, has perhaps not been sufficiently dwelt upon by those who have studied him; this was his intimate association with leading Englishmen. During his different residences in England he was thrown into close relations with some of the best men that the Anglo-Saxon race has ever produced. It was not only the time of the revival of scholarship in England, but of great seriousness in thought. Wyclif had been dead more than a hundred years, but his spirit still lived; among Erasmus's English associates were such scholars as Linacre, Grocyn, Latimer, and above all, Sir Thomas More and Colet. These English friends of his certainly promoted his zeal in scholarship and deepened his character.[1]

In 1503 appeared a work which showed strongly the influence of Anglo-Saxon devotion to truth, and to the exercise of reason in reaching truth. This was his 'Enchiridion, or Christian's Manual.' It was in the main a quiet, strong argument against the substitution of fetichism for religious thought and action. Though pithy at times, it had much less of the biting, satirical spirit than had his better known writings. In this he argued against all substitutes for real Christian life, of which Europe was then full, and indeed of which all ages and countries have been full. He fell back mainly upon the exercise of right reason as the God-given means of attaining to truth and righteousness. For this he was of course bitterly attacked. One charge against him was that he had denied the existence of real and literal fire in hell. He defended himself rather wittily by saying that he did not deny it,—that he only declared it to be more clearly taught in theology than in the Scriptures.

Many things might be noted in this book, but two should be remembered. First, that Erasmus throughout appeals to right reason; not unnatural, then, was the declaration of Ignatius Loyola that these writings cooled his piety. The other point to be noted is, that while there is a similarity in the work of Erasmus upon the great revolution of the sixteenth century to the work of Voltaire upon the revolution of the eighteenth, here is a fundamental difference; here

[1] For very full and interesting details of the relations of Erasmus to Englishmen, see Knight, 'Life of Dean Colet,' Oxford, 1823, pages 152 *et passim;* see also Froude, 'Life and Letters of Erasmus,' pages 105–7; also Seebohm, 'The Oxford Reformers,' London, 1869, *passim.*

is a depth of moral and religious feeling, and an appeal to the underlying constitution of Christendom, such as appears in none of the French philosophers or Encyclopædists.

In 1511 Erasmus gave to the world a book of a very different sort,—his 'Encomium Moriæ,' or Praise of Folly. It was dedicated to Sir Thomas More; and More's name, in a punning way, was imbedded in its title. The work was received with delight from one end of Europe to the other. Later it was illustrated with caricatures by Hans Holbein, and so gained yet wider popularity.[1] In this book Folly is represented as preaching from her lofty pulpit to all sorts and conditions of men; proving that all are fools, and therefore her subjects; and that from her come the gifts they most prize. Especially does she claim credit for the superstitions of the Church; and above all for the monks and theologians, whom she exhibits as her masterpieces.

The publication of the 'Praise of Folly' raised a terrific storm. The monks were especially violent, but they succeeded poorly. They were too angry. Strange as it may seem, even this work did not lead to any decided break between Erasmus and the higher ecclesiastics outside the monasteries. Pope Leo X., with his dislike for over-fervid religionists, and his passion for amusing literature, still held strongly to the bold thinker who expressed the leading thought of his time so pungently. So did those who succeeded Leo during Erasmus's lifetime; though his immediate successor, Adrian VI., was an ascetic, and cared far more for theology than for literature. This book wrought more powerfully on Erasmus's own time and on that which immediately followed, than any other he ever wrote. Here, to use the old phrase, was "the egg which Erasmus laid and which Luther hatched."

But far more powerful in its remoter consequences on the building up of modern Germany, and indeed on all thinking Christendom, was a book which he published five years later at Basle,—his first edition of the Greek Testament. His main object was doubtless to popularize Biblical studies and to bring them to bear upon the needs of his time. But he also wished to show what the Bible really was, and thus to beat back the dogmatists who used its texts to injure the new learning.

This work was undoubtedly in some sort an evolution out of the earlier work of Laurentius Valla, the only great Italian scholar of the Renascence who had devoted himself to the problems of theology and Biblical criticism. But the spirit of Erasmus was very different

[1] For the origin and character of Holbein's illustrations of the 'Praise of Folly,' with specimens, see Woltmann, 'Holbein and his Time.' Chap. xi.

from that of Valla.[1] Valla was a brilliant skeptic; Erasmus a profound believer in God and in righteousness. He stands among the first of those who have endeavored to bring the Scriptures within the reach of the world at large; without him the translations of Tyndale in England and of Luther in Germany would have been almost impossible.

But Erasmus's work did not end with his Greek Testament: he wrote a new Latin version, enriching it with notes; and finally a series of paraphrases in Latin of all the New Testament books, except Revelation. These were translated into various modern languages, and of the English version every parish church in England was supplied with a copy.

The greatness of this work is shown in its remoter consequences. This it was which began the application of critical knowledge to our sacred books: Erasmus is the forerunner of that long line of devoted men in all countries who from that day to this have risked reputation and even life, in endeavoring to clear from the sacred text the errors which so many pious men have in all ages insisted on retaining in it.

It is true that he had little of Hebrew scholarship, and that his critical apparatus and knowledge were small compared to that which scholars now consider indispensable; it is true that some of his annotations were fanciful; but as a whole, their acuteness and boldness are among the wonders of European history. He it was who dared strike out the famous verse in the fifth chapter of the first Epistle General of St. John regarding the "three witnesses." For this he was fiercely attacked: in England by Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York; in Spain by Stunica, one of the most renowned of South-European scholars; in France by Budé, syndic of the Sorbonne; by the University of Paris; and throughout Europe by the friars;—but he kept on, and to-day there is no scholar who does not acknowledge that he was right. He it was who dared point out some of the mistakes in quotations made from the Hebrew Scriptures in the Gospels; and to show that the Epistle to the Hebrews is not the work of St. Paul; and that the Revelations of St. John, and the Gospel according to St. John, cannot be the work of the same person; and that the passage in Matthew which is now inscribed around the inner base of St. Peter's dome—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church"—has no reference to the Papacy. For these things, which the great mass of scholars now accept as mere commonplaces,

[1] For a more thorough statement regarding the work of Valla as compared with that of Erasmus, see White's 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,' Vol. ii., pages 303 and following. For the extent of Erasmus's New Testament work, see Jebb's 'Erasmus,' pages 44, 45.

he was then called a blasphemer. But the ages since his time have more and more agreed in declaring all this a proof of Erasmus's greatness as a scholar and of his boldness as a man.[1]

Here too we have utterances of his which throw light upon his view of his time, and of his own work in it. In one of his letters he says, "I would rather work for a month at expounding St. Paul than waste a day in quarreling."

Nor was he working for scholars alone. He had in mind also the plain every-day man. Regarding his translations of Scripture he said:—"I long that the husbandman should sing them as he follows the plow; that the weaver should hum them to the tune of the shuttle; that the traveler should beguile with them the weariness of his journey."[2]

In 1522 Erasmus published his 'Colloquies.' These were conversations, written nominally for the instruction of youth. They are not, in general, phrased so sharply as the 'Adages' and 'Praise of Folly'; they are more kindly, more genial. The purpose of this work seems to have been to infuse into the youth of his time more earnestness, and especially to bring in a better handling of religious questions. In this, as in preceding works, Erasmus firmly adheres to the Church, no matter how much he criticizes various parasitic growths which had attached themselves to it; and he will listen to no suggestions of separation from it.

The twenty-nine 'Colloquies' formed an arsenal of argument and satire. Again the monks trooped forth and widely denounced him as satirizing Church fasts, virginity, monkery, pilgrimages, and other important parts of her system; but hardly any one read their tirades; they were too long-winded. The main attack on the 'Colloquies' was made in 1526; and in 1527 Colinæus printed twenty-four thousand copies of them, and sold them all.[3]

But while the popes and higher ecclesiastics still professed themselves pleased with this work, theologians here and there became alarmed. Luther had appeared on the scene; and though Erasmus during a large part of his literary life was in quarrel with Luther, the deeper meanings of the whole movement, and of their relations to it,

[1] For excellent statements regarding Erasmus's relations to modern Biblical criticism, see Beard, 'Hibbert Lectures for 1883 on the Reformation,' pages 66 and following. For a very full detail of Erasmus's account of his dealing with the text regarding the Three Witnesses, see Jortin (London, 1808), Vol. ii., pages 229 *et seq.*

[2] For the citation above given, see Jebb's 'Erasmus,' Cambridge, 1890, pages 45, 46, and 53.

[3] For satires and squibs against Erasmus, see Schade, 'Satiren u. Pasquille aus der Reformationszeit,' Hanover, 1863: *passim.*

began to be revealed. The book was publicly condemned by the Sorbonne in France, solemnly burned by the Inquisition in Spain, and after the death of Erasmus placed upon the Index in Italy. The Romanic countries thus sought to keep it out of popular reach. In the Teutonic countries its work continued. It held the field longer than did any of his other works, save his edition of the New Testament; nearly a century and a half after Erasmus's time Milton spoke of it as in the hands of everybody at Cambridge; and even in our own time new editions of it have been published.

With the 'Colloquies' ends the last of Erasmus's most popular books. Further into the vast mass of his writings, which have been collected into ten great folios, we may not go, save to notice one field of his activity, in some respects the most important: this is his Correspondence.

As already hinted, it was enormous. It embraces letters to and from the most noted men of his time, including not only four successive popes and all the principal monarchs of Europe, but the leaders of thought on both sides for some time after the outbreak of the Reformation. The subjects treated were the most important; educational, literary, political, and religious. The mode of treatment was flowing, bright, witty, often playful and apparently superficial; but beneath all was deep religious and moral feeling. Not conventionally so: Erasmus may well be called the first Broad-Churchman. To him the permanent element in Christianity was everything; the transient comparatively nothing.

The influence of his letters was undoubtedly far-reaching and healthful. They penetrated and pervaded the minds of popes, monarchs, governors, councilors, professors, authors,—the principal men of light and leading of his time. He thus urged especially better education, better literature, peace, tolerance,—everything in the line of common-sense and right reason.

As to the medium, it was always Latin. The language of France, of Germany, of England, of Holland, and even of Italy, was then considered barbarous—and not without reason. But his was not the Latin of the Italian precisians and German pedants. It was virtually a living language,—easy, flowing, sparkling, well adapted to use: and it is to-day easy reading, even to beginners in the language of Rome.[1]

[1] The most accessible collection of Erasmus's letters is the selection and abridgment of them by Froude. For some unedited and interesting epistles to Sadolet, Bembo, and others, see De Nolhac, 'Érasme en Italie,' Paris, 1888. For copious extracts see especially Jortin and Drummond, *passim*. For the difference between the racy, effective Latin of Erasmus and the stilted affectations of the purists of his time, see Jebb, 'Erasmus,' (Cambridge, Eng., 1890), pages 39 *et seq*.

The value of Erasmus's writings caused much to be overlooked by the leaders of the older Church. Pope Paul III., the fourth of the popes whom Erasmus had known, wrote him in 1535,—a year before the great scholar's death,—asking him for aid in the approaching Council. During this year previous to his death Erasmus gave us a final revelation of his feeling. In one of his letters he says:—"You talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me, and which posterity is never to let die; . . . but I care nothing for fame, and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home and to find favor with Christ." His desire "to go home" was granted in 1536 at Basle. Thither he had gone to seek solace from ill health and protection from enemies, with his old friend Froben, the renowned printer. His grave in the cathedral there remains a place of pious pilgrimage, and Holbein's portrait of him, in the neighboring museum, a revelation of much in his work and character.[1]

In summoning up the work of Erasmus it is first of all needful to clear our minds of cant. Cant on this subject has taken various shapes; but its most usual statement is, that while Luther was brave, Erasmus was a coward. This is one of those superficial antitheses, popular in all times, but especially in periods of strife and struggle. That Luther was brave the whole world knows; that Erasmus was brave any one may know who will study his writings. He showed this bravery by fighting the strong army of ignorance throughout Europe in his books, and by telling unpalatable truths to the great men of his time in his letters.

It also unjust to say that Erasmus was wavering. That his opinions showed varying moods and developed new phases, is true; but from first to last he stood consistently by his fundamental idea,—progress by evolution rather than by revolution.

It is foolish to say that he had no convictions. He had deep convictions; and among them a conviction as to the great value in religion of what is permanent, and as to the small value of what is transient.

It is trivial to say that as he became old he grew weaker. Most men do. Even Luther did at times. That is in the order of nature; but even in Erasmus's last days we have noble exhibitions of strength, even as we have them in Luther's last days.

It is shallow to say that Luther was open, and Erasmus a trimmer. Each thought and fought in his own way. Luther soon thought it best to fight the Church from without; Erasmus thought it wiser to renew the Church from within.

[1] For special details of the last days of Erasmus at Basle, see M. de Ram, in the 'Bulletin de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Belgique,' 1843, pages 462 *et seq.*

It is simply unhistorical to say that Erasmus was "false both to the old Church and to the new." He sought to save the old Church; to renew it; to revive a better life in it. He sought to moderate the new Church; to prevent the monstrous riot and unreason which followed,—the ages of Protestant bigotry, far less excusable than Catholic bigotry,—the carnival of fire and murder which lasted through two centuries. He sought to weld both Churches into a new force—into a higher form of Christianity. He sought to clear and clean the dominant Church of its noxious growths, and hoped that in the air of new knowledge and right reason it would grow into a Church new and comprehensive, suited to the new and regenerate world. He foresaw justly that Protestant dogmatism would soon become as violent and unreasoning as Catholic dogmatism.

He cared no more for Luther's dogma, justification by faith, than for the mediæval dogma, justification by works. To him the one thing precious was the simple teaching of Christ and his immediate followers; all the rest was sound and fury, signifying nothing. What he labored for was not to establish a new Church and new growths of dogma, which he rightly believed would soon become an incubus upon the weary earth; but he sought to promote an evolution of righteousness, which is *rightness*. To find fault with him because he and his work were not like Luther and his work, is like finding fault with Emerson because his make-up and methods were not those of Garrison.[1] One class of minds will always prefer Erasmus, and believe in his work, and lament that he could not have had his way. Another class will prefer Luther, and believe in his work, and rejoice that he had his way. But it should be remembered that before Luther was heard of, Erasmus began, in political affairs and religious affairs, a course of astounding boldness, setting reform in motion; and this course, in spite of reproach and attack from both sides, he kept during his entire life.

But it may be said that Erasmus's idea of a peaceful evolution was not the right idea; that what was needed was revolution.

Alas! history confirms this view too thoroughly. Just as Turgot, the greatest and wisest of French statesmen in the eighteenth century, proposing rational and peaceful measures which would have saved the ancient monarchy and developed liberty in France, was met by fierce opposition and unrelenting hate on both sides, so that the work had to be done far less satisfactorily, at the cost of millions of lives and billions of treasure and generations of sterile revolt and turmoil; just as Henry Clay, one of the wisest American statesmen

[1] For a very full expression of Erasmus's view regarding Luther, see his letter to Cardinal Wolsey, given by Jortin, Vol. i., pages 130–1. It must be confessed that this view differed in Erasmus's differing moods.

of the nineteenth century, proposing rational and peaceful measures which would have gradually extinguished slavery and compensated the slave-owners at a paltry cost of twenty-five millions, was met by fierce unrelenting opposition on both sides, so that the work had to be done by a civil war at a loss of a million of lives and many thousands of millions of dollars: so Erasmus, seeking concessions from the old Church and moderation from the new, met opposition bitter and unrelenting from both sides; and the work of reform had to be accomplished by a schism which cost two hundred years of frightful war, with the loss of millions on millions of lives and of billions on billions of treasure.

Such was the price paid that the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon countries and their colonies might be saved from the fate of Spain and her colonies.

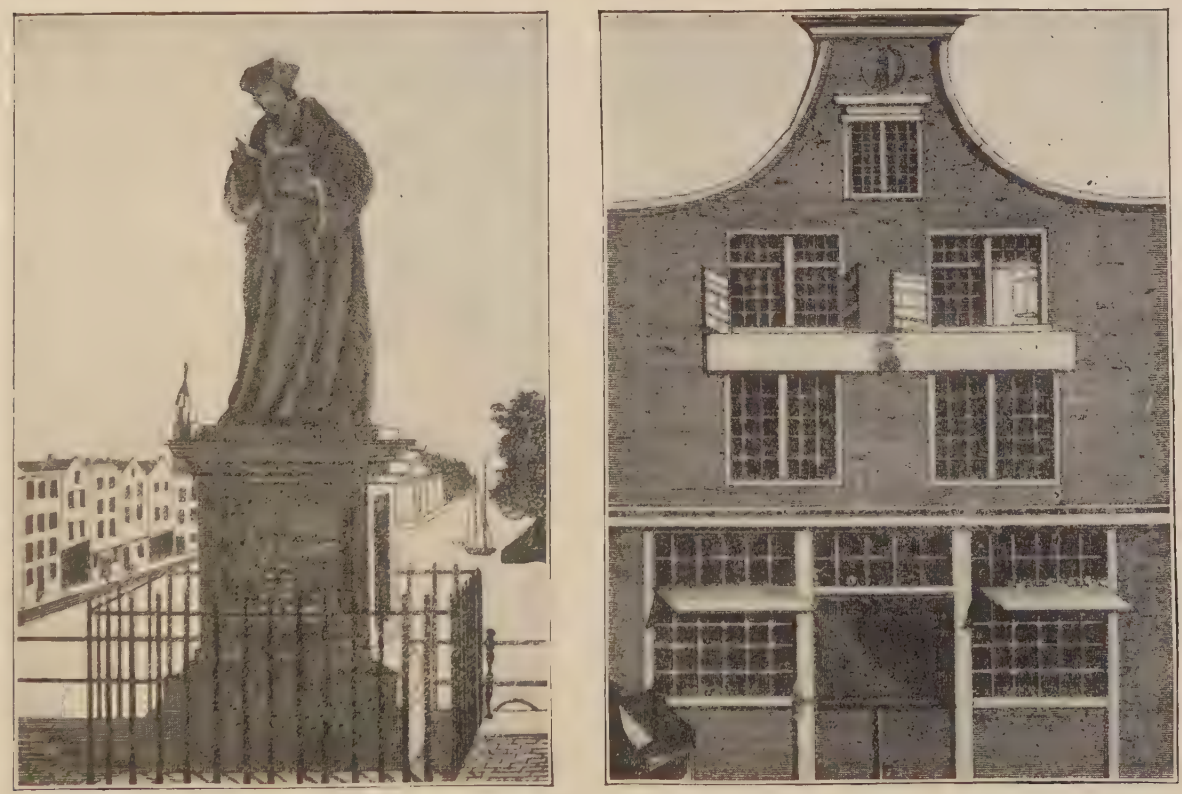
The question now occurs: What was Erasmus's work in its sum? What did he for Christendom in general and for Germany in particular? The Roman Church answers in the old saying, "Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it." Erasmus answers in the comparison of his work to the breaking of dikes. Luther answers in these words:—"Erasmus is very capable of exposing error, but he knows not how to reach the truth."[1]

All these estimates of his agency in the Reformation concur in making him a critic and satirist; a forerunner of reformers and revolutionists. But if we consider him merely as a forerunner, we shall form a judgment sadly inadequate. In a letter to Jean Gachet, Erasmus says:—

> Here, to sum up, is what I have done in my books.
>
> I have raised my voice boldly against the wars which for so many years we have seen shaking all Christendom.
>
> Theology had degenerated into sophistic niceties. I labored to bring it back to its sources, and to its ancient simplicity.
>
> I endeavored also to restore their first lustre to those sacred authors of whom men generally have only fragments. I taught literature, which before me was almost pagan, to speak of Christ.
>
> I have aided, so far as I was able, the revived study of languages.
>
> I have censured various foolish claims of men.
>
> I aroused the world which was sleeping in ceremonies almost Judaic, and called it to a Christianity more pure; never condemning the ceremonies of the Church, but showing that which is best.

Although this claims much, every thoughtful student of the sixteenth century must now acknowledge that it claims too little. Let

[1] For a thoughtful estimate of Erasmus's work from the moderate Roman Catholic point of view, see Döllinger, 'Die Reformation' (Regensburg, 1848), pages 1–20.



STATUE OF ERASMUS AND HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN

(*Rotterdam*)

us sum up rapidly the work of Erasmus in the light of the history developed since his time.

First, he did much to develop a better education, and to instill a fruitful scholarship into the minds of the younger thinking men throughout Europe.

Second, he contributed more powerfully than any other to the spreading of the Revival of Learning, and therefore to the awakening of reform ideas.

Third, he did more than any other to prevent the Revival of Learning in the North of Europe from degenerating into mere dilettantism, as it did in the South of Europe.

Fourth, more boldly than any other, he wrought to mitigate the tyranny of princes.

Fifth, a great service in which he was far beyond his time,—beyond the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, beyond the leaders of the Protestant Church,—he declared always for toleration.

Sixth, he planted in European statesmanship a most beneficent germ, which has since come to great growth, in showing at all times and in all places the futility of attempting to crush thought by force.

Seventh, centuries in advance of his time, he labored to discourage war and to substitute for it arbitration.

Eighth, he stood at the beginning of the critical study of the Scriptures—of all that great work going on in our own time, which is giving religion new and broader foundations. With good reason has an eminent modern scholar said:—"Luther made the Reformation that was; Erasmus, the Reformation that is to be."

Any one looking at contemporary portraits of Erasmus, and especially at that painted by Hans Holbein, will at once see that we have no right to expect in the great scholar a leader in the rough work of revolution. There is a delicacy in the face, a play of sarcasm over the features, a bright light from the eyes, which all remind us at once of Voltaire's portrait; but there is a quiet depth in it which we find in no portrait of Voltaire.

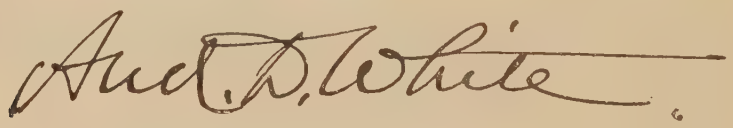
So, too, his work in many respects was strongly like the work of Voltaire. Both exposed wrongs and satirized wrong-doers. Both reminded rulers of their duties. Both stirred the common-sense of their own times. Both spurred on bold thinkers of after times. Both fought bigotry. Both wrought powerfully for a thorough change in the world's thought and action: one, without designing it, for the Reformation; the other, without designing it, for the French Revolution.

And as Voltaire, the critic, satirist, and scholar, preceding the French Revolution, is to Mirabeau, the fearless orator of that Revolution: so is Erasmus, the critic, satirist, and scholar, preceding

the Reformation, to Luther, the orator and warrior of the Reformation.

Yet there was a deep difference between these two greatest of European men of letters. Erasmus's is the more profound nature. Out of it grew no things more brilliant than out of Voltaire's nature; but out of it grew things more beautiful and noble.

Finally, as to the sphere of Erasmus's influence. He wrought, as we have seen, on all Christendom; but most directly and fully upon Germany. His letters show this amply. Under all temptations he refused to break with German thought. He saw that in Germany the soil was deep, and that it was the garden where his ideas were to come to their first and perhaps their fullest bloom and fruitage. He himself has told us:—"I did my best to deliver the rising generation from the slough of ignorance, and to inspire them with a taste for better studies. I wrote not for Italy, but for Germany and the Netherlands."



NOTE.—The collected works of Erasmus were finally published by Le Clerc in 10 vols. folio, Louvain, 1703–6. The few selections here given are taken from his most popular writings.

FROM THE 'ADAGES'

[The first edition of the 'Adages' was published in 1500. A great number of successive editions were issued, the number of proverbs dealt with being steadily increased until 1517, when an edition greatly enlarged was given to the press. See Hallam, 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' especially Vol. i., Chap. iv.]

I. ADAGES RELATING TO MONARCHY

LET any one turn over the pages of ancient or modern history: scarcely in several generations will you find one or two princes whose folly has not inflicted the greatest misery on mankind.

I know not whether much of this is not to be imputed to ourselves. We trust the rudder of a vessel, where a few sailors and some goods alone are in jeopardy, to none but skillful pilots,

but the State, wherein the safety of so many thousands is concerned, we put into any hands. A charioteer must learn, reflect upon, and practice his art; a prince need only be born. Yet government, as it is the most honorable, so it is the most difficult of all the sciences. And shall we choose the master of a ship, and not choose him who is to have the care of many cities, and so many souls? But the usage is too long established for us to subvert. Do we not see that noble cities are erected by the people; that they are destroyed by princes? that the community grows rich by the industry of its citizens, is plundered by the rapacity of its princes? that good laws are enacted by popular magistrates, are violated by these princes? that the people love peace; that princes excite war?

It is the aim of the guardians of a prince, that he may never become a man. The nobility, who fatten on public calamity, endeavor to plunge him into pleasures, that he may never learn what are his duties. Towns are burned, lands are wasted, temples are plundered, innocent citizens are slaughtered, while the prince is playing at dice, or dancing, or amusing himself with puppets, or hunting, or drinking. O race of the Bruti, long since extinct! O blind and blunted thunderbolts of Jupiter! We know indeed that those corrupters of princes will render account to Heaven, but not easily to us.

Let any physiognomist, not a blunderer in his trade, consider the look and features of an eagle,—those rapacious and wicked eyes, that threatening curve of the beak, those cruel cheeks, that stern front: will he not at once recognize the image of a king—of a magnificent and majestic king? Add to these a dark ill-omened color, an unpleasing, dreadful, appalling voice, and that threatening scream at which every kind of animal trembles. Every one will acknowledge this type, who has learned how terrible are the threats of princes, even uttered in jest. At the scream of the eagle the people tremble, the senate shrinks, the nobility cringes, the judges concur, the divines are dumb, the lawyers assent, the laws and constitutions give way; neither right nor religion, neither justice nor humanity prevails. And thus, while there are so many birds of sweet and melodious song, the unpleasant and unmusical scream of the eagle alone has more power than all the rest.

Of all birds, the eagle alone has seemed to wise men the apt type of royalty: not beautiful, not musical, not fit for food; but carnivorous, greedy, plundering, destroying, combating, solitary, hateful to all, the curse of all, and with its great powers of doing harm, surpassing them in its desire of doing it.

II. Adages Showing Erasmus's Political Philosophy

Princes must be endured, lest tyranny should give way to anarchy, a still greater evil. This has been demonstrated by the experience of many States; and lately the insurrection of the German boors has taught us that the cruelty of princes is better to be borne than the universal confusion of anarchy.

III. Adages Relating to the Mendicant Friars

There is a wretched class of men, of low degree, yet full of malice; not less dingy, nor less filthy, nor less vile than beetles; who nevertheless by a certain obstinate malignity of disposition, though they can never do good to any mortal, become frequently troublesome to the great. They frighten by their ugliness, they molest by their noise, they offend by their stench; they buzz round us, they cling to us, they lie in ambush for us, so that it is often better to be at enmity with powerful men than to attack these beetles; whom it is a disgrace even to overcome, and whom no one can either shake off or encounter without some pollution.

Note. — For full information regarding the above passages, with specimens of the original Latin, see Hallam, 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' as above; also Jortin, Vol. iii.

FROM 'THE CHRISTIAN'S MANUAL'

'Enchiridion Militis Christiani'

Every tree is known by its own fruit. Although you watch, fast, attend Divine service, sing, or observe strict silence and the like ordinances, I value them not; nor shall I believe that you are in the Spirit except I behold in you the fruits of the Spirit.

The generality of mankind place religion in ceremonies or creeds; a certain appointment of psalms, or in bodily exercises.

If you examine them about spiritual matters, you will find them merely carnal.

God despised the burnt-offerings, new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, and the appointed feasts of his people, while they were evil-doers, although he himself had commanded them; and will any man dare to compare his own paltry institutions with the Divine precepts? You may read in Isaiah what contempt and loathing he expresses concerning them. When he speaks of rites, ceremonies, and the multitude of prayers, does he not, as it were, point at those men who measure religion by psalms, prayers, creeds, or other human institutions?

Christ is nothing else than love, simplicity, patience, purity,— in short, all that he himself is; and the Devil is nothing but that which draws us away from these ideals.

NOTE.— See Crowther's translation of the 'Enchiridion' under the title of 'The Christian's Manual,' London, 1816, Rule v. and elsewhere; also the excellent book of Kuno Francke, 'Social Forces in German Literature,' page 145; also Seebohm, 'The Oxford Reformers,' pages 175 *et seq.*

FROM 'THE PRAISE OF FOLLY'

'ENCOMIUM MORIÆ'

THE next to be placed in the "Regiment of Fools" are such as make a trade of telling or inquiring after incredible stories of miracles and prodigies. . . . And these absurdities do not only bring an empty pleasure and cheap diversion, but they are a good trade, and procure a comfortable income to such priests and friars as by this craft get their gain. To these, again, are nearly related such others as attribute strange virtues to the shrines and images of saints and martyrs, and so would make their credulous proselytes believe that if they pay their devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, they shall be guarded during the day following from all dangers and misfortunes. If soldiers when they first take arms shall come and mumble over a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara, they shall return safe from their engagements; or if any one pray to St. Erasmus on particular holidays, with wax candles and other fopperies, he shall shortly be rewarded with plentiful increase of

wealth. The Christians have now their gigantic St. George, just as the pagans had their Hercules: they paint the saint on horseback, and drawing the horse very gloriously accoutred, they scarce refrain in a literal sense from worshiping the very beast.

What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? that by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons? . . . By this easy way of purchasing pardons, any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, any bribe-taking judge, shall disburse some part of his unjust gains and so think all his grossest impieties atoned for. So many perjuries, lusts, drunkennesses, quarrels, bloodsheds, cheats, treacheries, debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a bargain for; and such a contract made as if they had paid off all arrears and might now begin a new score.

There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, hæcceities, and such-like absurdities. . . . But alas! those notional divines, however condemned by the sober judgment of others, are yet mightily pleased with themselves, and are so laboriously intent upon prosecuting their crabbed studies that they cannot afford so much time as to read a single chapter in any one book of the Bible. And while they thus trifle away their misspent hours in trash and babble, they think that they support the Catholic Church.

Next to these are another sort of brain-sick fools, who style themselves monks and of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly. For as to the last, they have very little of religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that one cannot pass any street or alley without running against them. . . . Though this sort of men are so detested by every one that it is reckoned unlucky even to meet them by accident, they think nothing equal to themselves, and hold it a proof of consummate piety if they be so illiterate as not to be able to read. And when their asinine voices bray out in the churches their psalms, of which they understand the

notes but not the words, then it is they fancy that the ears of the saints above are enraptured with the harmony.

Among these some make a good profitable trade of beggary, going abroad from house to house, not like the apostles to break their bread, but to beg it; nay, thrust themselves into all public houses, crowd into passage boats, get into travelers' wagons, and omit no chance of craving people's charity, and injuring common beggars by interloping in their traffic of alms.

All these orders are not so careful of becoming like Christ as to be unlike each other; they care less to be known as disciples of the Founder of our religion than as followers of the founders of their orders.

Some will not touch a piece of money, though they make no scruple of the sin of drunkenness and worse sins.

Now, as to the popes of Rome, who pretend themselves Christ's vicars: if they would but imitate his exemplary life by preaching incessantly, by taking up with poverty, nakedness, hunger, and contempt of the world; if they did but consider the import of the word pope, which signifies father, . . . there would be no such vigorous making of parties and buying of votes in the conclave; . . . and those who by bribery should get themselves elected would never secure their sitting firm in the chair by pistol, poison, and violence. How much of their pleasure would be abated if they were endowed with one dram of wisdom? Wisdom, did I say? Nay, with one grain of that salt which our Savior bid them not lose the savor of. In place of their riches, honors, jurisdictions, Peter's pence, offices, dispensations, licenses, indulgences, would succeed watchings, fastings, tears, prayers, sermons, hard studies, repentant sighs, and a thousand such severe penalties; nay, what is yet more deplorable, it would follow that all their clerks, notaries, advocates, grooms, ostlers, lackeys, pimps, and some others whom for modesty's sake I shall not mention, . . . would all lose their employments. . . . But all this is upon the supposition only that the popes understood what circumstances they are placed in: whereas now, by a wholesome neglect of thinking, they live as well as heart can wish. Whatever of toil and drudgery belongs to their office, that they assign over to St. Peter or St. Paul, who have time enough to

mind it; but if there be anything of pleasure and grandeur, that they assume to themselves as being thereunto called. . . . They think to serve their Master, our Lord and Savior, with their great state and magnificence, . . . with their titles of reverence and holiness, and with exercising their episcopal function only in blessing and cursing. The working of miracles is old and out of date; teaching the people is too laborious; interpreting the Scripture is to invade the prerogative of the schoolmen; to pray is too idle; to repent is too unmanly and cowardly; to fast is too mean and sordid. . . . Their only weapons ought to be those of the spirit; and of these indeed they are mighty liberal, as of their interdicts, their suspensions, their denunciations, their greater and lesser excommunications, and their bulls. . . . They give dispensations for the not preaching of Christ, make void the design and effect of our redemption by bribes and sales, adulterate the gospel by their forced interpretations and undermining traditions, and lastly, by their lusts and wickedness grieve the Holy Spirit and make the Savior's wounds bleed afresh. Farther, where the Christian Church hath been first planted, then confirmed and then established by the blood of martyrs,— as if Christ were not strong enough still to protect her, they invert the order, and propagate their religion now by arms and violence, which was formerly done only by patience and sufferings.

Note.— The extracts are made from Bishop Kennett's quaint and pithy translation (London, 1724), especially pages 67, 69, 102, 107, and following to page 296.

FROM THE 'COLLOQUIES'

Colloquy of 'The Shipwreck'

Some were spewing, some were praying. I remember one Englishman there. What mountains of gold did he promise to our Lady of Walsingham if he ever got safe ashore again! One made a vow to deposit a relic of the Cross in this place; another to put a relic of it in that;— some promised to turn monks; one vowed a pilgrimage, barefooted and bareheaded, in a coat of mail, and begging his bread all the way, to St. James of Compostella. I could not but laugh at one fellow there. He vowed as loud as he could bellow to the St. Christopher in the

great church at Paris (that the saint might be sure to hear him) a wax candle as big as the saint himself. Now, you must know that the Paris St. Christopher is enormous, and rather a mountain than a statue. He was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a friend of his gave him a touch on the elbow: "Take care what you promise," said he; "if you should sell yourself, you could not buy such a candle." "Hold your tongue, you fool," says the other (softly, so that St. Christopher might not hear). "Let me but set foot on land once more, and St. Christopher has good luck if he get even a tallow candle from me."

Adolphus — To which of the two saints did you pray?

Antony — To not one of them all, I assure you. I don't like your way of bargaining with the saints: "Do this and I'll do that. Here is so much for so much. Save me, and I will give you a taper or go on a pilgrimage." Just think of it! I should certainly have prayed to St. Peter if to any saint, for he stands at the door of heaven, and so would be likeliest to hear. But before he could go to the Almighty and tell him my condition, I might be fifty fathoms under water.

Adolphus — What did you do, then?

Antony — I went straight to God himself, and said my prayer to him. The saints neither hear so readily nor give so willingly.

Colloquy of 'The Religious Pilgrimage'

Just before the chapel stood a little house, which the officer told us was conveyed thither through the air after a wonderful manner. . . . Upon strict observation of everything, I asked the officer how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for some ages. "And yet methinks," said I, "the walls do not seem to be of that antiquity:" and he did not much deny it. "Nor these pillars," said I. "No, sir," said he. "Then," said I, "methinks that straw, those reeds, and the whole thatch of it, look as if they had not been so long laid." "'Tis very right," said he. "And what do you think," said I, "of those cross-beams and rafters? They cannot be near so old." He confessed they were not. At last, when I had questioned him as to every part of this poor cottage, said I: — "How do you know that this

is the house that was brought so far in the air so many years ago?" At that he laughed at us scornfully, as at people invincibly ignorant.

I had rather lose all Duns Scotus, and twenty more such as he, than one Cicero or Plutarch. Not that I am wholly against them, either: but from the reading of the one I find myself to become honester and better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, indifferent to virtue, but violently bent on cavil and contention.

[The seventh Colloquy is leveled mainly against monastic vows. The ninth is entitled 'A Pleasant and Profitable Colloquy between two Franciscan Monks and a German Tavern-keeper.' The eleventh is entitled 'A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost, appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream.' The twenty-first is entitled 'Hell Broke Loose. The Divisions of Christian Princes are the Scandal of their Profession. The Furies Strike the Fire and the Monks Blow the Coal.']

NOTE. — The above extracts are made from Sir Roger L'Estrange's English Translation of Erasmus's 'Colloquies,' London, 1725.

FROM ERASMUS'S CORRESPONDENCE

PASSAGES SHOWING HIS VIEWS OF LIFE AND CONDUCT

READ first the best books. . . . The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know. Divide your day and give to each part of it a special occupation. . . . Never work at night. It dulls the brain and hurts the health.

I would not change my freedom for the best bishopric in the world. — LETTER TO PETER GILES, 1516.

I am now fifty-one years old. . . . I am not enamored of life, but it is worth while to continue a little longer with such a prospect of a golden age. . . . All looks brighter now. . . . I myself, insignificant I, have contributed something. I have at least stirred the bile of those who would not have the world grow

wiser, and only fools now snarl at me. One of them said in a sermon lately, in a lamentable voice, that all was now over with the Christian faith.— LETTER TO CAPITO, *circa* 1518.

Old institutions cannot be rooted up in an instant. Quiet argument may do more than wholesale condemnation. Avoid all appearance of sedition. Keep cool. Do not get angry. Do not hate anybody. Do not get excited over the noise which you have made. . . . May Christ give you his spirit, for his own glory and the world's good.— LETTER TO LUTHER, *circa* 1519.

The world is waking out of a long deep sleep. The old ignorance is still defended with tooth and claw, but we have kings and nobles now on our side.— LETTER TO SIR HENRY GUILDFORD, 1519.

For yourself, the intelligence of your country will preserve the memories of your virtues, and scholars will tell how a king once reigned there who in his own person revived the virtues of the ancient heroes.— LETTER TO KING HENRY VIII., 1519.

The justest war can hardly approve itself to any reasonable person. . . . The people build cities, the princes destroy them, and even victory brings more ill than good.— LETTER TO THE ABBOT OF ST. BERTIN.

My work has been to restore a buried literature, and recall divines from their hair-splittings to a knowledge of the New Testament.— LETTER THROWING LIGHT ON HIS PURPOSE IN PRESENTING HIS EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, 1521.

PASSAGES RELATING TO THE MONKS

HAPPY Epimenides, that he woke at last! Some divines never wake at all, and fancy themselves most alive when their slumber is deepest. . . . Do not mistake me. Theology itself I reverence and always have reverenced. I am speaking merely of the theologasters of our own time, whose brains are the rottenest, intellects the dullest, doctrinés the thorniest, manners the brutalest, life the foulest, speech the spitefulest, hearts the blackest, that I have ever encountered in the world. — LETTER TO HIS PUPIL GREY.

A set of creatures who ought to be lamenting their sins, but who fancy they can please God by snorting in their throats.

You say that I cannot die better than among my brethren. I am not so sure of that. Your religion is in your dress; . . . your religious orders, as you call them, have done the Church small service.—Letter to Servatius, 1514.

I am delighted that you have stood up for Reuchlin. . . . What a fight he is having, and with what enemies! The Pope himself is afraid to provoke the monks. . . . Those wretches in the disguise of poverty are the tyrants of the Christian world. —Letter to Pirkheimer, 1517.

What a thing it is to cultivate literature! Better far to grow cabbages. Bishops have thanked me for my work, the Pope has thanked me; but these tyrants the mendicant friars never leave me alone with their railing.—Letter to Cardinal Wolsey, 1518.

Passages Relating to Scholasticism and Theology

I wish there could be an end of scholastic subtleties, . . . and Christ be taught plainly and simply. The reading of the Bible and the early Fathers will have this effect.—Letter to Capito, *circa* 1518.

. . . Wrangling about the nature of the Second Person of the Trinity, as if Christ were a malignant demon, ready to destroy you if you made a mistake about his nature! . . . Reduce the articles of faith to the fewest and simplest. . . . Let our divines show their faith by their works, and convert Turks by the beauty of their lives.—Letter to Abbot Volzius, *circa* 1518.

Heresy is held a deadly crime; so if you offend one of these gentlemen they all rush on you together, one grunting out "Heretic," the rest grunting in chorus and crying for stones to hurl at you.—Letter to Laurinus, *circa* 1518.

It would be well for us if we thought less of our dogmas and more of the gospel.—Letter to Peter Barbirius, 1521.

May not a man be a Christian, who cannot explain philosophically how the nativity of the Son differs from the procession

of the Holy Spirit? . . . The sum of religion is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects. Our present problems are said to be waiting for the next Œcumenical Council. Better let them wait till the veil is removed, and we see God face to face.—LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PALERMO, 1522.

PASSAGES RELATING TO LUTHER

LUTHER'S party have urged me to join them, and Luther's enemies have done their best to drive me to it by their furious attacks on me in their sermons. Neither have succeeded. Christ I know; Luther I know not. . . . I have said nothing, except that Luther ought to be answered and not crushed. . . . We must bear almost anything rather than throw the world into confusion. . . . The actual facts of things are not to be blurted out at all times and places, and in all companies. . . . I was the first to oppose the publication of Luther's books. I recommended Luther himself to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more had I not been afraid that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God.—LETTER TO BISHOP MARLIANUS, 1520.

May Christ direct Luther's actions to God's glory! . . . In Luther's enemies I perceive more of the spirit of this world than of the Spirit of God. I wish Luther himself would be quiet for a while. . . . What he says may be true, but there are times and seasons. Truth need not always be proclaimed from the house-tops.—LETTER TO SPALATIN, 1520.

As to Luther himself, I perceived that the better a man was, the less he was Luther's enemy. . . . Can it be right to persecute a man of unblemished life, in whose writings distinguished and excellent persons have found so much to admire? . . . The Pope has no worse enemies than his foolish defenders. He can crush any man if he pleases, but empires based only on terror do not last.—LETTER TO CARDINAL CAMPEGGIO, 1520.

By burning Luther's books you may rid your book-shelves of him, but you will not rid men's minds of him.—LETTER TO GODSCHALK, MODERATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN, 1520.

I told him that it was useless to burn Luther's books, unless you could burn them out of people's memories.—Letter to Sir Thomas More, *circa* 1520.

Curses and threats may beat the fire down for the moment, but it will burst out worse than ever. The Bull has lost Luther no friends, and gained none for the Pope.—Letter to a Friend at Rome, *circa* 1521.

All admit that the corruptions of the Church required a drastic medicine. But drugs wrongly given make the sick man worse. I said this to the King of Denmark lately. He laughed, and answered that small doses would be of no use; that the whole system needed purging. For myself, I am a man of peace and hate quarrels.—Letter to Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1521.

It is easy to call Luther "a fungus"; it is not easy to answer him.—Letter to Lord Mountjoy, *circa* 1521.

They may chain the tongues of men: they cannot touch their minds.—Letter to Pirkheimer, *circa* 1521.

They call me a Lutheran. Had I but held out a little finger to Luther, Germany would have seen what I could do. But I would rather die ten times over than make a schism.—Letter to Coronello, *circa* 1522.

Christendom was being asphyxiated with formulas and human inventions . . . Men needed waking. The gospel light had to be rekindled. Would that more wisdom had been shown when the moment came. . . . Your Highness sends me two books of Luther's, which you wish me to answer. I cannot read the language in which they are written.—Letter to George, Duke of Saxony, *circa* 1522.

I do not object generally to the evangelical doctrines, but there is much in Luther's teachings which I dislike. He runs everything which he touches into extravagance. . . . Do not fear that I shall oppose evangelical truth. I left many faults in him unnoticed, lest I should injure the gospel. I hope mankind will be the better for the acrid medicines with which he has

closed them. Perhaps we needed a surgeon who would use knife and cautery.—LETTER TO MELANCHTHON, 1524.

Luther could not have succeeded so signally if God had not been with him, especially when he had such a crew of admirers behind him. I considered that it was a case for compromise and argument. Had I been at Worms, I believe I could have brought it to that.—LETTER TO DUKE GEORGE OF SAXONY, 1524.

LETTER TO POPE ADRIAN VI.

YOUR Holiness requires my advice, and you wish to see me. I would go to you with pleasure if my health allowed. But the road over the Alps is long. The lodgings on the way are dirty and inconvenient. The smell from the stoves is intolerable. The wine is sour and disagrees with me. . . . As to writing against Luther, I have not learning enough. . . . One party says I agree with Luther because I do not oppose him. . . . The other finds fault with me because I do oppose him. I did what I could. I advised him to be moderate, and I only made his friends my enemies. . . . They quote this and that to show we are alike. I could find a hundred passages where St. Paul seems to teach the doctrines which they condemn in Luther. I did not anticipate what a time was coming. I did, I admit, help to bring it on; but I was always willing to submit what I wrote to the Church. . . . Those counsel you best who advise gentle measures. . . . Your Holiness wishes to set things right, and you say to me, "Come to Rome. Write a book against Luther. Declare war against his party." Come to Rome? Tell a crab to fly. The crab will say, "Give me wings." I say, "Give me back my youth and strength." . . . If I write anything at Rome, it will be thought that I am bribed. If I write temperately, I shall seem trifling. If I copy Luther's style, I shall stir a hornets' nest.

But you ask me what you are to do. Well, some think there is no remedy but force. That is not my opinion; for I think there would be frightful bloodshed. . . . Things have gone too far for cautery. Wyclif and his followers were put down by the English kings; but they were only crushed, not extinguished. . . . However that may be, if you mean to try prisons, lashes,

confiscations, stake, and scaffold, you need no help from me. You yourself, I know, are for mild measures: but you have no one about you who cares for anything but himself; and if divines only think of their authority, monks of their luxuries, princes of their politics, and all take the bit between their teeth, what can we expect? For myself, I should say, discover the roots of the disease. Clean out those to begin with. Punish no one. Let what has taken place be regarded as a chastisement sent by Providence, and grant a universal amnesty. If God forgives so many sins, God's vicar may forgive.

You ask me why I did not speak out at once. Because I regarded Luther as a good man, raised up by Providence to correct the depravity of the age.— LETTER TO THE PRINCE OF CARPI, 1525.

You see how fiercely Luther strikes at me, moderate though I was. . . . Ten editions of his reply have been published already. The great men in the Church are afraid to touch him, and you want poor me to do it again. . . . In France they are at work with gibbet and dungeon. It won't answer. . . . Let Catholics meanwhile reform the abuses which have provoked the revolt, and leave the rest to a general council.— LETTER TO FABER, 1525(?).

The rival parties drag at the two ends of a rope. When it breaks, both will fall to the ground.— LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE, 1528.

The kings are fighting among themselves for objects of their own. The monks, instead of looking for a reign of Christ, want only to reign themselves. The theologians curse Luther. . . . Idiots that they are, they alienate with their foul speeches many who would have returned to the Church.— LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF AUGSBURG, 1528.

Now, partly from superstition, partly from avarice, the saying of masses has become a trade like shoemaking or bricklaying.— LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF HILDESHEIM, 1530.

The problem is how to heal this fatal schism without rivers of blood.— Letter to Mexia, 1530.

To kill one's fellow-creatures needs no great genius; but to calm a tempest by prudence and judgment is a worthy achievement indeed.— Letter to the Bishop of Trent, 1530.

Passages Showing Various Moods, but Generally his Strong Tendency toward Broad-Churchmanship.

Others may be martyrs if they like. I aspire to no such honor.

We have not all strength for martyrdom, and I fear that if trouble comes I shall act like Peter.

I have not condemned ceremonies. I have only insisted on a proper use of them. Christ did the same; so why find fault with me? . . . The Christian religion nowadays does not require miracles, and there are none; but you know what lying stories are set going by crafty knaves.— Letter to an English Bishop, 1528.

Passage Showing a Playful Skepticism

(Referring to the tearing down of the Saints' images at Basle)

Strange that none of them worked a miracle to avenge their dignity, when before they had worked so many at the slightest invitation. . . . At Basle not a saint stirred a finger.— Letter to Pirkheimer, *circa* 1529.

Passages Revealing his Feelings toward the End of Life

You talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me, and which posterity is never to let die; . . . but I care nothing for fame and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home and to find favor with Christ.— Letter to Pope Paul III. in 1535 (the year before Erasmus's death).

[For the full series of Erasmus's letters in the original, see various editions, but especially that of LeClerc, Louvain, 1703–6. Those given above are selected from the abridged translations given by Froude in his 'Life and Letters of Erasmus,' London, 1894. See also the selections in Jortin and Drummond.]

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

(1822–1899) (1826–1890)

BY FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN is the joint name of two French novelists: Émile Erckmann, born at Pfalzburg in 1822, and Alexandre Chatrian, born in 1826 at Soldatenthal in the Meurthe department, died in 1890; whom constant collaboration, a completely similar bent of mind, grasp of things, observation, and style of writing, did, so to speak, blend into one and the same literary man. Their friendship and joint labor dated from their meeting in Alsace in 1845. At an early date they acquired that unity of style and conception which so long puzzled public opinion as to the double origin of their productions. Erckmann as a rule resided at Pfalzburg; as to Chatrian, he lived in Paris. The descriptions of the former were sketched in the Vosges country; those of the latter in the Seine department. But their conception was identical, the flight of their imagination similar; so that, being in close communion of ideas, the style of the one became that of the other. From afar they completed each other. This perfectly simultaneous collaboration, of which the De Goncourt brothers alone offer another instance, was unprecedented in literary history.

ERCKMANN CHATRIAN

Unnoticed and trying were the first attempts of our novelists. The special charm of their descriptions of the homes of middle-class people of the Rhine country was not at first appreciated as fully as it deserved to be; being, as they were, regular masterpieces as regards reality, feeling, and nicety of delineation. 'L'Illustre Docteur Matheus' (The Illustrious Doctor Matheus: 1859), whose exploits are performed in the misty spheres of the supernatural, constituted the first success of the novelists. The way now lay open before them.

Ringing successes made them soon forget their disappointing beginnings.

Erckmann and Chatrian, in twin, cultivated narrative poetry, the rustic and sentimental novel, the picture of country life,—having for preferred frame the quiet horizons which extend between the Rhine and the Mosel,—dismal and fantastic fancies after the manner of Hoffmann, the weird German dreamer; and lastly, the historical and political novel. Chiefly under this last form, as applied to the revolutionary epopee and to the wars of conquest of Napoleon I., did they make their names popular. Theirs was a personal and quite new conception of those episodical novels, to which they gave the title of "national," and which however caused them to be twitted with anti-patriotism, for the reason that they represented war with the pen of philosophers rather than with the pencil of poets, and because they did not hesitate to show therein, with all the real horror pertaining to the subject, how through the frenzy of battles the fortune of a country runs out in blood, noise, and smoke.

The twin authors had given up, or at least put aside for a while, their primitive manner. Getting tired of those quiet descriptions, they felt driven to mix the simple legends of the Vosges country and those of the Black Forest with more solid and broader ideas. They now no longer limned the peaceful scenes of 'L'Ami Fritz' (Friend Fritz), the vast beer-shops filled with the smoke of the long china pipes, the fair housewives surrounded by their fair offspring, the pensive maids of German *lieder*, or the country balls at which the waltz carries away, on a rocking rhythm, the betrothed couples. To their lovely and limited former pictures had now succeeded the tumult of the camps and the horrors of battle-fields, hospital and ambulance scenes, all the awful details which disclose the ambitious egotism of leaders, the hesitation, the confusion, the half-pluck of the soldiers, the smallness of great things. They had then marked their twin object, quite democratic in its inspiration, which was to set off the lustre of the campaigns fought under the Revolution for the defense of national soil, and to sap the prestige of the Napoleonic idol, dimmed as it is in clouds of blood. The essential aim they had in view was to point out to the young generations the emptiness of military glory, and to prove to them that one is never so happy as through peace, liberty, and toil.

The public forthwith followed them in their evolution. In a short time, Erckmann-Chatrian's works were eagerly read throughout France; aided by the currents of anti-governmental opposition, they soon acquired an immense popularity. Everybody was anxious to read the pages of 'Madame Thérèse' and 'L'Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813' (The Story of a Conscript of 1813), where the conscript

relates himself, with charming artlessness, the great military events in which he had been an actor, albeit indifferent and devoid of enthusiasm. Success unfortunately so increased their productiveness as to completely exhaust the happy vein they had discovered. They were constantly writing, without however varying their topic. It was always the same variation performed by clever *virtuosi* on an Alsatian political and social theme. The first works had been enthusiastically welcomed, the following delighted the readers, but the last only met with a lukewarm and indifferent reception from the public. When 'Waterloo' was published, people noticed that that book was inferior to 'Le Conscrit.' 'Le Blocus' (The Blockade) seemed still beneath 'Waterloo.' 'L'Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple' (The Story of a Man of the People) had more of the merits of the foregoing works; as to 'L'Histoire d'un Paysan' (The Story of a Peasant), it was but the last expression of a form which had come to be but a process of writing. Literary critics ceased to notice the new productions of Erckmann-Chatrian. True to say, each of these works represented an idea. They at times breathed a powerful air of justice and liberty. But the plot was monotonous; the various episodes were ill combined and ill arranged; the style had become heavy, and began to lack the fine simplicity which constituted the very talent of Erckmann-Chatrian: in short, the cohesion that marked their former works no longer existed in the latter; they were no longer books, but series of fragments.

Possessed of rare perfection in their best passages, though not throughout equally good, the productions of Erckmann-Chatrian are like a poem in two *canti*. The military *canto* may grow obsolete; as to the more personal *canto*, that of the Vosgian legends, of sweet landscapes and picturesque manners, it is better assured of life.

One may likewise detect in the twin authors' talent two very distinct manifestations: the purely romantic one, rather weak as a rule, on account of the superabundance of the scenes and episodes which constantly break up the main plot; and the descriptive one, simply admirable. Their books, whose charm and merit chiefly consist in the finish of details, might be likened to a gallery of *genre* pictures. That is why anthologies — the aim of which is to pick only that which is excellent in an author's productions — might easily be enriched with marvelous passages borrowed from the somewhat massive work of Erckmann-Chatrian. To make choice collections from them, one would have to search right and left in their poems, legends, fantastic visions, great military scenes, and lovely pictures of rural life. The most important share might be gathered from those calm and comforting provincial scenes of which they were so faithfully fond. As an instance of their style, one might likewise include

that charming Alsatian idyl, 'L'Ami Fritz,' in which seems to revive the placid beauty of 'Hermann und Dorothea,' Goethe's immortal masterpiece. Emile Erckmann died in Paris, March 14, 1899.

Frederic Loliée

THE DANCE IN THE VILLAGE INN

From 'Friend Fritz'

They descended therefore into the hall. The stewards of the dance, their straw hats streaming with ribbons, made the round of the hall close to the railing, waving little flags to keep back the crowd. Haan and Schoultz were still walking about looking for partners; Joseph was standing before his desk waiting; Bockel, his double-bass resting against his outstretched leg, and Andrès, his violin under his arm, were stationed close beside him, as they alone were to accompany the waltz.

Little Suzel, leaning on Fritz's arm, in the midst of the crowd of spectators, cast stolen glances around, her heart beating fast with agitation and inward delight. Every one admired her long tresses of hair, which hung down behind to the very hem of her little blue skirt with its velvet edging; her little round-toed shoes, fastened with black-silk ribbons, which crossed over her snow-white stockings; her rosy lips, her rounded chin, and her graceful flexible neck.

More than one pretty girl scrutinized her with a searching glance, trying to discover something to find fault with, while her round white arm, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the country, rested on Fritz's with artless grace; but two or three old women, peering at her with half-shut eyes, laughed amidst their wrinkles, and said to each other quite loud, "He has chosen well!"

Kobus, hearing this, turned towards them with a smile of satisfaction. He too would have liked to say something gallant to Suzel, but he could think of nothing — he was too happy.

At last Haan selected from the third bench to the left a woman about six feet high, with black hair, a hawk nose, and piercing eyes, who rose from her seat like a shot and made her way to the floor with a majestic air. He preferred this style of woman; she was the daughter of the burgomaster. Haan

seemed quite proud of his choice; he drew himself up and arranged the frill of his shirt, whilst the tall girl, who out-topped him by half a head, looked as if she were taking charge of him.

At the same moment Schoultz led forward a little roundabout woman, with the brightest red hair possible, but gay and smiling, and clinging tight to his elbow as if to prevent him making his escape.

They took their places, in order to make the circuit of the hall, as is the usual custom. Scarcely had they completed the first round when Joseph called out: —

« Kobus, are you ready ? »

As his only answer, Fritz seized Suzel by the waist with his left arm, and holding her hand aloof with the other, after the gallant manner of the eighteenth century, he whirled her away like a feather. Joseph commenced his waltz with three strokes of his bow. Every one understood at once that something strange was to follow — a waltz of the spirits of the air, which they dance on summer nights when nothing is to be seen but a streak of reddish light in the distant horizon; when the leaves cease their rustling, when the insects fold their wings to rest, and the chorister of the night preludes his song with three notes, — the first low and deep, the second tender, and the third so full of life and passion that every noise is hushed to listen.

So commenced Joseph, having many a time in his wandering life taken lessons from the songster of the night, his elbow resting on some mossy bank, his head supported on his hand, and his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight. Then, rising in animation, like the grand master of melody with his quivering wings, who showers down every evening around the nest where his well-beloved reposes, more floods of melody than the dew showers pearly drops on the grass of the valley, the waltz commenced, — rapid, sparkling, wild: the spirits of the air soared aloft, drawing Fritz and Suzel, Haan and the burgomaster's daughter, Schoultz and his partner, after them in endless gyrations. Bockel threw in the distant murmur of the mountain torrents, and the tall Andrès marked the time with rapid and joyous touches, like the cries of the swallows cutting the air; — for inspiration comes from heaven, and knows no law but its own fantasy, while order and measure reign on this lower earth!

And now picture to yourself the amorous circles of the waltz crossing and interlacing in never-ending succession, the

flying feet, the floating robes, rounding and swelling in fan-shaped curves; Fritz holding little Suzel in his arms, raising her hand aloft gracefully, gazing at her with delight, whirling around at times like the wind, and then slowly revolving in measured cadence, smiling, dreaming, gazing at her again, and then darting off with renewed ardor; whilst she, with her waist undulating in graceful curves, her long tresses floating behind her like wings, and her charming little head thrown backwards, gazed at him in ecstasy, her little feet scarcely touching the ground as she flew along.

Fat Haan, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time with an air of profound admiration; while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weathercock.

Schoultz, his back rounded in a semicircle and his long legs bent, held his red-haired partner under the arms, and kept turning, turning, turning, without a moment's cessation, and with the most wonderful regularity, like a bobbin on its spindle, and keeping time so exactly that the spectators were fairly enchanted.

But it was Fritz and the little Suzel that excited universal admiration, from the grace of their movements and the happiness which shone in their faces. They no longer belonged to this lower earth,—they felt as if they were floating in a sort of celestial atmosphere. This music, singing in joyous strains the praises of happiness and love, seemed as if composed expressly for them. The eyes of the whole hall were riveted upon them, while they saw no one but each other. At times their youth and good looks so excited the enthusiasm of the audience that it seemed as if they were about to burst into a thunder of applause; but their anxiety to hear the waltz kept them silent. It was only when Haan, almost beside himself with delight in the contemplation of the tall burgomaster's daughter, raised himself on tiptoe, and whirling her around him twice shouted in a stentorian voice—«*You! you!*» subsiding the next moment into the regular cadence of the dance, and when Schoultz at the same moment, raising his right leg, passed it, without missing a bar of the tune, over the head of his plump little partner, and in a hoarse voice, and whirling round like one possessed, began to shout, «*You! you! you! you! you! you!*» that the admiration of the spectators found vent in clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and a storm of hurrahs which shook the whole building.

Never in their whole lives had they seen such dancing. The enthusiasm lasted for more than five minutes, and when at last it died away they heard with pleasure the waltz of the spirits of the air again resume the ascendant, as the song of the nightingale swells out in the night air after the summer storm has passed.

At last Haan and Schoultz were fairly exhausted; the perspiration was pouring down their cheeks, and they were fain to promenade their partners through the hall; although it seemed as if Haan were being led about by his *danseuse*, while Schoultz, on the other hand, looked as if he were carrying his fair one suspended from his elbow.

Suzel and Fritz still kept whirling round. The shouts and stamping of feet of the spectators did not seem to reach their ears; and when Joseph, himself exhausted, drew the last long-drawn sigh of love for his violin, they stopped exactly opposite Father Christel and another old Anabaptist, who had just entered the hall, and were gazing at them with surprise and admiration.

"Hallo! So you are here too, Father Christel," exclaimed Fritz, beaming with delight; "you see Suzel and I have been dancing together."

"It is a great honor for us, Mr. Kobus," replied the farmer, smiling; "a great honor indeed. But does the little one understand it? I fancied she had never danced a step in her life."

"Why, Father Christel, Suzel is a butterfly, a perfect little fairy; I believe she has wings!"

Suzel was leaning on his arm, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes; and Father Christel, looking at her with delight, asked:—

"But Suzel, who taught you to dance? I was quite surprised to see you just now."

"Mazel and I," replied the little one, "used to take a turn or two in the kitchen now and then to amuse ourselves."

Then the people around, who had leaned forward to listen, could not help laughing; and the other Anabaptist exclaimed:—

"What are you thinking of, Christel? Do you imagine that young girls require to be taught to waltz? Don't you know that it comes to them by nature? Ha! ha! ha!"

A BIVOUAC AT LIGNY

From 'Waterloo: A Sequel to the Conscript of 1813': copyright 1869, by Charles Scribner & Co.

It was dark already, and the dense masses of smoke made it impossible to see fifty paces ahead. Everything was moving toward the windmills; the clatter of the cavalry, the shouts, the orders of the officers, and the file-firing in the distance, all were confounded. Several of the squares were broken. From time to time a flash would reveal a lancer bent to his horse's neck, or a cuirassier, with his broad white back and his helmet with its floating plume, shooting off like a bullet, two or three foot soldiers running about in the midst of the fray,—all would come and go like lightning. The trampled grain, the rain streaking the heavens, the wounded under the feet of the horses, all came out of the black night—through the storm which had just broken out—for a quarter of a second. Every flash of musket or pistol showed us inexplicable things by thousands. But everything moved up the hill and away from Ligny; we were masters. We had pierced the enemy's centre; the Prussians no longer made any defense, except at the top of the hill near the mills and in the direction of Sombref, at our right. St. Armand and Ligny were both in our hands.

As for us,—a dozen or so of our company there alone among the ruins of the cottages, with our cartridge boxes almost empty,—we did not know which way to turn. Zébédé, Lieutenant Bretonville, and Captain Florentin had disappeared, and Sergeant Rabot was in command. He was a little old fellow, thin and deformed, but as tough as steel; he squinted, and seemed to have had red hair when young. Now, as I speak of him, I seem to hear him say quietly to us, "The battle is won! by file right! forward, march!"

Several wanted to stop and make some soup, for we had eaten nothing since noon, and began to be hungry. The sergeant marched down the lane with his musket on his shoulder, laughing quietly, and saying in an ironical tone:—

"Oh! soup, soup! Wait a little; the commissary is coming!"

We followed him down the dark lane; about midway we saw a cuirassier on horseback with his back toward us. He had a

sabre-cut in the abdomen and had retired into this lane; the horse leaned against the wall to prevent him from falling off.

As we filed past he called out, "Comrades!" But nobody even turned his head.

Twenty paces farther on we found the ruins of a cottage, completely riddled with balls: but half the thatched roof was still there, and this was why Sergeant Rabot had selected it; and we filed into it for shelter.

We could see no more than if we had been in an oven; the sergeant exploded the priming of his musket, and we saw that it was the kitchen, that the fireplace was at the right, and the stairway on the left. Five or six Prussians and Frenchmen were stretched on the floor, white as wax, and with their eyes wide open.

"Here is the mess-room," said the sergeant: "let every one make himself comfortable. Our bedfellows will not kick us."

As we saw plainly that there were to be no rations, each one took off his knapsack and placed it by the wall on the floor for a pillow. We could still hear the firing, but it was far in the distance on the hill.

The rain fell in torrents. The sergeant shut the door, which creaked on its hinges, and then quietly lighted his pipe. Some of the men were already snoring when I looked up, and he was standing at the little window, in which not a pane of glass remained, smoking.

He was a firm, just man; he could read and write, had been wounded and had his three chevrons, and ought to have been an officer, only he was not well formed. He soon laid his head on his knapsack, and shortly after all were asleep.

It was long after this when I was suddenly awakened by footsteps and fumbling about the house outside. I raised up on my elbow to listen, when somebody tried to open the door. I could not help screaming out. "What's the matter?" said the sergeant. We could hear them running away, and Rabot turned on his knapsack, saying, "Night-birds—rascals! clear out, or I'll send a ball after you!" He said no more, and I got up and looked out of the window, and saw the wretches in the act of robbing the dead and wounded. They were going softly from one to another, while the rain was falling in torrents. It was something horrible.

I lay down again, and fell asleep, overcome by fatigue.

At daybreak the sergeant was up and crying "En route!"

We left the cottage and went back through the lane. The cuirassier was on the ground, but his horse still stood beside him. The sergeant took him by the bridle and led him out into the orchard, pulled the bits from his mouth, and said:—

"Go and eat; they will find you again by-and-by."

And the poor beast walked quietly away. We hurried along the path which runs by Ligny. The furrows stopped here, and some plots of garden ground lay along by the road. The sergeant looked about him as he went, and stooped down to dig up some carrots and turnips which were left. I quickly followed his example, while our comrades hastened on without looking round.

I saw that it was a good thing to know the fruits of the earth. I found two beautiful turnips and some carrots, which are very good raw, but I followed the example of the sergeant and put them in my shako.

I ran on to overtake the squad, which was directing its steps toward the fires at Sombref. As for the rest, I will not attempt to describe to you the appearance of the plateau in the rear of Ligny, where our cuirassiers and dragoons had slaughtered all before them. The men and horses were lying in heaps; the horses with their long necks stretched out on the ground, and the dead and wounded lying under them.

Sometimes the wounded men would raise their hands to make signs, when the horses would attempt to get up and fall back, crushing them still more fearfully.

Blood! blood! everywhere. The directions of the balls and shot were marked on the slope by the red lines, just as we see in our country the lines in the sand formed by the water from the melting snow. But will you believe it? These horrors scarcely made any impression upon me. Before I went to Lützen such a sight would have knocked me down. I should have thought then:—"Do our masters look upon us as brutes? Will the good God give us up to be eaten by wolves? Have we mothers and sisters and friends, beings who are dear to us, and will they not cry for vengeance?" I should have thought of a thousand other things, but now I did not think at all. From having seen such a mass of slaughter and wrong every day and in every fashion, I began to say to myself:—

"The strongest are always in the right. The Emperor is the strongest, and he has called us, and we must come in spite of

everything, from Pfalzburg, from Saverne, or other cities, and take our places in the ranks and march. One who showed the least sign of resistance would be shot at once. The marshals, the generals, the officers, down to the last man, follow their instructions,—they dare not make a move without orders; and everybody obeys the army. It is the Emperor who wills, who has the power and who does everything. And would not Joseph Bertha be a fool to believe that the Emperor ever committed a single fault in his life? Would it not be contrary to reason?»

That was what we all thought, and if the Emperor had remained here, all France would have had the same opinion.

My only satisfaction was in thinking that I had some carrots and turnips; for in passing in the rear of the pickets to find our place in the battalion we learned that no rations had been distributed except brandy and cartridges.

The veterans were filling their kettles; but the conscripts, who had not yet learned the art of living while on the campaign, and who had unfortunately already eaten all their bread, as will happen when one is twenty years old and is on the march with a good appetite,—they had not a spoonful of anything.

At last, about seven o'clock, we reached the camp. Zébédé came to meet me, and was delighted to see me, and said:—«What have you brought, Joseph? We have found a fat kid, and we have some salt, but not a mouthful of bread.»

I showed him the rice which I had left, and my turnips and carrots.

«That's good,» said he; «we shall have the best soup in the battalion.»

I wanted Buche to eat with us too, and the six men belonging to our mess, who had all escaped with only bruises and scratches, consented. Padoue the drum-major said, laughing, «Veterans are always veterans; they never come empty-handed.»

We looked into the kettles of the five conscripts and winked; for they had nothing but rice and water in them, while we had a good rich soup, the odor of which filled the air around us.

At eight we took our breakfast with an appetite, as you can imagine.

Not even on my wedding day did I eat a better meal, and it is a pleasure even now to think of it. When we are old we are not so enthusiastic about such things as when we are young, but still we always recall them with satisfaction.

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

(1810–1842)

BY MARY J. SERRANO

IN THE year 1810 all Spain was in arms, disputing Spanish soil inch by inch with the soldiers of Napoleon, who, including in his plan of universal conquest the crown of Spain, had decoyed into France and then perfidiously imprisoned the Spanish King Ferdinand, and placed his brother Joseph by force of arms upon the vacant throne.

It was in the spring of this year that José de Espronceda was born in the little town of Almendrajo, in the province of Estremadura, during a halt of the cavalry regiment of which his father was colonel, his mother having accompanied her husband in the marches of the campaign.

Nursed amid the din of battle waged in defense of national rights, drawing in with every breath the spirit of national liberty that filled the air, and that continued to fill it during his childhood and youth, as an aspiration towards national regeneration, it was not strange that this spirit of liberty, converted by the workings of his poet's imagination into a spirit of revolt against all restraint, should have fermented in his blood and should remain a ruling influence in his short and agitated existence.

Thus it is that almost all Espronceda's poems, whatever their subject, are an aspiration toward freedom, whether from the bonds of spirit or of matter, or a passionate protest against the injustice of man or of fate. But in Espronceda's cynicism, unlike that of Byron,—whom he so strongly resembled both in his genius and his character,—of Heine, of Leopardi, or of Musset, there is nothing of egotism or of affectation, defects from which his sincere and generous nature was altogether free; and while his expression of feeling is intensely personal, as for instance in the cry of passionate regret for lost illusions which he calls 'Canto to Teresa,' and which stands as the second canto of 'El Diablo Mundo' (The World Spirit), the feelings he expresses are the common feelings of humanity; as the injustice against which he protests is the injustice suffered by his fellow-men. Thus, in 'The Mendicant,' 'The Executioner,' and 'The Condemned Criminal,' he arraigns human society for the inequalities

of station and of fortune which array man against his fellow-man, and for the indifference with which it regards the victim of its own defective organization, while sanctioning, in decreeing his death, the crime for which it condemns him to die.

The 'Song of the Cossack' and 'The Pirate' reflect vividly the free life of nature, the freedom of the desert and of the sea — the dash across the plain of the Cossack horseman, the wild sweep in which the steed responds to the will of the rider as the hand responds to the brain; the wide solitude of the boundless sea, the invigorating saltness of the breeze murmuring through the sails, the shimmer of the moon on the blue waters; and through and above all the intoxicating sense of conscious power, of strength unconquered and defiant.

Another note is struck in the poem 'To Jarifa in an Orgy.' Here the freedom aspired to is freedom from law, the unescapable law that ordains that satiety shall inevitably attend upon excess. But when the poet's soul, steeped in the dregs of pleasure, abandons itself unresistingly to its fate, a sudden touch of human sympathy, of pure feeling, stirs it with regenerating power and so saves it from moral death.

In 'The Student of Salamanca,' one of Espronceda's two long poems, — for of 'Pelayo,' an epic poem written in his boyhood, and a remarkable production thus considered, only a few fragments remain, — the prevailing note is one of defiance; defiance of all authority, human or Divine. The poem is based on the legend of Don Juan Tenorio; and in the character of the hero, Espronceda, like Byron in Don Juan, is supposed to have depicted his own. Imaginative power of the highest order, and an extraordinary skill in the employment of the resources of poetic expression, characterize this work, in which earth and heaven and hell, the natural and the supernatural, are brought together on a single canvas without dissonance or disproportion of line or color. The solitary landscape bathed in the mellow light of the moon; the branches of the trees outlined darkly against the softly luminous midnight sky; the brook murmuring its plaintive song; the touching figure of the gentle and unfortunate Elvira, whose illusions have been scattered to the wind by the ruthless hand of her faithless lover, like the petals which she pulls, in the abstraction of her grief, from the flowers; the gambling-house, with its exhibition of cynicism and depravity; the graves giving up their dead to celebrate ghastly festivities — all form a picture of surpassing power and extraordinary artistic beauty.

'El Diablo Mundo,' Espronceda's most important composition, recalls in its plan the legend of Faust. The hero, an old man who becomes endowed with immortal youth, has scarcely put on his new

form when he is seized by the police as a fugitive from justice, and cast into prison. Here he finds a companion in a hardened criminal who indoctrinates him in his own cynical philosophy of life, for the mind of the new Adam is the blank mind of a child. The daughter of his mentor comes to visit her father in the prison, and Adam conceives a violent passion for her, which she returns with equal vehemence. In the prison Adam meets some thieves who induce him to join in the midnight robbery of a beautiful and wealthy countess. The alarm is given, but Adam makes his escape. He wanders through the city streets, and at last enters a house where an orgy is going on in one room, while in another the daughter of the house lies dead. Touched by the mother's lamentations, Adam's heart is filled with the desire to restore the dead girl to life. Here ends the poem, which the author did not live to finish.

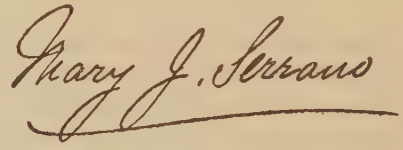
In Espronceda's poems the spirit of the man is reflected: a spirit of fire, a flame lurid and obscured at times by smoke, but a flame that always aspires. In his poems, too, is to be found the best history of his unsettled and adventurous life; of which the chief events to be recorded are his journeyings, now voluntary, now as an exile, to Lisbon, to Paris, to London, and back again to Madrid, and the part he took in the political movements of which they were in general the result.

An incident characteristic of the poet is related of his first visit to Lisbon. When the vessel on which he was a passenger arrived in port, the health officer, boarding her, proceeded to collect a small tax which it was the custom to demand from the passengers. When Espronceda's turn arrived, the poet took from his pocket a dollar, all the money he possessed, and handed it to the officer, who returned him the change. The poet tossed the coins lightly into the water, in order, as he said, that he might not "enter so great a capital with so small a sum of money."

During his residence in London, Espronceda devoted himself with ardor to the study of the English poets, more particularly of Byron, whose influence is clearly traceable in his works. Here the passionate lament entitled 'Elegy to Spain' was written. Here, too, the unhappy passion which inspired the 'Canto to Teresa' reached the fatal culmination which was to prove a source of unending remorse to both the guilty lovers.

The accession to power in 1840 of the liberal party, whose principles he advocated, seemed to promise Espronceda at last leisure to take his just place in literature; a place, according to the judgment of Valera,—a cautious critic,—beside Goethe, Byron, and Leopardi. The promise, however, was never realized. His health had been undermined by a life often of privation and always irregular; and

before he could take his seat he was attacked by an inflammation of the larynx, and died after four days' illness, on the 23d of May, 1842, at the age of thirty-two years.



TO SPAIN: AN ELEGY

How solitary is the nation now
That peopled countries vast a former day!
That, all beneath her sovereignty to bow,
From East to West extended once her sway!

Tears now profuse to shed, unhappy one,
Queen of the world! 'tis thine; and from thy face,
Enchanting yet in sorrow, there is none
Its overwhelming traces to erase.

How fatally o'er thee has death poured forth
Darkness and mourning, horrible and great!
And the stern despot in his maddened wrath
Exulted wildly o'er thy low estate.

Nothing or great or beautiful he spared,
My country!—the young warrior by him fell,
The veteran fell, and vile his war-axe glared,
Pleased all its fury o'er thee to impel.

Even the pure maiden fell beneath the rage
Of the unpitying despot, as the rose,
Condemned the summer's burning sun to engage,
Her bloom and beauty withering, soon must close.

Come, O ye inhabiters of all the earth,
And contemplate my misery! can there,—
Tell me!—be any found of mortal birth
Bearing the sorrows I am doomed to bear?

I, wretched, banished from my native land,
Behold, far from the country I adore,
Her former glories lost and high command,
And only left her sufferings to deplore.

Her children have been fatally betrayed
By treacherous brethren, and a tyrant's power;

And these her lovely fertile plains have made
Fields o'er which only lamentations lower.

Her arms extended wide, unhappy Spain!
Her sons imploring in her deep distress:
Her sons they were, but her command was vain,
Unheard the traitor-madness to repress.

Whate'er could then avail thee, tower or wall,
My country! still amid thy woes adored?
Where were the heroes that could once appall
The fiercest foe? where thy unconquered sword?

Alas! now on thy children's humbled brow
Deeply is shame engraved, and on their eyes,
Cast down and sorrowfully throbbing now,
The tears alone of grief and mourning rise.

Once was a time for Spain, when she possessed
A hundred heroes in her hour of pride;
And trembling nations saw her manifest
Her power and beauty, dazzling, by their side.

As lofty shows itself in Lebanon
The cedar, so her brow she raised on high;
And fell her voice the nations round upon,
As terrify a girl the thunders nigh.

But as a stone now in the desert's wild
Thou liest abandoned, and an unknown way
Through strangers' lands, uncertain where, exiled,
The patriot's doomed unfortunate to stray.

Her ancient pomp and power are covered o'er
With sand and weeds contemptuous; and the foe,
That trembled at her puissance before,
Now mocks exulting and enjoys her woe.

Maidens! your flowing locks disheveled tear,
To give them to the wandering winds; and bring
Your harps in mournful company to share
With me the sorrowful laments I sing.

Thus banished from our homes afar away
Still let us weep our miseries. O Spain,
Who shall have power thy torments to allay?
Who shall have power to dry thy tears again?

THE SONG OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,
She does not cut the sea, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine;
A pirate bark, the 'Dreaded' named,
For her surpassing boldness famed,
On every sea well known and shore,
From side to side their boundaries o'er.

The moon in streaks the waves illumes;
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging through;
In gentle motion raised, assumes
The sea a silvery shade with blue;
While singing gaily on the poop,
The pirate captain, in a group,
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
And Stamboul in the front arise.

Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force
Shall make thee yield in thy career,
Or turn thee from thy course.
Despite the English cruisers fleet,
We have full twenty prizes made;
And see, their flags beneath my feet
A hundred nations laid.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

There blindly kings fierce wars maintain
For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate'er the seas infold.
Nor is there shore around whate'er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

Look, when a ship our signals ring
Full sail to fly, how quick she's veer'd!
For of the sea I am the king,
My fury's to be feared;
But equally with all I share
Whate'er the wealth we take supplies;
I only seek the matchless fair,
My portion of the prize.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

I am condemned to die! I laugh;
For if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover I withdrew.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

My music is the north wind's roar,
The noise when round the cable runs,
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,
And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious as the tempest rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

HENRI ALPHONSE ESQUIROS

(1812–1876)

"If my hair must turn gray, a thousandfold sooner let it be with the dust of highways than that of musty tomes," said Alphonse Esquiros; and the words show an energy which always longed to accomplish something of practical utility, and which expended itself in too many directions to be adequately successful in any one. For his contribution to literature is too meritorious not to win appreciation, yet so scanty that we wonder why he did not leave us more.

Esquiros first made himself known as a poet. He was very young — only twenty — when his little volume of odes and sonnets, 'Les Hirondelles,' attracted Victor Hugo's admiration and friendship. "A true poet's book," Hugo called it; "the fair beginning of a young man; a swarm of charming verses on radiant wing."

Then Esquiros engaged in journalism, and at the same time prepared a historical novel, 'Charlotte Corday,' founded on the tragic life of the Revolutionary heroine. This true story, strengthened by an imagination which presented both Charlotte and her victim Marat sympathetically, was very popular. Esquiros invested both murderous figures with a fine ideality which made them seem victims rather than sinners; and he made them symbolic too,—their final meeting the inevitable clash between the Gironde and the Mountain. In the simple, direct style there is no falsetto; and yet, as has been pointed out, Esquiros here deserts the crisp French romanticism for a touch of the sentiment we associate with our English Laurence Sterne.

With his skill in story-telling and his poetic quality, his feeling for delicate emotion and grace of form, Esquiros combined much of the reformer's spirit; and that brought him into trouble. The same year that 'Charlotte Corday' appeared (1840), he published too 'L'Évangile du Peuple,' a religious and political work, in which Jesus is portrayed as a socialistic reformer in harmony with revolutionary spirits. Naturally, this revival of revolutionary thinking was disapproved by the government, and its author was severely punished. He was sentenced to the payment of a fine of 500 francs and to an imprisonment of eight months. While confined in Sainte-Pélagie he diverted himself with poetic composition, and wrote 'Les Chants du Prisonnier,' pretty reminiscences of his early life. He wrote, too, several semi-socialistic works,—'Les Vierges Martyres' (The Virgin

Martyrs), 'Les Vierges Folles' (The Foolish Virgins), and 'Les Vierges Sages' (The Wise Virgins).

Esquiros was a Parisian, and much of his life was spent in the centre of the political storms of his country. He was ardently patriotic, and his mind was always strongly diverted from literature to politics, in which he stoutly advocated radical and socialistic reform. Soon after his release he became a democratic member in the Legislative Assembly, where he continued until, upon the overthrow of the government, he found himself exiled.

His series of historical and political works,—'L'Histoire des Montagnards' (History of the Montagnards: 1847), 'L'Histoire des Martyrs de la Liberté' (History of the Martyrs of Liberty: 1851), and 'La Vie Future au Point de Vue Socialiste' (The Future Life from the Socialist's Standpoint: 1857),—although often eloquent and always earnest, are considered superficial in thought. He was a man of feeling and imagination rather than of analysis and synthesis, and philosophy was not his true vocation. One quality in which he excelled found exercise now that he was sent away from France: he had the faculty, not usual with Frenchmen, of understanding a foreign point of view, of studying other lands and peoples with intuitive sympathy. For years he lived in England, where he made many friends and was for some time professor of French literature at Woolwich. He thoroughly investigated the different interests and industries of the country, the various forms of religion, the departments of government, the army and navy; and obtained a just and comprehensive knowledge of English life, which he embodied in serious and interesting studies which ran through a long series in the Revue des Deux Mondes. They were translated into English, and in book form, 'L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise' (England and English Life), and 'Les Moralistes Anglaises' (The English Moralists), were greatly enjoyed on both sides of the Channel.

He spent some time in Holland too, and of this one result was a delightful volume, 'La Néerlande et la Vie Hollandaise' (The Netherlands and Dutch Life: 1861), in which he gathered together a great deal of information about that interesting little land and gave it graphic presentation. This too was translated into English, and 'The Dutch at Home' is still a popular book.

In 1869 Esquiros returned to France, and was soon after elected democratic deputy from Bouches-du-Rhône. The next year came the downfall of the Empire, after which he was appointed *Administrateur Supérieur* from the same department. Something about Esquiros is suggestive of Malesherbes; and in this position he showed similar integrity and fearless energy, until like Malesherbes his virtues proved his own undoing, and he was driven to resign.

The narrative talent which makes his works on foreign lands such pleasant reading, and his two novels 'Charlotte Corday' and 'Le Magicien' always interesting, is especially striking in his one little volume of short stories. 'Le Château Enchanté' (The Enchanted Castle), 'Le Mariage Fatal (The Fatal Marriage), and the others, are romantic tales, told with a convincing simplicity and earnest realization of the pathos of human life. Perhaps, on the whole, the most striking quality of Alphonse Esquiros was his broad sympathy.

THE DEATH OF MARAT

From 'Charlotte Corday'

On the evening of the 13th of July, after leaving Du Perret, Charlotte Corday started to return to her hotel, and crossed the Palais Royal. It was still quite light. Everything sparkled in the mild reddish glow which the setting sun shed along the galleries and on all the little shops. In the clear windows of a cutlery shop especially, the steel blades glittered brilliantly. Charlotte Corday stopped. After looking a few minutes at the sharp murderous instruments, she entered the shop. There was one large knife with an ebony handle exposed for sale, and Charlotte Corday tried the blade with her finger. A sheath lay beside it in the case. The price was three francs. She paid it. Then she hid the knife, in its sheath, under the red fichu which covered her throat.

As it was a beautiful evening, she went out into the garden and sat down on a bench in the shade of the chestnut-trees. A little child was playing near, gathering sand in its red apron. The stranger's face pleased him; he drew near, smiled, hovered about the bench, courting attention. Beauty attracts children. Then, becoming quite familiar at last, he bravely dropped back his little blond curly head on the lady's lap. Charlotte took him in her arms and gave him a melancholy look. In the refreshing breezes of the evening, she felt many tender and profound thoughts at sight of this little being, sitting innocently on her knees. In spite of herself she thought of the joys of maternity, of the family, of love. She told herself that perhaps she was mad, thus to sacrifice to vain chimeras the sweet and facile happiness offered by nature. The agitations into which events and public affairs had thrown her for the past six months subsided

under the limpid gaze of this little creature; her eyes filled with tears before his ingenuous smile; fresh and charming recollections of that early age rushed wildly to her heart. At sight of so much serenity, grace, forgetfulness, universal pardon, painted on the child's face, she felt her fierce resolution soften, and her vengeance slipping from her hands.

Now the prying, inquisitive little fingers of the child, which for a moment had been investigating under her red fichu, drew out the sinister knife for a plaything. At sight of it Charlotte grew pale, rose, set the child on the ground, and went away; first casting an unquiet glance around and replacing the knife under her fichu, and the fatal secret in her breast. At the entrance to the garden she met a cabman, whose horses were resting before the door of a house. "Citizen Coachman," she asked, "can you tell me, if you please, where Citizen Marat lives?"

"Rue des Cordeliers, No. 30;" and fearing this woman might forget the address, the cabman wrote it himself in pencil on a bit of white paper. This done, Charlotte Corday went back to her hotel.

The next day Du Perret called as he had promised, and after chatting with her for about a quarter of an hour, took her to the minister. But Charlotte Corday found that she could not draw her friend's papers from the hands of the administration. Then she took leave of Du Perret, thanking him, and forbidding him to call again. "You know what I told you yesterday," she added. "Fly as quickly as you can. Fly this very night, for to-morrow it will be too late."

The claims of friendship satisfied, she turned all her strength and resolution toward the true object of her journey. That morning she had addressed the following letter to Marat by post:

"*Citizen:* — I have just arrived from Caen. Your love for the country makes me think that you will be interested to know the unhappy events in that part of the Republic. I will call upon you about one o'clock. Be so good as to receive me and grant me a moment's interview. I will show you how to render France a great service. CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

A perfidious intention like a knife-blade was hidden under the last sentence. Receiving no answer, Mademoiselle Corday wrote again, about four o'clock that afternoon: —

"I wrote you this morning, Marat. Did you receive my letter? I cannot believe so, since I am refused admittance at your door. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat that I have just come from Caen. I wish to tell you secrets most important to the safety of the Republic. Moreover, I am being persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unhappy. That alone gives me a right to your protection. CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

The note written, she folded it and placed it in her breast. This second message must be given to Marat's housekeeper, if he still refused to see her. At a quarter of seven Charlotte Corday took a cab on the Place des Victoires. "Where to?" asked the driver. "Rue des Cordeliers, No. 30," answered a voice clear and gentle as a child's.

The cab jogged along for a quarter of an hour, and then stopped before a grim, dull-looking house, where, to follow the language of the Girondists, the monster of the Mountain had established his den. Marat's house at No. 30 Rue des Cordeliers (now Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine) is still standing, and has retained its former character. The monolithic mass, pierced with rather high windows, draws the attention by its rigid, gloomy, and solitary aspect. Dwellings as well as men have a physiognomy. Providence doubtless chose this house from among all others, for its air of fitness as witness and sombre setting of one of the most tragic scenes of the great Revolutionary drama. Since then it has been repaired to some extent, but no amount of freshening can remove its sadness. Before the 13th of July this sadness was a presentiment; since then it has been a memory. Still on the wall in pale letters are the words "*ou la m*" —the remnant of that stern inscription "La fraternité, l'indivisibilité, ou la mort."

Alas! This great word, in which all the others are lost, is itself becoming effaced under the file of time. As one of the ancients said, "death dies" (*mors moritur*). The front door, in its frame of black paint, gives the whole house a funereal air. A kind of square vestibule, with a wretched porter's lodge to the right, leads to a damp little court where the dank mossy pavement sends to the surface a cold sweat, as it were, in time of rain. This court is bounded by a wing of the building, streaked with cracks and mold. There is a well in one of the angles. On the right, a staircase of greasy stone steps, surmounted by

an iron railing, leads up to a large landing lighted by a double casement. Under the stairs the eyes plunge into a sordid hollow, where there is a confusion of old household utensils, and where cellar doors open confusingly like shadowy mouths. This house was made for some sinister event.

Charlotte, trim and alert, stepped out of the cab before the porte-cochère. Afterwards, the neighbors remembered their surprise at seeing a young woman with a green ribbon in her hair getting out of a carriage. First of all she had to brave the cross-grained portress in her lodge, a veritable female Cerberus, who, knowing that her tenant was ill and much beset, pitilessly refused to let her enter. Charlotte Corday insisted. Subdued by her urgent and resolute tone, the portress finally allowed her to go up-stairs.

Marat was living upon the first floor. The staircase conducted to a long landing, at the end of which was an obscure kitchen window, covered with iron bars, beside a door painted yellow. This grim grating must have vividly touched Charlotte Corday's imagination, and she fancied Marat in his lodging like a wild beast in its cage.

She stopped near the barred window with its menacing air, before the door to the left. A strange coldness seized her heart. Her enemy was behind this light partition; and behind it too was her own future, the scaffold all ready and threatening! There was still time to retreat. She could return to Caen or sail to England. Easy, admissible joys held out loving arms to the young and beautiful woman, either under the trees of Normandy or on the white shores of Great Britain. The struggle before her was one of those irrevocable struggles where, like the bee, the victor leaves his life in the wound he inflicts.

The sill of this door once crossed, she could never retrace her steps. This door upon which she was about to knock was the door to her tomb. She hesitated. The most fearless hand must needs tremble before this perilous entrance, over which, in letters visible to her excited imagination, she read the terrible sentence of the damned — "Leave all hope at the door." True, she had dreamed, the blow once struck, of escaping and gaining a seaport; but this was so doubtful a chance, so light and fragile a thread to support the weight of her crime, that she could scarcely trust it. To shake the wood of this door was to awaken the dull and terrible sound which comes from a coffin-lid when

touched. And there was something horrible, too, in this calm moment preceding so furious and violent an action as the murder of a man. She felt the need of gathering all her strength to hold the knife in her delicate white hands. She stood erect and motionless like the statue of Judith. Her hand seemed to weigh a hundred pounds. However, some one was coming up the stairs behind her, and the fixed resolution at the bottom of her heart conquered. The hesitations of the avenging arm before this fatal door ceased, and Charlotte Corday knocked.

Marat was lying in his bath. The bath-room was dimly lighted by a window on the court. The only furniture was a block of wood, upon which papers, pens, and a lead inkstand were thrown pell-mell. Marat was writing. He was signing a petition to the administration in behalf of a poor widow with four children who had asked the aid of the People's Friend.

For several days, as we have said, Marat had not been able to stay out of the bath without being consumed by sharpest sufferings. There the agitated and volcanic little man tried to take the attitude and repose of the tomb where he was soon to rest. In these moments of solitude, preyed upon by horror of the death which was slowly and surely taking possession of his perishing body, Marat was pierced to the heart by an invisible sword, and bled within of an incurable wound. All his life this man had kept his sufferings to himself.

As he neared the tomb his griefs surged up out of his breast and suffocated him. He glanced drearily over his life of crucifixion. When he remembered the ills he had endured for the cause of the Revolution, he asked himself if it would not have been better to have given himself to the calm and serious work of science. In mind he entered again his little room at Versailles, where the birds came to pick up the crumbs on his window-sill and where the trees cast their green shadows. Then he thought sadly how little joy, and that frothy and shadowed, was brought to the heart by the puissance of success in civil storms. Marat the persecuted, who in time had made himself a persecutor, offered in this moment a striking and terrible example of what he himself had once written:—

«One would be tempted to accuse Heaven and to deny its justice, if there were not some consolation at sight of frightful tyrants themselves suffering the ills which they inflict upon others.»

The great executioner of Divine justice had fallen into the cold and painful hands of the final torture. The blood of the 2d of September was dripping back upon his heart. Disease showed itself subtle and merciless to him, and played with his expiring body as with an elected victim, who in his one death must expiate all the violent deaths in which the popular influence of his newspaper had given him a sort of moral complicity.

God purifies by fiery coals and by the bed of thorns, before he withdraws from the world those whose hateful mission has been to purify by the sword.

Suddenly Marat heard in the ante-chamber the harsh voice of his housekeeper, contesting a very young voice whose clear and tempting tones reached him in his bath: —

"Citizen Marat?"

"This is the place, but he is not at home."

"I must see him. I have just come from Caen. I wrote him this morning."

"I tell you he cannot receive any one. He is ill. Call again in a few days."

"I implore you to give him my name. He must have had my letter. I am sure he will not refuse me a short interview."

The housekeeper, a rather nervous and neutral nature, gently but decidedly continued to refuse; and Charlotte, murmuring, was already turning back toward the door, which the woman seemed anxious to close behind her.

Now a gentle emotion entered Marat's heart with this fresh voice, which he thought he must have heard before. This young voice took him back to the better springtime years of his youth. Impressed by its purity, which made it seem the natural music of a beautiful spirit, he called to his friend, "Let her come in."

"But, citizen, you are worn out with business. You are suffering. The doctor has forbidden you to see any one."

"The doctors are ignorant fellows, who can do nothing to cure me. I won't be a slave to them."

"But you should not admit every chance comer like that. There are rumors of assassination. You know yourself that the Royalists and the Girondists are plotting. Marat, you once told me that you were to die by the hand of a woman."

An old servant of Marat's named Catherine, who claimed to be a sorceress and to divine the future, had predicted his violent death. "Take heed," she had added, "against girls in red fichus."

«True,» answered Marat after a silence and a bitter sigh; «but I have no faith in such follies. Women don't like me well enough to kill me.»

«Well, I shall send away this intruder.»

«No, I tell you; let her come in. This girl comes from Caen, where the rebel deputies are. She wrote me this morning. She is unhappy.» Marat emphasized the last words. Then the woman grumblingly obeyed, and showed the unknown into the bath-room. When Charlotte Corday entered, Marat had his head inclined upon his naked breast.

The gloomy little room is at the back of the house; heavy silence reigns there night and day; a window, then of heavy divisions with dull glass, received light from the court.

The woman stood motionless near the bath. The Gironde and the Mountain, as represented by Charlotte Corday and Marat, had a terrible struggle before them. Charlotte already bore signs of victory in her brilliant eyes, her robust health, her bright color, her magnificent arm and firm and resolute hand. Marat lay in his bath with outstretched arms; a white sheet draped the tub in careless folds. It looked like a bier. The woman stood looking fixedly. Her face had the fatal and extraordinary beauty called forth by an heroic deed. The old servant closed the door of the dark and narrow room, and left Charlotte almost touching Marat.

. . . . . .

All at once Marat uttered a great cry — «Help! Help!» and having uttered it, turned his head aside and died. The housekeeper and some servants of the house rushed to the bath-room. They found Marat with great drops of blood welling from his side, his eyes open, his tongue moving but speechless. The murderous knife had fallen on the floor. Charlotte Corday was standing near the window. At first she had put her hand to her head; then, calm, severe, and haughty, she seemed to be spell-bound beside the corpse. The pride of success, the realization of the immense thing she had accomplished, plunged her into a moral transport. In killing Marat she had killed the plebeian king of the Revolution.

THE POET'S LITTLE HOME

From 'The Enchanted Castle'

THERE is a narrow two-story house in one of the suburbs of Berlin, where about fifty years ago Theodore Wilhelm and his wife Vertua were living. They were a young couple, very poor but happy, for Wilhelm and Vertua loved each other.

One evening the young wife was sewing at her window, when the needle paused between her fingers, the work fell on her apron, and a tear rolled down her cheek. At the same moment the bell rang over her head. Vertua rose, wiped her red eyes, and opened the door with a smile on her lips. It was Wilhelm returning.

"I was sewing and forgot all about the time," she said, throwing her arm around her husband and receiving his kiss. "We won't have much of a supper to-day; but then we don't care." While saying this, she placed on the table a dish of boiled potatoes and some dry nuts.

"You must be out of money," remarked Wilhelm gloomily.

"No, I have some," she said, shaking some copper coins in her apron pocket.

"I think I have found a place," went on Wilhelm, in a tone not very hopeful. "If I accept it, I will begin work to-morrow."

"What place?" asked Vertua.

"I am promised the position of head of the orchestra in a small theatre. The salary is not very much, but as I know a little about painting I can act as decorator at the same time. Then, as I still have great faith in my literary talent, I will induce them to play some of my compositions there."

Vertua smiled indulgently at her husband's golden dreams. Their meal was tranquil and gay. Love, great worker of miracles, found a way to change the water in their pitcher to a wine better than that of the wedding at Cana.

After supper Theodore Wilhelm spoke of writing. Vertua dared not tell him that there was no oil for the lamp.

"Bah!" said she. "It's too fine an evening to light that horrid wick. Let us stay at the window and watch the stars, the lights of the good God."

Theodore Wilhelm understood that he was reduced to the state of the Italian poet Torquato Tasso, who went without working at night, *non avendo candele per scriver i versi suoi.*

« Perhaps I would have been wiser," he said, « to have stuck to my first studies. By this time I would have been a counselor. »

« Why these regrets, dear? »

« At least you would have a servant and new clothes," continued Wilhelm, who was cut to the heart by his wife's deprivations.

« I don't need anything," interrupted Vertua, with a smile which she tried to make natural. « If I don't wear my fine clothes, it is because I don't think I need them in order to please you. »

The next morning Vertua awoke before dawn, and crept softly out of bed to get things ready for her husband. Her eyes reviewed sadly the shabby black coat, white on the seams and on the back of the cuffs; the shapeless shoes, and the worn cravat. In vain she brushed them, caught up broken threads with her needle, touched the garment here and there with ink,—she could never restore the irreparable injury of years. Just before Wilhelm started out, he looked at himself in the mirror.

« You are all right," said Vertua in a confident voice. « That coat looks quite new, and the hat seems fresh enough to have been bought yesterday. »

The two lovers exercised a kind of divine trickery to deceive each other as to their wretched state.

Theodore Wilhelm obtained a position in the orchestra of a little theatre where he was the only musician, but he lost it again in a few days. Then he tried various callings, which cost much to his self-love and which barely satisfied the first needs of life.

Ten years later, the same man was the most popular author of all Germany.

In the early days of his success, Wilhelm plunged his lips eagerly in this cup of gold; but it soon transformed him, and he fell into a bored and dreary frenzy. Satiety brought disgust. His celebrity dazed him. Long before this, he had moved from the little house in the suburb to a rich and commodious mansion in the city. One evening Vertua took his hand in hers and said to him:—

« We are not happy any more. Happiness was to love each other, and now that we are rich we no longer do so. This miserable gold has destroyed all the charm of our home. When

we were poor I used to see you all day. Now other people have you. You are called here and there, you are invited by the whole town, you are sought after by women, and I am unhappy. Are you yourself content? No, Wilhelm, acknowledge the truth. This life wearies you; you regret the time when we suffered the bitter privations of life together."

"You are right, Vertua. For a long time I have thought all that you have just said, but I have never dared to tell you. When we were living in our little house the necessity of fighting outside evils calmed the agitation of my spirit. The struggle was good for me, and helpful. Now I am afraid of going mad. No, I have never suffered so much as since I have been delivered from the hard necessities of life and delivered to myself. My cruel imagination is an enemy ten times more insupportable than poverty. Fame is killing me. I am no longer free, now that I am celebrated. I am stifling under this cape of gold, which Divine justice has thrown on my shoulders to punish my foolish ambitions."

"I too hate this glory, as a rival who has made you desert me. Since you have given yourself up to it, you hardly care for me. But I do not ask you to relinquish it; I know what such ties mean. However much one curses, he has never the strength to relinquish them. But let us do one thing. That little house in the suburb, of which you were just speaking, I have been renting for the last ten years without telling you so; our old furniture, which I pretended to sell, is all there just as we left it. Let us go back and spend the day to-morrow in this old nest of our early love."

Wilhelm threw his arms around Vertua, in gratitude for this happy thought.

The next morning they rose before the sun and fled to the little house in the suburb. A gentle emotion touched them even to tears, as they entered the two rooms where they had passed the bitter, beautiful days of delightful youth. The straw chairs were neatly ranged as when Vertua's hand took care to keep them so. Vertua opened the oaken wardrobe, which was nearly all the furniture in the place, and drew out Wilhelm's old coat, so often inked over on the seams, and handed it to her husband to put on.

"I never saw you look so handsome," she said, gazing at him with delight.

She herself laid on the bed her veil, her velvet bonnet, her cashmere shawl, her dress trimmed with lace, and put on again the simple cap, the fichu, and the linen blouse, in which Wilhelm had loved her.

After this, Vertua prepared the breakfast with her own hands, as in the days when she had no other servant than her activity of twenty years. She set the table with two pewter spoons, two flowered delft cups, and two coarse linen napkins. The milk was boiling on the chafing-dish, with its white foam gathering on top.

For the first time in ten years, Theodore Wilhelm felt hungry. A rustic perfume of youth and sentiment entered his heart. The little birds came in at the window as in the old days, and picked the dry bread which Vertua crumbled for them under the table.

Wilhelm and Vertua sat opposite each other as in their happy time; their knees touched under the little pine table. Their breakfast was delicious. They felt themselves back in the old love, when their hearts were young and black care evaporated in a ray of sunshine.

Breakfast was short, and after it Wilhelm drew his violin from its case and practiced his lesson for the evening, as he had done when employed in the orchestra of the theatre. Vertua, who had not sung for ten years, accompanied him with her voice. It was a simple and touching piece which suited their mood. The little room was all stirred with it, and the birds responded from the roof.

But Wilhelm had scarcely finished the selection when the sound of applause was heard under the windows. Some friends or some inquisitive people (how know which?) had followed Vertua and her husband.

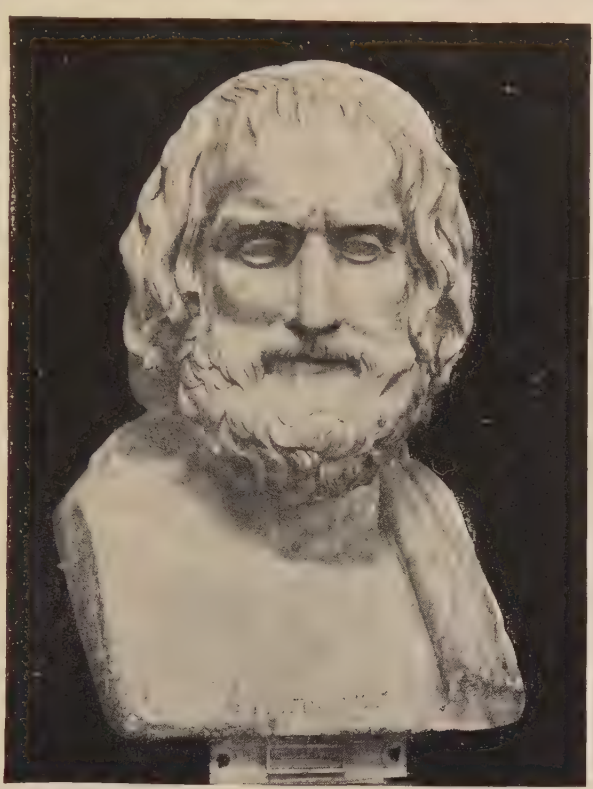
"We are discovered," the poet murmured sadly.

"Alas!" said Vertua; "I was afraid of it."

"Not to be able to go where one wants or to do what one chooses without being spied upon; to suffer everybody's follies because one is said to have talent; to be forced to abjure calm of spirit; charm in one's home; love in one's heart: what is it all?"

"This," answered Vertua timidly, "is what men seek after. It is glory."

This man, so long pursued by misfortune, and later pursued by glory, this Theodore Wilhelm, was Hoffmann.



EURIPIDES

EURIPIDES

(480–406 B. C.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

EURIPIDES, latest in age and perhaps least in rank among the three surviving tragic poets of Athens, was said to have been born on Salamis, during the decisive battle for freedom, when his mother, like the homeless folk of Attica generally, was in temporary exile upon the little island. This legend was at least an artistic invention, since Æschylus shared in the sea fight, and Sophocles, as a beautiful stripling, led the band of boys who danced about the trophy of victory.

The supreme rank of these three is no accident of survival. When news of Euripides's death reached Athens, Sophocles bade his chorus appear in mourning for him; and a few months later, when both were in the underworld, Aristophanes, in his comedy 'The Frogs,' makes the god Dionysos follow them thither, and beg Pluto to restore to earth one dramatist worthy to grace the annual contest at his festival. This testimony from the lifelong enemy and ridiculer of Euripides is borne out by all the evidence we have.

He was probably of good Attic stock, the stories of his parents' poverty being inventions of the comic poets. He was one of the first to collect a large library. He was carefully educated,— at first as an athlete, from a misunderstanding of an oracle to the effect that he was to "win prizes in contests." He also developed youthful skill, like his friend Socrates, as an artist. At twenty-five he first obtained the honor of competing as one of the three chosen tragic poets at the Dionysia. All these facts point to good social rank.

He did not, however, like the youthful Sophocles, win at once the popular heart. At his first venture he was placed last. He secured highest honors not once until fourteen years later, and only five times altogether. Yet toward the end of his life, and after his death, his influence, not merely in Athens but throughout Greek lands, was unrivaled. It is no accident that seven dramas of Æschylus, seven of Sophocles, *nineteen* of Euripides, have been preserved for us. Euripides is said to have composed twenty-three tetralogies, ninety-two dramas! Each play was doubtless an independent and complete work of art, so that the number is indeed surprising.

No worthy successors to this brief line ever arose. The three and their forgotten rivals filled the fifth century B. C. with their splendor. The *likeness* of them all should strike a modern student, before their differences. All their plays graced the greatest State festival and were a part of the popular religious ceremonial. All save Æschylus's 'Persians'—no real exception in its spirit—aim to represent a remote heroic age. The characters are chiefly gods or the immediate offspring of gods. The vain struggle of man against Fate is always a motive, usually the chief thread of the tale. As to outward form, also, the chorus remains to the end the central feature, though its importance is somewhat lessened. The small number of actors, the stiffness of mask and buskin, the simple stage setting, the avoidance of violent or confused action, continued apparently little modified.

Still, there has been a very general conviction in ancient and modern times, first uttered effectively by Aristophanes, that Euripides was a radical innovator, both in art and in religion. Of course this is necessarily true in some degree of any original creative artist. But the question goes much deeper.

That wonderful fifth century falls inevitably into three periods. The generation that saw the terrific invading host of Xerxes melt away like a dream, and Athens arise from her ashes to become queen of the Ægean and the foremost State in the Greek world, could hardly escape a fervent belief in divine guidance of all earthly affairs. Æschylus, himself a Marathonian warrior, probably stamped upon tragedy much of his own intensely religious nature. His human characters seem almost helpless in the grip of stern but just Fate.

In Sophocles the gods are rarely seen on the stage. Man is subject indeed to their rule, but he usually works out his own doom of ill or happiness by ways not inscrutable. In the prosperous period of Kimon and Pericles which formed his early maturity, Athens doubtless felt herself quite capable of accomplishing her own destiny. Pericles and the enlightened circle about him probably troubled themselves very little—beyond judicious outward conformity—with the traditional mythology. To many admiring readers, Sophocles seems cold. His 'Electra' best illustrates what we cannot here discuss. His conformity to Æschylean theology seems usually a mere artistic utterance of his own rather vague optimism.

Euripides lived through the same period also. But he was not so harmonious and happy a nature. The pathos of human life, the capriciousness of destiny, the seemingly unjust distribution of lots, distressed and perplexed him. This may not have been so largely true of his earlier work. We have only one play (the 'Alcestis') previous to his fiftieth year. At that very time began the great national tragedy of the Thirty Years' War, destined to end in the utter

humiliation and downfall of imperial Athens. The plague, and the death of Pericles, made even the beginnings of the great strife seem tragic. The appalling disaster in Sicily foreshadowed the end, and indeed made it inevitable, long years before it came. It is not strange if the favorite, the popular Athenian poet of that darkening day, often doubted the Divine wisdom,— felt a strife, which his art could not reconcile, between man and Providence.

Whatever the reason, the gods do take again a prominent share in Euripidean as in Æschylean drama; but they often, perhaps usually, act from less noble motives than the human characters. It has been maintained, even,— especially by a living English scholar, Professor Verrall,— that Euripides made it his lifelong purpose to undermine and destroy any belief in the real existence of Zeus and Apollo, Pallas Athene, and all their kin; that he was an aggressive agnostic, using the forms of the traditional gods only to show their helplessness, their imbecility, their impossibility.

But surely the generation that slew Socrates for «introducing strange gods and not honoring those of the State,» would have detected and resented any such flagrant misuse of the holy place and day. Moreover, any such lifelong cynicism would have corroded the artistic powers themselves. Lucian, Voltaire, Swift, illustrate this truth. Many of the pessimistic outbursts often cited as Euripides's own are uttered *in character* by his sufferers and sinners, and are mere half-conscious cries of distress or protest. His dramatic power was not always sufficient to recast the old myths in an ethical form which satisfied him. He knew men and women thoroughly, loved them, found them heroic, generous, noble,— and he so painted them. The gods, whom he did not know, fared worse at his hands. Often one is introduced in spectacular fashion at the close, to cut the knot which the poet had failed to untie in the natural course of his plot. (Even Sophocles, once at least,— in the 'Philoctetes,'— does very much the same thing.) In general, Euripides seems distinctly inferior to his two masters, at their best, in construction, in plot. The world of scholarship is still laughing, with Aristophanes, at Euripides's long narrative prologues. (See Mr. Shorey's translation of the scene in the 'Frogs,' Vol. ii. of this work, pages 786–7.) His long messengers' speeches, fine as they are, seem almost epic in their broad descriptions of what we have not seen. (Again, as Professor Mahaffy himself remarks, Sophocles's 'Electra' is the most unfortunate perversion of this indulgence.)

On the other hand, in romantic lyric, in connected picturesque description, in pathos, in sympathy with elemental human feeling, Euripides has no Attic rival whatever. His women, his slaves, his humbler characters generally, are evidently drawn with especial tenderness. He is perhaps so far a «realist» in his art, that he should

not have been restricted to the stately figures and famous names of the national myths. Much of his work seems more fitted to frankly contemporaneous drama. He *is* drawing men and women whom he has known, and should be allowed to say so. His fussy old nurse in the 'Hippolytus,' his homely rustic husband of 'Electra,' certainly cannot be set upon a pedestal.

But should a work of art, above all of dramatic art, be set upon any pedestal at all? Should not the dramatist, rather, hold the mirror up to nature, bid living men and women walk and talk before us? It is in part the old antagonism, actual or supposed, of Idealism, or Classicism, against Realism, that has raged so long about the name of Euripides. There is much to be said, and truly said, on both sides; but certainly Euripides is, for us, by far the most important of the Attic dramatists. He influenced far more than any other the later course of his art; hastened the fusion of tragedy and comedy in the society melodrama of Menander and Philemon; dominated the Roman stage, and through it, modern dramatic art.

His claim to be a great ethical teacher cannot be successfully disputed. Whatever we may think of his divinities, the world is not the worse but better (as Mr. Browning puts it)—

> «Because Euripides shrank not to teach,
> If gods be strong and wicked, man, though weak,
> May prove their match by willing to be good.»

Primarily and chiefly, however, he is a poet. His pictures are vivid, his characters are alive; they speak usually in their own voice, and are a part of the mimic scene. There are indeed instants when we hear, beyond or through them, a sigh from the poet's own soul; the cry of a perplexed truth-seeker in an age of doubt and discouragement. Thus, when Menelaus promises to punish Helen for her long guilt, there is no adequate dramatic reason for Hecuba's far-thought apostrophe:—

> «O Thou
> That bearest earth, thyself by earth upborne,
> Whoe'er thou art, hard for our powers to guess,
> Or Zeus, or Nature's law, or mind of man,—
> To thee I pray, for all the things of earth
> In right thou guidest on thy noiseless way.»

Such passages are not rare, especially in choral odes, where the poet oftener seeks to utter the general belief or feeling of mankind as it appears to himself. It is never perfectly safe to ascribe them to Euripides the man, least of all when quoting from a lost play, where the very sentiment preserved may have been signally refuted.

As we associate Æschylus first of all with the suffering Titan Prometheus, and Sophocles with the stately figure of an Œdipus or an Antigone, proudly facing the blows of fate with human courage, so the pathetic, even elegiac tale of 'Hippolytus' is the most characteristic Euripidean study. Here, for the first time, the passion of love is made the central motive of a great poem. Here, too, every human character is fearless in life and in death, while the gods are quarrelsome, vindictive, and ignoble. It is the very play on which Aristophanes lavished his biting wit and ridicule. It was performed in 428 B. C., and appealed to the audience as an Attic myth, centred about their great legendary king Theseus, who is a central though not a leading character.

A madder system of superhuman government, surely, was never outlined, even in Aristophanes's own realm of Cloud-cuckooville. But these divinities, after all, supply merely a spectacular tableau at the beginning and end,—and the pathetic elegiac motive. Their appearance clears Phædra, Hippolytus, even Theseus, of all fault.

The nobler tone is supplied in the splendid courage displayed by men and women; even by the old attendants; even by the messenger who tells the prince's mishaps, and faces fearlessly the unforgiving sire:—

> «I am a slave within thy house, O King,
> But this at least I never will believe,
> That he, thy son, was guilty: not although
> The whole of womankind go hang themselves,
> And with their letters fill the pines that grow
> On Ida!»

Throughout the play there are fresh glimpses of outdoor life, fragrant breezes blown from glen and sea; strange far-off visions of enchantment arise at the magician's call. Again, the Birds form the only rival of scenes worthy to be mentioned with 'Midsummer Night's Dream' itself. And yet again, Phædra's plea for death to destroy the mad desire that horrifies her wifely heart, the youthful athlete's piteous plea to his frenzied steeds as they trample upon their beloved master,—these are realism of the noblest kind. And all these varied pictures are included in a play not fifteen hundred lines in length! Racine's 'Phèdre' is much longer, and far less effective.

Better known, and simpler in its plot, is Euripides's earliest extant play, the 'Alcestis.' The dying Alcestis is one of the most noble and pathetic figures in literature. It was popular at once, for her words are parodied by Aristophanes. Milton felt its power, as a famous sonnet reveals. Mr. Browning has made it the centre of his great imaginative poem, 'Balaustion's Adventure.' This character should alone

secure Euripides from the epithet of "woman-hater," first cast at him by the most audacious scoffer at women who ever lived.

There are cruel and wicked women in Euripides, though none approaches Æschylus's Clytæmnestra. The most terrible of them is Medea, who murders her own children to punish their unfaithful father, Jason the Argonaut. Even her action is adequately justified, in a dramatic sense. It is made quite credible that a wronged woman, with the blood of gods and savages in her veins, should do the deeds she dares. The ethical question hardly comes up at all. The capital fault of the play is, that we have no adequate reward at last for all the horrors we have undergone. Indeed, Medea is promised safe refuge in Athens, and the innocent Corinthians are bidden to atone for her deeds. In truth, Medea is in earlier forms of the myth merely sinned against. Euripides's love of striking contrasts often, perhaps too often, tempted him into making a seemingly defenseless woman's hand deal the decisive stroke of fate.

So in the 'Hecuba,' the Trojan queen, dethroned, enslaved, bereft of all her dearest ones, strikes an unexpected and deadly blow at the most cruel and selfish of men, the Thracian king who for love of gold has murdered his guest, her young son Polydorus. The comparatively noble Agamemnon, who fights for just revenge, or slays the innocent only at superhuman command, is made the half-willing tool of her imperial vengeance.

This tale may remind us that more than half the extant plays, and countless others known by titles and scanty fragments, dealt with characters familiar from the Homeric poems. The great tragedians wisely avoided, as a rule, the very scenes immortalized in Iliad or Odyssey, seizing by preference on earlier or later episodes in the same storm-lost lives.

The most curious illustration here is doubtless the 'Helena.' After utilizing Menelaus's faithless queen as an ignoble and much-berated character in several plays, Euripides gives her the title rôle in a drama intended to rescue her character. It is but a wraith that Paris has wooed and defended for twenty years. Happier than the many heroes who perish in her defense, she herself has been living safe and innocent all these years, under enchantment, in Egypt, the abode of mystery. Here Menelaus, sailing homeward triumphant with the *Eidolon*, is made doubly happy by receiving a stainless Helen once more. This strange myth, if we can accept it, at least effaces in some degree our indignant sense of injustice, aroused when the ageless daughter of Zeus appears in the Odyssey reigning once more happily over a contented people and an uxorious husband. But Helen, the immortal ideal of beauty, should not be judged, I suppose, by anything so narrow and puritanical as an ethical standard!

Among Euripides's happiest works is the Tauric 'Iphigenia.' The happy outcome of this Greek play is by no means rare on the Attic stage. A certain spirit of reconciliation, or submission at least, seems to have been demanded for a closing scene. At the end of his life Euripides returned to this myth, to depict the earlier scene of sacrifice at Aulis. The play seems to have been left unfinished, and many lines have been added by a weaker hand. Still, the fearless princess, facing death cheerfully for the honor of her people, is a most pathetic figure, and was used with thrilling effect in the quadrimillennial Harvard oration of James Russell Lowell, who compared to her the glad young martyrs of the Civil War. The return of the poet to a theme already used, as was said, in an earlier year, doubtless illustrated the narrow range of myths acceptable to his audience. So all the great three wrote on Phædra and Hippolytus, on Electra and Orestes, on Philoctetes and his bow. The courageous surrender of life at the altar, or under similar conditions, is also repeated in a number of plays, and may remind us of the startling truth that human sacrifice was not absolutely unknown, even in the most enlightened age of historical Hellas. Polyxena, in the 'Hecuba,' is more forlorn than Iphigenia, since she actually perishes, at a foeman's hand, and without the faintest hope of saving even her mother and sisters from slavery, much less of restoring her native city from its ashes. The poet who created such noble and inspiring types of women deserves the eternal gratitude of all who love and honor heroic wives and mothers.

It is not possible nor desirable to discuss here all the nineteen Euripidean plays. We will only mention further the 'Bacchæ.' It was written near the close of the century, when the poet was living in voluntary exile, as the honored guest of Archelaus the Macedonian monarch. Those who regard Euripides as a heretic and a skeptic sometimes consider this play as a sort of death-bed recantation. Certainly the divine power of Semele's child is revealed by a terrific vengeance on those of his own kin who had denied and persecuted him. The play is badly mutilated in the MSS.; its ethical tone is low, and the chief interest centres upon the splendid choral odes in Dionysos's honor. Out of such odes, as is well known, the drama itself took its rise. It is curious that from this one tragedy alone, at the very close of the century of creative dramatic art, we must form what conception we may of the early dithyramb. More perhaps than other arts, literature as a rule survives in its maturer forms only, and rarely affords us adequate materials for studying its development. Here, as in other fields of Greek literature, we must say that chance, or Providence, has preserved a mere handful out of a whole library of scrolls; but these are, in the main, the masterpieces of the greatest masters.

The only available edition of Euripides's plays with English notes is the one in the Bibliotheca Classica, by the indefatigable F. A. Paley. It is not very satisfactory, and there are many better editions of single plays. A large part of Euripides has been excellently edited in French by Weil. The great work upon the dramatist's art is in the same language: Paul Decharme's 'Euripide et l'Esprit de son Théâtre.' One of the most readable chapters in J. A. Symonds's 'Greek Poets' is devoted to our author. Professor Jebb has a masterly article in the Britannica, but his sympathies are on the whole with the elder school.

It is much better, however, to let the poet make his own impression on us, even if only in translation. The lack of a scholarly version of Euripides was, until very recently, one of the greatest gaps in our libraries. The new "Bohn" version in prose, by Coleridge, is careful and in good taste. Moreover, we may hope that by the time this page is printed we can welcome the third and concluding volume of A. S. Way's brilliant translation. This will present all Euripides's plays in English metre and rhyme. Mr. Way has made a daring venture, and the result is at least very interesting. His rhymes are copious and resounding; in metre he is an avowed and advanced student of Swinburne. All the resources of English poetry are richly lavished on the work. There is a splendor in the general effect,—to which the classical pedant naturally objects, that it is not always *Euripidean* splendor. But the present essayist is inclined to agree that there is no secure middle ground between these two methods in translation.

Notable English versions of single plays are the 'Cyclops' by Shelley, the 'Hercules' by Browning, the 'Medea' by Mrs. Augusta Webster, the 'Bacchæ' by H. H. Milman, etc. The essayist's 'Three Dramas of Euripides' was an attempt to combine close metrical versions of the 'Alcestis,' 'Medea,' and 'Hippolytus' with such literary comment as the modern reader might feel he needed in so remote a theatre. The transcript of 'Alcestis' in Browning's 'Balaustion' is hardly a translation, but is incrusted with the most inspiring illustration any classical drama has yet received.

William Cranston Lawton.

CHORAL SONG FROM THE 'BACCHÆ'

On the mountains wild 'tis sweet
When faint with rapid dance our feet,
Our limbs on earth all careless thrown
With the sacred fawn-skins strown,
To quaff the goat's delicious blood,
A strange, a'rich, a savage food.
Then off again the revel goes
O'er Phrygian, Lydian mountain brows;
Evoë! Evoë! leads the road,
Bacchus's self the maddening god!
And flows with milk the plain, and flows with wine,
Flows with the wild bees' nectar-dews divine;
And soars, like smoke, the Syrian incense pale—
The while the frantic Bacchanal
The beaconing pine torch on her wand
Whirls around with rapid hand,
And drives the wandering dance about,
Beating time with joyous shout,
And casts upon the breezy air
All her rich luxuriant hair;
Ever the burthen of her song:—
"Raging, maddening, haste along,
Bacchus's daughters, ye the pride
Of golden Tmolus's fabled side;
While your heavy cymbals ring,
Still your 'Evoë! Evoë!' sing!"
Evoë! the Evian god rejoices
In Phrygian tones and Phrygian voices,
When the soft holy pipe is breathing sweet,
In notes harmonious to her feet,
Who to the mountain, to the mountain speeds;
Like some young colt that by its mother feeds,
Gladsome with many a frisking bound,
The Bacchanal goes forth and treads the echoing ground.

Translation of H. H. Milman.

ION'S SONG

[The boy Ion is in charge of the temple at Delphi, and his duties include driving away the birds.]

BEHOLD! behold!
Now they come, they quit the nest
On Parnassus's topmost crest.
Hence! away! I warn ye all!
Light not on our hallowed wall!
From eave and cornice keep aloof,
And from the golden gleaming roof!
Herald of Jove! of birds the king!
Fierce of talon, strong of wing,—
Hence! begone! or thou shalt know
The terrors of this deadly bow.
Lo! where rich the altar fumes,
Soars yon swan on oary plumes.
Hence, and quiver in thy flight
Thy foot that gleams with purple light,
Even though Phœbus's harp rejoice
To mingle with thy tuneful voice;
Far away thy white wings shake
O'er the silver Delian lake.
Hence! obey! or end in blood
The music of thy sweet-voiced ode.

Away! away! another stoops!
Down his flagging pinion droops;
Shall our marble eaves be hung
With straw nests for your callow young?
Hence, or dread this twanging bow,
Hence, where Alpheus's waters flow;
Or the Isthmian groves among
Go and rear your nestling young.
Hence, nor dare pollute or stain
Phœbus's offerings, Phœbus's fane.
Yet I feel a sacred dread,
Lest your scattered plumes I shed;
Holy birds! 'tis yours to show
Heaven's auguries to men below.

Translation of H. H. Milman.

SONGS FROM THE 'HIPPOLYTUS'

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I

EROS, Eros, thou whose eyes with longing
Overflow; who sweet delight
Bringest to the soul thou stormest,
Come not, prithee, sorrow-laden,
Nor too mighty, unto me!
Neither flaming fire is stronger,
Nor the splendor of the stars,
Than the shaft of Aphrodite,
Darting from the hands of Eros,
Who is child of Zeus supreme.

Vainly, vainly, by the stream Alpheios,
Or in Phoibos's Pythian fane,
Hellas heaps the slaughtered oxen!
Eros, of mankind the tyrant,
Holder of the key that locks
Aphrodite's dearest chambers,
Is not honored in our prayers,
Though he comes as the destroyer,
Bringing uttermost disaster
Unto mortals, when he comes.

II

Oh, for some retreat afar sequestered!
May some god into a bird
Flitting 'mid the wingèd throng transform me!
Where the Adriatic's wave
Breaks upon the shore I fain would hasten;
Or to the Eridanos,
Where into the purple tide,
Mourning over Phaeton,
Evermore the wretched maidens
Drop their amber-gleaming tears.

Gladly would I seek the fertile shore-land
Of Hesperian minstrelsy,
Where the sea lord over purple waters
Bars the way of mariners;

Setting there, to be upheld by Atlas,
Heaven's holy boundary.
There ambrosial fountains flow
From the place where Zeus abides,
And the sacred land of plenty
Gives delight unto the gods.

O thou white-winged Cretan vessel,
That across the ever-smiting
Briny billow of the ocean
Hither hast conveyed my queen,
From her home of royal splendor,
Wretched in her wedded bliss!
For to both of evil omen
Surely, or at least for Crete,
Thou to glorious Athens flitted,
Where in the Munychian harbor
They unbound their twisted cables
And set foot upon the shore.

Therefore is she broken-hearted,
Cursed with an unholy passion
By the might of Aphrodite;
Wholly overwhelmed by woe;
In the chamber of her nuptials,
Fitted to her snowy neck,
She will hang the cord suspended,
Showing thus her reverence
For the god by men detested,
Eager most for reputation,
And releasing so her spirit
From the love that brought her pain.

III

Truly, the anxious attention bestowed by the gods upon mortals,
When it recurs to my mind, greatly assuages my grief:
Yet am I quickly bereft of the hope and conviction I cherished,
Pondering over the deeds, over the fortunes of men.
Change is but followed by change, in our erring mortal existence.

Oh that Heavenly Fate, responding to prayer, would accord us
Fortune to happiness joined, courage undaunted by pain!
May my repute be neither exceedingly great nor ignoble!
Still with the changing day easily changing my ways,
May I forever enjoy a life of prosperous fortune.

Clear no more are my thoughts, when I see this trouble unhoped-for,
See the illustrious star of Athena
Driven before the paternal wrath to a far habitation!
O ye sands on the shore of the city!
O ye glades in which, attendant on holy Dictynna,
Once with his hounds fleet-footed he hunted!

Never again shalt thou yoke and guide thy coursers Venetian
Over the track that encircles Limna.
Sleepless once was the Muse by the lyre in the halls of thy fathers;
Now is she silent; and stript of their garlands
Lie in the long deep grass the retreats of the daughter of Leto:
Maidens contend not for thee in thy exile.

I with my tears for thy sorrows will share in thy destiny hapless.
Ah, thy mother, how wretched! in vain were the pangs of her travail!
Frenzied am I of the gods! Ye close-linked Graces, ah, wherefore
Forth from this his home and out of the land of his fathers,
Send ye a youth ill-fated, who nowise of crime has been guilty?

IV

Restive hearts of god and mortal,
Thou, O Kypris, captive leadest,
While upon his shimmering pinions
Round them swift-winged Eros flits.
Over earth he hovers ever,
And the salt resounding sea.
Eros charms the heart to madness,
Smitten by his golden arrow;
Charms the hounds upon the mountain,
Creatures of the land and wave,
Wheresoever Helios gazes;
Even man,—and royal honors
Thou alone, O Kypris, hast from all!

HIPPOLYTUS RAILS AT WOMANKIND

From 'Three Dramas of Euripides': copyright 1889, by W. C. Lawton, and reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

O Zeus, pray why—a specious curse for men—
Hast thou set women in the light of day?
For if thou wouldst engender humankind,
Through women thou shouldst not have furnished them,
But in thy fanes depositing as pay
Or gold or iron or the weighty bronze,
Men ought to buy the race of children, each

According to his worth; but in their homes
To dwell in liberty, from women free.
That woman is a grievous curse is clear;
He who begets and breeds her adds a dower
And sends her forth, to rid himself of ill;
And he who takes the bane into his house
Delights to put fair ornaments upon
This basest idol, decks it out with robes,
And squanders — wretched man! — his household joy!
It must be that, delighted to have gained
Good kinsmen, he endures a hateful wife,
Or, winning happy wedlock, useless kin,
He finds the evil overborne by good.
Most blest his lot within whose home is set
As wife a harmless, silly nobody!
I hate a clever woman: in my house
Be no one sager than befits her sex.
For Kypris oftener stirs up villainy
Within the clever; but the guileless wife
Is saved from folly by her slender wit!
No servant should approach the wife's abode,
But speechless animals should dwell with her,
That she may have not one to whom to speak,
Nor ever hear from them an answering voice.
But now the wicked weave their plots within
For mischief, and their servants bear them forth;
Even as thou, O evil one, hast come
To proffer me my father's sacred rights! —
This I will purge away with running brooks,
Cleansing my ears. Could I be evil, then,
Who hold myself defiled to hear such words?
And woman, know, my reverence saves thy life.
Were I not, unawares, so bound by oaths,
I would have straightway told my father this:
But now, while Theseus is in other lands,
I leave his halls, and we will hold our peace;
But coming with my father, I'll behold
How thou wilt face him, — and thy mistress too!
Thy insolence I shall know, who tasted it.
Perish your sex! Nor will I ever tire
Of hating women, though men say I speak
Of nothing else: for base they always are.
Either let some one teach them self-restraint, —
Or else let me attack them evermore!

HIPPOLYTUS'S DISASTER

From 'Three Dramas of Euripides': copyright 1889, by W. C. Lawton, and reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We, near the sea-shore, where it greets the waves,
Were currying with combs our horses' manes,
Lamenting; for the message came to us
That in this land Hippolytus should set foot
No more, to wretched exile sent by thee.
He also, with the selfsame tale of tears,
Came to us on the beach, and following him,
A myriad throng of comrades marched along.
After a time he ceased to weep, and said:—
"Why am I frenzied thus? I must obey
My father: harness to the car my steeds,
O slaves; for now this city is mine no more:"
And thereupon did every man make haste.
Quicker than one could speak, we set the steeds,
All fully harnessed, at their master's side.
Then from the chariot rail he seized the reins,
Upon the footboard set his booted feet;
And first, with hands upraised to heaven, he said:—
"Zeus, may I live no more, if I am base!
But may my sire know how he does me wrong,
Whether I lie in death, or see the light."
With that he took the goad in hand, and urged
The colts; and we attendants by his car
Followed, beside our lord, along the road
Toward Argos and to Epidauria.
When we had entered the deserted land,
There was a coast that lies beside this realm,
Bordering already the Saronic gulf.
There, like Zeus's thunder, from the earth a roar
Resounded deep,—a fearful thing to hear!
The horses pricked their ears, and raised their heads
Aloft; and on us boyish terror fell,
Wondering whence came the sound; but then we glanced
Toward the sea-beaten shore, and saw a wave
Divine, that rose to heaven, so that mine eye
Beheld no longer the Skironian crags;
The isthmus and Asclepios's rock were hid.
Swelling aloft, and white with bubbling foam,
With roaring sound the billow neared the spot
Where on the beach the four-horse chariot stood.
And from the mighty breaker as it fell,

A bull, a furious monster, issued forth.
The land, that with his bellowings was filled,
Re-echoed fearfully, and we who gazed
Found it too grim a sight to look upon.
A dreadful panic seized at once the steeds.
Their master, fully trained in all the arts
Of horsemanship, laid hold upon the reins,
And pulled as does a sailor at the oar,
Back-leaning, all his weight upon the thongs.
But champing with their jaws the fire-wrought bit,
They burst away; nor could the pilot hand,
Nor curb, nor massive chariot hold them in.
And now, if toward a softer spot of earth
The helmsman strove to turn and guide their course,
The bull appeared in front, and drove them back,
Maddening with affright the four-horse team.
Or if with frenzied mind they neared the rocks,
He followed silent at the chariot's rim,
Until he overthrew and cast it down,
Dashing the wheel against a stone. Then all
Lay wildly mingled. High aloft were tossed
The naves, and linchpins from the axletrees.
While he, poor wretch, entangled in the reins,
Was dragged along, inextricably bound.
His gentle head was dashed upon the rock,
His flesh was bruised; and piteous were his words:
"Stand! ye who at my mangers took your food,
And crush me not! Alas! my father's curse!
Who is there here will save an upright man?"
And many would; but we were come too late,
With tardy feet. So he, released from thongs
And well-cut reins,—but how I do not know,—
Is fallen, breathing yet a little life.
The steeds and cursèd bull were hid from sight,
But where I know not, in the rocky land.

[And then the messenger lifts his head defiantly to face the unrelenting King, and adds:—]

I am a slave within thy house, O King,
But this at least I never will believe,
That he, thy son, was guilty: not although
The whole of womankind go hang themselves,
And with their letters fill the pines that grow
On Ida. For that he was noble I know!

HECUBA HEARS THE STORY OF HER DAUGHTER'S DEATH

Translation of J. A. Symonds: published by Harper & Brothers

THE whole vast concourse of the Achaian host
Stood round the tomb to see your daughter die.
Achilleus's son, taking her by the hand,
Placed her upon the mound, and I stayed near;
And youths, the flower of Greece, a chosen few,
With hands to check thy heifer, should she bound,
Attended. From a cup of carven gold,
Raised full of wine, Achilleus's son poured forth
Libation to his sire, and bade me sound
Silence throughout the whole Achaian host.
I, standing there, cried in the midst these words:—
"Silence, Achaians! let the host be still!
Hush, hold your voices!" Breathless stayed the crowd;
But he:—"O son of Peleus, father mine,
Take these libations pleasant to thy soul,
Draughts that allure the dead: come, drink the black
Pure maiden's blood wherewith the host and I
Sue thee: be kindly to us; loose our prows,
And let our barks go free; give safe return
Homeward from Troy to all, and happy voyage."
Such words he spake, and the crowd prayed assent.
Then from the scabbard, by its golden hilt,
He drew the sword, and to the chosen youths
Signaled that they should bring the maid; but she,
Knowing her hour was come, spake thus, and said:—
"O men of Argos, who have sacked my town,
Lo, of free will I die! Let no man touch
My body: boldly will I stretch my throat.
Nay, but I pray you set me free, then slay;
That free I thus may perish: 'mong the dead,
Being a queen, I blush to be called slave."
The people shouted, and King Agamemnon
Bade the youths loose the maid, and set her free:
She, when she heard the order of the chiefs,
Seizing her mantle, from the shoulder down
To the soft centre of her snowy waist
Tore it, and showed her breasts and bosom fair
As in a statue. Bending then with knee
On earth, she spake a speech most piteous:—
"See you this breast, O youth? If breast you will,

Strike it; take heart: or if beneath my neck,
Lo! here my throat is ready for your sword!"
He, willing not, yet willing,—pity-stirred
In sorrow for the maiden,—with his blade
Severed the channels of her breath: blood flowed;
And she, though dying, still had thought to fall
In seemly wise, hiding what eyes should see not.
But when she breathed her life out from the blow,
Then was the Argive host in divers way
Of service parted; for some, bringing leaves,
Strewed them upon the corpse; some piled a pyre,
Dragging pine trunks and boughs; and he who bore none,
Heard from the bearers many a bitter word:—
"Standest thou, villain? hast thou then no robe,
No funeral honors for the maid to bring?
Wilt thou not go and get for her who died
Most nobly, bravest-souled, some gift?" Thus they
Spake of thy child in death:—"O thou most blessed
Of women in thy daughter, most undone!"

MEDEA RESOLVING TO SLAY HER CHILDREN

O sons, my sons, for you there is a home
And city where, forsaking wretched me,
Ye shall still dwell and have no mother more:
But I, an exile, seek another land,
Ere I have joyed in you and seen you glad,
Ere I have decked for you the nuptial pomp,
The bride, the bed, and held the torch aloft.
Oh me! forlorn by my untempered moods!
In vain then have I nurtured ye, my sons,
In vain have toiled and been worn down by cares,
And felt the hard child-bearing agonies.
There was a time when I, unhappy one,
Had many hopes in you, that both of you
Would cherish me in age; and that your hands,
When I am dead, would fitly lay me out—
That wish of all men: but now lost indeed
Is that sweet thought, for I must, reft of you,
Live on a piteous life and full of pain:
And ye, your dear eyes will no more behold
Your mother, gone into your new strange life.
Alas! Why do ye fix your eyes on me,

My sons? Why smile ye on me that last smile?
Alas! What must I do? for my heart faints,
Thus looking on my children's happy eyes.
Women, I cannot. Farewell my past resolves:
My boys go forth with me. What boots it me
To wring their father with their cruel fates,
And earn myself a doubled misery?
It shall not be, shall not. Farewell resolves!—
And yet what mood is this? Am I content
To spare my foes and be a laughing-stock?
It must be dared. Why, out upon my weakness,
To let such coward thoughts steal from my heart!
Go, children, to the house: and he who lacks
Right now to stand by sacrifice of mine,
Let him look to it. I'll not stay my hand.
Alas! Alas!
No, surely. O my heart, thou canst not do it!
Racked heart, let them go safely; spare the boys:
Living far hence with me they'll make thee joy.
No; by the avenging demon gods in hell,
Never shall be that I should yield my boys
To the despitings of mine enemies!
For all ways they must die, and since 'tis so,
Better I slay them, I who gave them birth.
All ways 'tis fated; there is no escape.
For now, in the robes, the wealth upon her head,
The royal bride is perishing; I know it.
But, since I go on so forlorn a journey
And them too send on one yet more forlorn,
I'd fain speak with my sons. Give me, my children,
Give your mother your right hands to clasp to her.
O darling hands! O dearest lips to me!
O forms and noble faces of my boys!
Be happy: but *there*. For of all part here
Your father has bereft you. O sweet kiss!
O grateful breath and soft skin of my boys!
Go, go; I can no longer look on you,
But by my sufferings am overborne.
Oh, I do know what sorrows I shall make;
But anger keeps the mastery of my thoughts,
Which is the chiefest cause of human woes.

Translation of Mrs. Augusta Webster.

ACCOUNT OF ALCESTIS'S FAREWELL TO HER HOME

From Robert Browning's 'Balaustion'

WHAT kind of creature should the woman prove
That has surpassed Alcestis?—surelier shown
Preference for her husband to herself
Than by determining to die for him?
But so much all our city knows indeed:
Hear what she did indoors, and wonder then!
For when she felt the crowning day was come,
She washed with river waters her white skin,
And taking from the cedar closets forth
Vesture and ornament, bedecked herself
Nobly, and stood before the hearth, and prayed:—
"Mistress, because I now depart the world,
Falling before thee the last time, I ask—
Be mother to my orphans! wed the one
To a kind wife, and make the other's mate
Some princely person: nor, as I who bore
My children perish, suffer that they too
Die all untimely, but live, happy pair,
Their full glad life out in the fatherland!"
And every altar through Admetos's house
She visited, and crowned, and prayed before,
Stripping the myrtle foliage from the boughs,
Without a tear, without a groan,—no change
At all to that skin's nature, fair to see,
Caused by the imminent evil. But this done,—
Reaching her chamber, falling on her bed,
There, truly, burst she into tears and spoke:—
"O bride-bed! where I loosened from my life
Virginity for that same husband's sake
Because of whom I die now—fare thee well!
Since nowise do I hate thee: me alone
Hast thou destroyed; for, shrinking to betray
Thee and my spouse, I die: but thee, O bed!
Some other woman shall possess as wife—
Truer, no! but of better fortune, say!"—
So falls on, kisses it, till all the couch
Is moistened with the eye's sad overflow.
But when of many tears she had her fill,
She flings from off the couch, goes headlong forth,
Yet—forth the chamber—still keeps turning back

And casts her on the couch again once more.
Her children, clinging to their mother's robe,
Wept meanwhile: but she took them in her arms,
And as a dying woman might, embraced
Now one and now the other: 'neath the roof,
All of the household servants wept as well,
Moved to compassion for their mistress; she
Extended her right hand to all and each,
And there was no one of such low degree
She spoke not to nor had no answer from.
Such are the evils in Admetos's house.

FRAGMENTS FROM LOST PLAYS

Professional Athletics

Of all the thousand ills that prey on Hellas,
Not one is greater than the tribe of athletes;
For, first, they never learn how to live well,—
Nor indeed could they; seeing that a man
Slave to his jaws and belly, cannot hope
To heap up wealth superior to his sire's.
How to be poor and row in fortune's boat
They know no better; for they have not learned
Manners that make men proof against ill luck.
Lustrous in youth, they lounge like living statues
Decking the streets; but when sad old age comes,
They fall and perish like a threadbare coat.
I've often blamed the customs of us Hellenes,
Who for the sake of such men meet together
To honor idle sport and feed our fill;
For who, I pray you, by his skill in wrestling,
Swiftness of foot, good boxing, strength at quoits,
Has served his city by the crown he gains?
Will they meet men in fight with quoits in hand,
Or in the press of shields drive forth the foeman
By force of fisticuffs from hearth and home?
Such follies are forgotten face to face
With steel. We therefore ought to crown with wreaths
Men wise and good, and him who guides the State,
A man well-tempered, just, and sound in counsel,
Or one who by his words averts ill deeds,
Warding off strife and warfare; for such things
Bring honor on the city and all Hellenes.

Children a Blessing

Lady, the sun's light to our eyes is dear,
And fair the tranquil reaches of the sea,
And flowery earth in May, and bounding waters;
And so right many fair things I might praise;
Yet nothing is so radiant and so fair
As for souls childless, with desire sore smitten,
To see the light of babes about the house.

Resignation

Think'st thou that Death will heed thy tears at all,
Or send thy son back if thou wilt but groan?
Nay, cease; and gazing at thy neighbor's grief,
Grow calm — if thou wilt take the pains to reckon
How many have toiled out their lives in bonds,
How many wear to old age, robbed of children,
And all who from the tyrant's height of glory
Have sunk to nothing. These things shouldst thou heed.

No man was ever born who did not suffer:
He buries children, then begets new sons,
Then dies himself; and men forsooth are grieved,
Consigning dust to dust. Yet needs must be
Lives should be garnered like ripe harvest sheaves,
And one man live, another perish. Why
Mourn over that which nature puts upon us?
Naught that must be is terrible to mortals.

«Captive Good Attending Captain Ill»

Doth some one say that there be gods above?
There are not; no, there are not. Let no fool,
Led by the old false fable, thus deceive you.
Look at the facts themselves, yielding my words
No undue credence; for I say that kings
Kill, rob, break oaths, lay cities waste by fraud,
And doing thus are happier than those
Who live calm pious lives day after day.
How many little States that serve the gods
Are subject to the godless but more strong,
Made slaves by might of a superior army!

Translation of J. A. Symonds.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620–1706)

EVELYN is known to us first as a diarist, and then as the author of 'Sylva'; but his cultivated tastes, his publications upon art subjects, and his devotion to Tory ideals brought him before his contemporaries mainly as a virtuoso and a royalist. A descendant of George Evelyn, who was the first to introduce the manufacture of gunpowder into England, he was born in 1620 at Wotton in Surrey, a home "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times," he wrote, "and so sweetely environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods as in the judgement of Strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most tempting and pleasant Seates in the Nation."

JOHN EVELYN

"I was not initiated into any rudiments till neere four yeares of age," he says in the early part of his Diary, "and then one Frier taught us at the church porch of Wotton." The rudiments were continued at "the Free schole at Southover neere the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundresse, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University. . . . 1637, 3 April, I left schole, where, till about the last yeare, I had been extreamly remisse in my studies, so as I went to the Universitie rather out of shame of abiding longer at schole than for any fitnesse; as by sad experience I found, which put me to re-learne all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gain'd. 10 May, I was admitted a fellow com'uner of Baliol College, Oxford."

After three years' diligent study Evelyn removed to the Middle Temple in London to study law; and in 1641, having repeated his oath of allegiance, he absented himself, he says, from the ill face of things at home. Civil war was beginning. He traveled in Holland and France, and remained long in Italy, studying the fine arts.

The better part of ten years he was absent from England, marrying in the mean time the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the King's minister at the French Court. His bride was barely twelve,

and Evelyn returned to England in 1647, leaving Mrs. Evelyn in the care of her "excellent and prudent" mother. While waiting for the maturing of his domestic plans he "commenced another," one of his biographers quaintly says, translating from the French the 'Liberty and Servitude' of Le Vayer, and inserting a royalist preface, for which he was "threatened"; and writing 'A Character of England.' In 1652 he established himself with his wife at Sayes Court, Deptford, of which she was the heiress. Here he busied himself with beautifying the place, where he entertained men like-minded to himself, and composed a long list of works. Some of these pertained to landscape gardening and to architecture, subjects upon which he was an authority, some to politics or archæology. He was on friendly terms with the virtuosi of his time, and he sought the acquaintance of men who formed and ruled affairs. Much of his claim on our attention comes from his having rubbed up against greatness. He was a follower of men, never a leader, and his life was filled with usefulness. As his Diary shows, he welcomed the Restoration, and took some part in it.

The marks of esteem shown by the new King caused him to leave his retirement, and sharpen his pen for such brochures as 'Panegyric at his Majesty King Charles the Second's Coronation,' 1661, while he was preparing his 'History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper.' He was one of the commission to take care of the sick and wounded in the war with the Dutch in 1664, the year in which 'Sylva: or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions,' his *magnum opus* in the eyes of his contemporaries, was published.

Evelyn undertook the work at the wish of the Royal Society. Among the devastations of the civil war and of the Parliamentary party was the cutting down of the ancient trees. The oaks especially were said to have incurred the wrath of the revolutionists, perhaps because of the service of the Royal Oak at Boscobel; perhaps because the landed gentry took pride in comparing the durance of their order with the great age of the trees. Be that as it may, the oaks were gone, and Charles Stuart lacked timber to build a royal navy. Men of Evelyn's stamp were set to thinking and planting, and Evelyn himself, with his great knowledge and taste, was set to writing. Thus came about the 'Sylva,' to which he annexed 'Pomona: or an Appendix Concerning Fruit Trees in Relation to Cyder; the Making and Several Ways of Ordering it.' His 'Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern' appeared also in 1664.

Evelyn's royalist ardor cooled under the domestic and foreign policy of the Stuarts; and while a commissioner of the Privy Seal he refused, at the risk of offending James II., to sign an illegal license

for the sale of certain books treating of the King's religion. It was about this time that, having helped to collect them, Evelyn persuaded Lord Henry Howard to give to the University of Oxford the famous Arundelian marbles, brought together from Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. On inheritance of the ancestral Wotton by the death of his brother, he left Sayes Court in 1694. This court was afterwards sublet to Peter the Great, the Czar desiring to be near the King's dockyard at Deptford, where he proposed to learn the art of shipbuilding. "There is a house full of people, and right nasty," wrote a servant to Evelyn, while the imperial Cæsar was dwelling therein. "The Czar lies next your library and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at 10 o'clock and 6 at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day; the best parlor is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." During Peter's stay — from some time in January till towards the end of April, 1698 — his favorite recreation was to break down the holly hedges which were the pride of Sayes Court, by riding through them in a wheelbarrow. This, with other amiable eccentricities of the "great civilizer," proved so costly that in the final settlement the owner received £150 in recognition of damages.

Weighted with age and honorable action, Evelyn died in 1706 at his ancestral home, and was buried in Wotton church in a tomb which recorded, at his desire, that — "Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he had learned from thence this truth, which he desired might be thus communicated to posterity: That all is vanity which is not honest; and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."

Evelyn's friend Bishop Burnet referred to him as "a most ingenious and virtuous gentleman." He was devoted to his Church, and when he had an endurable King, to that King. In his Diary the sweetness and purity of his life and his love of home are not less visible than his deep religious feeling.

By nature Evelyn was conservative. He had no sympathy with the reformers who were trying to bring about a new order, or with those uncomfortable disturbers of the peace who wished to correct the abuses that had crept into the Church, or to oppose the assumptions of Charles I. He preferred to sup and dine and compare intaglios with easy-going and well-mannered gentlemen.

A complete list of Evelyn's works would be long. A quarto volume edited by William Upcott, first published in 1825, contains his 'Literary Remains.' 'Sylva' has been edited at various times in the interests of tree-planting and forestry commissions, the most commendable edition being that of Dr. Alexander Hunter, first published

in 1776. 'The Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq., F. R. S.,' comprising his diary from 1641 to 1705-6, and a selection of his familiar letters, was edited from the original manuscript by William Bray in 1818, and since then has been several times republished.

FROM EVELYN'S DIARY

1654. 3 Dec. Advent Sunday. — There being no office at the church but extempore prayers after ye Presbyterian way,— for now all forms are prohibited and most of the preachers were usurpers,— I seldome went to church upon solemn feasts, but either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestred Divines did privately use ye Common Prayer, administer sacrament, etc., or else I procur'd one to officiate in my house.

25. Christmas Day. — No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so as I was constrain'd to celebrate it at home.

1655, 9 April. — I went to see ye greate ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying ninety-six brasse guns and one thousand tons burthen. In ye prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foote, a Scott, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Faun held a laurel over his insulting head; ye word, *God with us.*

15. — I went to London with my family to celebrate ye feast of Easter. Dr. Wild preach'd at St. Gregorie's, the ruling powers conniving at ye use of the Liturgy, etc., in this church alone.

27 Nov. — To London . . . to visit honest and learned Mr. Hartlib [Milton's acquaintance, to whom he addressed his 'Tractate on Education'], a public-spirited and ingenious person, who had propagated many usefull things and arts. He told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany (he himselfe being a Lithuanian as I remember), which are furnish'd with small ordinance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the roomes, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire and disperse the smoke; and in truth no more than neede, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty. . . .

This day came forth the Protector's edict or proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any scholes, in which he imitated the apostate Julian; with ye decimation of all ye royal parties' revenues throughout England.

14 Dec. — I visited Mr. Hobbes, ye famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France.

25. — There was no more notice taken of Christmas Day in churches.

I went to London, where Dr. Wild preach'd the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day; after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place: that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teach schoole, etc., on paine of imprisonment or exile. So this was ye mournfullest day that in my life I had seene, or ye Church of England herselfe, since ye Reformation.

1657. 25th Dec.—I went with my Wife to celebrate Christmas Day. . . . The chapell was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confin'd to a roome in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, ye Countesse of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Col. Whaley, Goffe, and others, from White-hall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to ye Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why — contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe ye superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them) — I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but ye masse in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Cha. Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied in so doing we praied for the K. of Spaine too, who was their enemie and a papist, with other frivolous and insnaring questions and much threatning; and finding no colour to detaine me, they dismiss'd me with much pitty of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar.

1660. 3 May.—Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, Generall, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgement, after a most bloudy and unreasonable rebellion of neere 20 yeares. Praised be forever the Lord of Heaven, who onely doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever!

8.—This day was his Majestie proclaim'd in London, etc.

29.—This day his Majestie Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapissry, fountains running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the citty, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was done without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4 June.—I receiv'd letter of Sir Richard Browne's [his father-in-law] landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queene, which I was to deliver at White-hall, not as yet presenting myselfe to his Majesty by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his Majesty, and kisse his hands, was so greate that he had scarce leisure to eate for some dayes, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being so willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free accesse to all sorts of people.

6 July.—His Majestie began first to *touch for ye evil*, according to custome, thus: his Majestie sitting under his state in the Banquetting House, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought

or led up to the throne, where, they kneeling, ye King strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplaine in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them and he healed them." This is sayd to every one in particular. When they have ben all touch'd they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplaine kneeling, and having angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his Majestie, who puts them about the necks of the touched, as they passe, whilst the first chaplaine repeats, "That is ye true light who came into ye world." Then follows an Epistle (as at first a Gospell) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly ye blessing; and then the Lo. Chamberlaine and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towell, for his Majestie to wash.

The Great Fire in London

1666, 2 Sept.—This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3—The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn; went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night,—if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapeside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation

there was upon them; so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, w^ch^ they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage — "non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem": the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4 — The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the

flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5 — It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Ma^ty^ to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts — for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse — and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd; and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone; so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c., did infinite mischiefe; so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma^ty^, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops about to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefield's, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or

board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7 — I went this morning on foot f^m^ Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Streete, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty; clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Ma^ty^ got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico — for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King — now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruins of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c., mealted; the exquisitely wrought

Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of ye Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill; and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd and my feete unsufferably surheated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish; nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran

from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Ma^tys^ proclamation also invited them.

1685, 13 Feb.—I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profanenesses, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God,—it being Sunday eve'g,—w^h^ this day se'n-night I was witness of—the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallerie, whilst about twenty of ye great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon w^h^ two gentlemen who attended with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

31 Oct.—I din'd at our greate Lord Chancellor Jeffries, who us'd me with much respect. This was the late Chief Justice who had newly ben the Western Circuit to try the Monmouth conspirators, and had formerly done such severe justice among the obnoxious in Westminster Hall, for which his Majesty dignified him by creating him first a Baron, and now Lord Chancellor. He had for some years past ben conversant at Deptford; is of an assur'd and undaunted spirit, and has serv'd the Court interest on all the hardiest occasions; is of nature cruel and a slave of the Court.

1688, 18 Sept.—I went to London, where I found the Court in the utmost consternation on report of the Prince of Orange's landing, w^ch^ put White-hall into so panic a feare, that I could hardly believe it possible to find such a change.

Writs were issu'd in order to a Parliament, and a declaration to back the good order of elections, with great professions of

maintaining the Church of England, but without giving any sort of satisfaction to the people, who shew'd their high discontent at several things in the Government.

1689, 21 Feb.—I saw the new Queene and King proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to White-hall, Wednesday 13 Feb., with great acclamation and generall good reception: bonfires, bells, guns, etc. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesse, would have shew'd some (seeming) reluctance at least of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, w^ch^ would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation: but nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate downe to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. . . . She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treate all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires: Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care.

1698, 6 Aug.—I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Capt. Dampier, who had been a famous Buccaneer, had brought hither the painted Prince Job, and printed a relation of his very strange adventure, and his observations. He was now going abroad again by the King's encouragement, who furnished a ship of 290 tons. He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with. . . .

1699, 25 Nov.—There happen'd this weeke so thick a mist and fog that people lost their way in the streetes, it being so intense that no light of candles or torches yielded any (or but very little) direction. I was in it, and in danger. Robberies were committed between the very lights which were fix'd between London and Kensington on both sides, and whilst coaches and travellers were passing. It began about four in the

afternoone, and was quite gon by eight, without any wind to disperse it. At the Thames they beat drums to direct the watermen to make the shore.

1700, 13 July.—I went to Marden, which was originally a barren warren bought by Sir Robert Clayton, who built there a pretty house, and made such alteration by planting not only an infinite store of the best fruite, but so chang'd the natural situation of the hill, valleys, and solitary mountains about it, that it rather represented some foreign country which would produce spontaneously pines, firs, cypress, yew, holly, and juniper; they were come to their perfect growth, with walks, mazes, &c., amongst them, and were preserv'd with the utmost care, so that I who had seen it some yeares before in its naked and barren condition, was in admiration of it. The land was bought of Sir John Evelyn of Godstone, and was thus improv'd for pleasure and retirement by the vast charge and industry of this opulent citizen. He and his lady receiv'd us with greate civility. . . .

1703, 31 Oct.—This day, being 83 years of age, upon examining what concern'd me more particularly the past year, with the greate mercies of God preserving me, and in some measure making my infirmities tolerable, I gave God most hearty and humble thanks, beseeching Him to confirm to me the pardon of my sins past, and to prepare me for a better life by the virtue of His grace and mercy, for the sake of my blessed Saviour.

1705, 31 Oct.—I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord, teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom.

EDWARD EVERETT

(1794–1865)

EDWARD EVERETT occupies an honorable place in American life. He was a scholar when exact scholars were rare, he was a man of letters when devotion to literature was not common, he was an orator when the school of Chatham was in vogue and when the finest grace of diction and the studied arts of gesture and intonation were cultivated, and he was a patriot all his life. In his day he was on the side of culture for its own sake, of order in letters as in life, and he was the model in courteous speech and unexceptionable manners. He began his life as a student, he passed nearly all of it in the public service, and in both capacities he was an ornament to his country; meeting the demands upon the citizen at home, and a competent representative of his country abroad.

EDWARD EVERETT

All that careful study and the cultivation of his good natural parts, all that industry, painstaking, and faithfulness to duty in the matter in hand could do, Everett did. The psychological student who believes that genius is only taking pains will find a profitable study in his successful career. His life is an interesting one in this point of view: namely, how much can a man of good natural parts, industry, and ambition who lacks the creative touch of genius make of himself. His career is held in grateful memory by a generation that is little curious to read his elaborate orations or his scholarly reviews, and regards his statesmanship as too conventional and timid in the national crisis in which he was an actor.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11th, 1794, and died in Boston, January 15th, 1865. He entered Harvard College in 1807, and graduated with the highest honors in 1811, at the age of seventeen. Two years after, he succeeded the renowned Joseph Stevens Buckminster as pastor of the Unitarian Brattle Street Church in Boston, and won an enviable reputation by his polished eloquence. A sermon delivered in the House of Representatives at Washington, in February 1820 gave him a national reputation,

Immediately after his graduation he was a Latin tutor in Harvard; in 1814 he was elected to the chair of Greek, and he spent four years in Europe, two of them at the University of Göttingen, to fully qualify himself for that position. M. Cousin, whom he met in Germany at this period, spoke of him as one of the best Grecians he ever knew. On his return, his lectures on the Greek literature aroused great enthusiasm for that study,— a service to our early scholarship which ought never to be forgotten. In 1820 he took upon himself, with his other duties, the editorship of the North American Review, to which then and for many years he was a prolific contributor. His great learning and his facility made his pen always in demand. In 1822 he married Charlotte Gray, a daughter of Peter Chardon Brooks, whose biography he wrote. A man of Mr. Everett's capacity and distinction as an orator was irresistibly attracted to politics, and in 1824 he represented Boston in Congress as a Whig, taking the side of John Quincy Adams in politics, and sat in the House of Representatives for ten years. In 1835 he was chosen governor of Massachusetts, and served for three successive terms, failing of election for the fourth by the loss of one vote in over one hundred thousand. In 1840 he again visited Europe, and while residing in London was appointed minister to the Court of St. James. His position as a man of affairs and of uncommon learning was recognized by the British universities; Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and Cambridge and Dublin that of LL. D. Returning, he was President of Harvard College from 1846 to 1849, and on the death of Webster in 1852 he entered the Cabinet of President Fillmore as Secretary of State. Always a conservative in politics, he identified himself at this time with those known as Silver Gray Whigs,— men who for prudential reasons were not disposed to join the Liberal party in any sturdy opposition to the extension of slavery. He was a patriot and loved his country, but belonged to the many who fervently believed that the Union could be served by compromise. In 1853 he was elected to the United States Senate from Massachusetts; but his health was so much impaired by his zeal and fidelity in the work of that important period, which saw the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that he was obliged to resign his seat. Yet it was in 1856 that he undertook one of the most fatiguing labors of his life, in aid of the plan for purchasing Mount Vernon by private subscription. He prepared an oration on Washington, which he delivered between 1856 and 1859 one hundred and twenty-two times, to vast audiences in all the considerable cities of the Union, and which was listened to as one of the most impressive and eloquent addresses of the century. It gained over $58,000 for the Mt. Vernon fund. This, however, was only one of his orations

given for charitable purposes; others during this later period produced over $90,000 for their objects. Collections of his orations and speeches fill several octavo volumes.

Mr. Everett was always active for the public good, always high-minded and pure in politics, always lending his aid to raise his countrymen in education and refinement. Conservative by nature and training, he did not join the great uprising in 1860, but permitted his name to be used by the Constitutional Union party as a candidate for Vice-President, with John Bell of Tennessee as candidate for President. Mr. Everett's name as a scholar and as a man of great information and ability is as high as ever. That his fame as an orator has not survived at the level it stood with his contemporaries is due partly to a change in public taste, but mainly to his own lack of fervor and directness, the want of which were not compensated by the most finished art, which, when the occasion that called it forth is past, assumes the character of artificiality.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

From the Oration at Plymouth, December 22d, 1824

It is sad indeed to reflect on the disasters which this little band of Pilgrims encountered. Sad to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men,—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers desired to lead on the ill-provided

band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as it were madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the

parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease, was it the tomahawk, was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea: was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

THE INEVITABLE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT

From the Essay compiled from Discourses in Boston, Concord, and Washington, 1827, 1829–1830

A DISCOVERY results in an art; an art produces a comfort; a comfort made cheaply accessible adds family on family to the population; and a family is a new creation of thinking, reasoning, inventing, and discovering beings. Thus, instead of arriving at the end, we are at the beginning of the series, and ready to start with recruited numbers on the great and beneficent career of useful knowledge. . . .

And are the properties of matter all discovered? its laws all found out? the uses to which they may be applied all detected? I cannot believe it. We cannot doubt that truths now unknown are in reserve, to reward the patience and the labors of future lovers of truth, which will go as far beyond the brilliant discoveries of the last generation as these do beyond all that was known to the ancient world. The pages are infinite in that great volume which was written by the hand Divine, and they are to be gradually turned, perused, and announced, to benefited and grateful generations, by genius and patience; and especially by patience — by untiring, enthusiastic, self-devoting patience. The progress which has been made in art and science is indeed vast. We are ready to think a pause must follow; that the goal must be at hand. But there is no goal; and there can be no pause;

for art and science are in themselves progressive and infinite. They are moving powers, animated principles: they are instinct with life; they are themselves the intellectual life of man. Nothing can arrest them which does not plunge the entire order of society into barbarism. There is no end to truth, no bound to its discovery and application; and a man might as well think to build a tower from the top of which he could grasp Sirius in his hand, as prescribe a limit to discovery and invention. Never do we more evince our arrogant ignorance than when we boast our knowledge. True Science is modest; for her keen, sagacious eye discerns that there are deep undeveloped mysteries where the vain sciolist sees all plain. We call this an age of improvement, as it is. But the Italians in the age of Leo X., and with great reason, said the same of their age; the Romans in the time of Cicero, the same of theirs; the Greeks in the time of Pericles, the same of theirs; and the Assyrians and Egyptians, in the flourishing periods of their ancient monarchies, the same of theirs. In passing from one of these periods to another, prodigious strides are often made; and the vanity of the present age is apt to flatter itself that it has climbed to the very summit of invention and skill. A wiser posterity at length finds out that the discovery of one truth, the investigation of one law of nature, the contrivance of one machine, the perfection of one art, instead of narrowing has widened the field of knowledge still to be acquired, and given to those who came after an ampler space, more numerous data, better instruments, a higher point of observation, and the encouragement of living and acting in the presence of a more intelligent age. It is not a century since the number of fixed stars was estimated at about three thousand. Newton had counted no more. When Dr. Herschel had completed his great telescope and turned it to the heavens, he calculated that two hundred and fifty thousand stars passed through its field in a quarter of an hour!

It may not irreverently be conjectured to be the harmonious plan of the universe, that its two grand elements of mind and matter should be accurately adjusted to each other; that there should be full occupation in the physical world, in its laws and properties, and in the moral and social relations connected with it, for the contemplative and active powers of every created intellect. The imperfection of human institutions has, as far as man is concerned, disturbed the pure harmony of this great

system. On the one hand, much truth, discoverable even at the present stage of human improvement, as we have every reason to think, remains undiscovered. On the other hand, thousands and millions of rational minds, for want of education, opportunity, and encouragement, have remained dormant and inactive, though surrounded on every side by those qualities of things whose action and combination, no doubt, still conceal the sublimest and most beneficial mysteries.

But a portion of the intellect which has been placed on this goodly theatre is wisely, intently, and successfully active; ripening, even on earth, into no mean similitude of higher natures. From time to time a chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance, but more commonly guided by reflection, experiment, and research, touches as it were a spring until then unperceived; and through what seemed a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier to all farther progress,—a door is thrown open into some before unexplored hall in the sacred temple of truth. The multitude rushes in, and wonders that the portals could have remained concealed so long. When a brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed, men are astonished to think how long they have lived on its confines without penetrating its nature.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

From the Lexington Oration, April 20, 1835

Fellow-citizens! The history of the Revolution is familiar to you. You are acquainted with it, in the general and in its details. You know it as a comprehensive whole, embracing within its grand outline the settlement and the colonization of the country,—the development, maturity, and rupture of the relations between Great Britain and America. You know it in the controversy carried on for nearly a hundred and fifty years between the representatives of the people and the officers of the crown. You know it in the characters of the great men who signalized themselves as the enlightened and fearless leaders of the righteous and patriotic cause. You know it in the thrilling incidents of the crisis, when the appeal was made to arms. You know it—you have studied it—you revere it, as a mighty epoch in human affairs; a great era in that order of Providence, which from the strange conflict of human passions and interests,

and the various and wonderfully complicated agency of the institutions of men in society,—of individual character, of exploits, discoveries, commercial adventure, the discourses and writings of wise and eloquent men,—educes the progressive civilization of the race. Under these circumstances it is scarcely possible to approach the subject in any direction with a well-grounded hope of presenting it in new lights, or saying anything in which this intelligent and patriotic audience will not run before me, and anticipate the words before they drop from my lips. But it is a theme that can never tire nor wear out. God grant that the time may never come, when those who at periods however distant shall address you on the 19th of April, shall have anything wholly new to impart. Let the tale be repeated from father to son till all its thrilling incidents are as familiar as household words; and till the names of the brave men who reaped the bloody honors of the 19th of April, 1775, are as well known to us as the names of those who form the circle at our firesides. . . . In the lives of individuals there are moments which give a character to existence—moments too often through levity, indolence, or perversity, suffered to pass unimproved; but sometimes met with the fortitude, vigilance, and energy due to their momentous consequences. So, in the life of nations, there are all-important junctures when the fate of centuries is crowded into a narrow space,—suspended on the results of an hour. With the mass of statesmen, their character is faintly perceived, their consequences imperfectly apprehended, the certain sacrifices exaggerated, the future blessings dimly seen; and some timid and disastrous compromise, some faint-hearted temperament, is patched up, in the complacency of short-sighted wisdom. Such a crisis was the period which preceded the 19th of April. Such a compromise the British ministry proposed, courted, and would have accepted most thankfully; but not such was the patriotism nor the wisdom of those who guided the councils of America, and wrought out her independence. They knew that in the order of that Providence in which a thousand years are as one day, a day is sometimes as a thousand years. Such a day was at hand. They saw, they comprehended, they welcomed it; they knew it was an era. They met it with feelings like those of Luther when he denounced the sale of indulgences, and pointed his thunders at once—poor Augustine monk—against the civil and ecclesiastical power of the Church, the Quirinal, and the

Vatican. They courted the storm of war as Columbus courted the stormy billows of the glorious ocean, from whose giddy curling tops he seemed to look out, as from a watch-tower, to catch the first hazy wreath in the west which was to announce that a new world was found. The poor Augustine monk knew and was persuaded that the hour had come, and he was elected to control it, in which a mighty revolution was to be wrought in the Christian church. The poor Genoese pilot knew in his heart that he had as it were but to stretch out the wand of his courage and skill, and call up a new continent from the depths of the sea;—and Hancock and Adams, through the smoke and flames of the 19th of April, beheld the sun of their country's independence arise, with healing in his wings.

And you, brave and patriotic men, whose ashes are gathered in this humble place of deposit, no time shall rob you of the well-deserved meed of praise! You too perceived, not less clearly than the more illustrious patriots whose spirit you caught, that the decisive hour had come. You felt with them that it could not, must not be shunned. You had resolved it should not. Reasoning, remonstrance had been tried; from your own town-meetings, from the pulpit, from beneath the arches of Faneuil Hall, every note of argument, of appeal, of adjuration, had sounded to the foot of the throne, and in vain. The wheels of destiny rolled on; the great design of Providence must be fulfilled; the issue must be nobly met or basely shunned. Strange it seemed, inscrutable it was, that your remote and quiet village should be the chosen altar of the first great sacrifice. But so it was; the summons came and found you waiting; and here in the centre of your dwelling-places, within sight of the homes you were to enter no more, between the village church where your fathers worshiped and the grave-yard where they lay at rest, bravely and meekly, like Christian heroes, you sealed the cause with your blood. Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown:—alas! ye cannot hear my words; no voice but that of the archangel shall penetrate your urns; but to the end of time your remembrance shall be preserved! To the end of time, the soil whereon ye fell is holy; and shall be trod with reverence, while America has a name among the nations!

JOHANNES EWALD

(1743–1781)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE latter half of the eighteenth century is known in Danish literature as the «age of enlightenment»; but although a period fairly prolific in literary production, it is distinguished by few conspicuous names. Altogether the most important among these few is that of Johannes Ewald, who stands out as the one great figure of the transition period between Holberg and Oehlenschläger. Born in Copenhagen, November 18th, 1743, he came to manhood a few years after the death of Holberg had bereft Denmark of the father of its literature. He died March 17th, 1781, a little more than a year later than the birth of Oehlenschläger, the most illustrious of his successors.

His brief life of thirty-seven years was outwardly uneventful, except for a boyish attempt to win fame as a warrior, which came to an inglorious end before he had reached the age of eighteen. It was a life of baffled ambition and unsympathetic environment, a life of poverty and sickness,—and it must be added, of reckless dissipation, —brightened only near its close by the sunshine of royal favor and popular recognition. Viewed from within, however, this life, to outward seeming so nearly a failure, was rich with emotion, phantasy, and imaginative experience. The son of a Lutheran priest, and himself destined for that calling, his temperament was the least possible fitted for enlistment in such service; and although he went through the forms, passing his theological examination with great credit, he never undertook pastoral duties, and the poetic impulse soon became so strong as to put a professional career entirely out of the question for him.

Of his youthful feelings and aspirations, Ewald has written with charming *naïveté* in his 'Levnet og Meninger' (Life and Opinions), a fragment of autobiography almost as candid and outspoken as the 'Confessions' of Rousseau:—

«I was from my childhood a lover, an admirer of everything remarkable, whereby one might set himself apart from the crowd, become noticed, discussed, pointed out with the finger. What fruit of true and shining deeds might have sprung from this seed, had it been properly cultivated and given the right direction! But all my pedantic teachers, without a single exception,

EWALD

were content to cram my memory with Biblical phrases, Greek and Latin vocables, and philosophical rubbish; not one of them concerned himself with my turbulent heart, or seemed to care whether or not I was a thinking and feeling being. The fairy tales that I heard with great delight from the servant folk were to me so many articles of faith; to my active imagination they were not only possible, but very fine and worthy of imitation; and since no one took the pains to show me their absurdity, they naturally became the fundamental principles upon which I planned my life in my little noddle.»

One day, when thirteen years old, the boy got hold of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and emulous of that hero as many other boys have been, started on foot for Holland, intending to sail thence for the Dutch Indies; «hoping that on the way I might be shipwrecked upon some desert island or other.» He got only four miles from home when he was haled ignominiously back. A couple of years later another childish impulse had more serious consequences. The boy of fifteen fell in love, and could not contemplate with patience the ten years or so that must elapse before he could become a priest and find himself in a position to marry. The warrior mood then seized upon him, and he thought that by winning military renown he might hasten a union with the object of his devotion. The Seven Years' War was then in full swing, and Johannes, with an elder brother whom he had persuaded to go with him, ran away to Hamburg to join the Prussian army. The courage of the brother oozed away, and he returned home, leaving Johannes alone in Hamburg. He enlisted, was sent to Magdeburg, and found himself a soldier of infantry instead of the hussar of his dreams.

Not liking this, he deserted the Prussians for the Austrians, remained with them for a year and a half, became a subordinate officer, took part in the march to Prague, and was in Dresden in 1760 when the city was bombarded. About this time he became convinced that his dreams of swiftly achieved glory had been a delusion; that «the age of the demigods was past,» and that there was small hope of distinction for him as one of a hundred thousand men, «all of whom are pledged to do their duty and dare do nothing more.» Having learned this salutary lesson, he deserted once more, escaped from the army in disguise, and returned to Copenhagen a great deal wiser than he had gone away.

Settling down to his studies, he passed the examination already mentioned, and was looking forward to a cheerful future when he learned that the maiden of his fancy was about to marry another man. The loss «doubtless did much to attune my soul to the deep melancholy that I believe to be a leading characteristic of most of my poems,» he says of this episode. Like many other unhappy young men with the gift of expression, he turned to teach in song

what he had learned in suffering, although prose was the medium of which he first sought to make use. 'Lykkens Tempel: en Dröm' (The Temple of Happiness: A Dream), a cold and transparent sort of allegory, was the immediate outcome of his melancholic mood, and was offered for the criticism of a certain society established for the encouragement of literary production. After much revision, the work was accepted by the society and included in its publications. This piece of good fortune, together with his success in a competition for a cantata in memory of Frederik V., so encouraged him that he definitely made up his mind to follow his bent and devote himself to literature. He studied the Latin poets, Corneille, Shakespeare, and Ossian; but his chosen master was Klopstock, and he gave himself up almost without reserve to the influence of the epic poet of the 'Messias.' Welhaven says that this work became "Ewald's poetical Bible. He conquered his natural repugnance, that he might penetrate into the work and let it determine his spiritual destiny. This is why he says in his autobiographical fragment that he had been steadfast enough to read the 'Messias' a third or fourth time. He even began to translate this poem, and it was the last thing that he read; after his death the book was found in his bed."

The influence of Klopstock was very marked, both as to choice of subject and treatment, in Ewald's next work, 'Adam og Eva' (Adam and Eve), a five-act drama in Alexandrine verse with lyrical interludes. Horn calls this work "the first serious attempt made in Danish literature to solve a great poetical problem in a grand style. If this drama illustrates the pioneer aspect of Ewald's activity, his next work, 'Rolf Krage,' illustrates it still further. Although this tragedy is a reversion from poetry to prose, it is eminently poetical in conception, and makes us wish that the English language had a word equivalent to the Danish *Digtning* or the German *Dichtung* to use in describing it. 'Rolf Krage' is the first attempt of a true Danish poet to draw upon the rich treasury of material offered by the legendary history of the Scandinavian North. The story of the play was taken from Saxo Grammaticus, but it cannot be regarded as a successful reproduction of the spirit of the age which it sought to depict. The vein which it opened to imaginative writers was destined to be worked with rich results by later men,—by Oehlenschläger in the first half of the nineteenth century, by Björnson and Ibsen in the latter half; but Ewald could not escape from the trammels of eighteenth-century sentimentalism or from the artificial ideals of his German models. In this respect he merely failed to do what no eighteenth-century writer could accomplish: that is, he failed to grasp the inner significance of the strong, simple life of the period that produced the 'Eddas' and the sagas.

At this point a few words should be said concerning the literary societies in Copenhagen, of which we hear so much when we attempt to follow the life and productivity of Ewald in any detail. One of them — the academic and State-subsidized organization that gave the poet his first encouragement and provided for the publication of several of his works — has already been mentioned. There were besides two others, — the Norwegian Society and the Danish Literary Society, both organized at the time when Ewald was coming into prominence. The former of these organizations stood for the classical ideal in literature, the *exemplaria Græca*, and was influenced by French models to such an extent that it could see nothing good in the German school. Klopstock and his imitators were the object of its most violent attacks, and Ewald came in for no little abuse on this score. The other society conducted a vigorous opposition to this æsthetic propaganda, and rallied about Ewald as a sort of standard-bearer.

Naturally such a drama as 'Rolf Krage' was repugnant to partisans of the Norwegian Society, who felt toward it very much as Frederick the Great felt toward 'Götz von Berlichingen.' They could not foresee that a great literary revival was to be the outgrowth of Ewald's work, and realized only that the new writer had forsaken the examples of literary excellence hitherto most approved by people of good taste. Although not very directly related to this particular conflict of æsthetic opinion, Ewald's three satirical or controversial plays were a natural product of the factious conditions of the time. 'Pebersvendene' (The Bachelors), 'De Brutale Klappere' (The Brutal Claqueurs), and 'Harlekin Patriot' — the first in prose, the two others in verse — did but little for the poet's fame, and are chiefly interesting as evidence of his almost absolute lack of humor. Oehlenschläger's judgment of 'Harlekin Patriot,' the best of the three, must be accepted as the final word of criticism upon this subject: — "We cannot regard the piece as a comic drama, for it is destitute of action, characterization, illusion, and comic nature."

Only two of Ewald's works now remain to be accounted for, but they are his masterpieces; 'Balder's Död' (Balder's Death), and 'Fiskerne' (The Fishers), each a three-act drama in verse. For the tragedy of 'Balder's Död' the poet turned once more to Saxo for inspiration, and produced a far finer and deeper work than 'Rolf Krage,' his earlier essay in this direction, had been. The work was moreover the first Danish drama to forsake the conventional and unwieldy Alexandrine verse for the freer movement and richer possibilities of the iambic pentameter. It is still possible to find many faults with this poem, to censure it for its nebulous ideality, its monotony, its lack of adequate motivation, to accept, in short, nearly

all of the adverse criticisms of Oehlenschläger and Welhaven; yet there remains enough of the beautiful in its diction and of the masterly in its construction amply to justify the high place that the work occupies in Danish literature. At its best, and particularly in its lyrical portions, the poem soars to a height that had never before been reached by Danish song; it was at once a revelation of the author's full-fledged genius and of the poetical capacities of his mother tongue.

The production of Ewald's 'Fiskerne,' his last great work, is associated with almost the only gleam of light that fell upon his pathway. He had been living the larger part of his adult life away from the capital, in one country or sea-coast village after another, in great poverty, suffering much of the time from a severe form of rheumatism. At one time the poor-house seemed his only hope of refuge. From all this misery he was finally rescued by a friend, through whose efforts he was brought back to Copenhagen, provided with a comfortable home, and granted aid by the court. 'Balder's Död' was put upon the boards of the Royal Theatre, and the poet at last tasted the sweets of popularity. At the same time his health bettered, and he found strength to devote himself to the new poem which was to prove his last. 'Fiskerne' is a lyrical drama — almost what we should call a cantata — based upon the story of a shipwreck that had occurred a few years before. In this work Ewald's imagination, psychological insight, and lyric impulse found their highest expression. Above all, the poem is informed with a passionate patriotism and a sense of the sea power of Denmark — qualities that affected the national consciousness like wine, and have never lost their charm and their inspiration. One of the lyrics included in this drama became and has ever since remained the national song of Denmark, and no nation can boast a nobler one.

After the production and success of 'Fiskerne,' Ewald set about the preparation of a uniform edition of his complete writings, but lived to witness the publication of only one volume. His partly restored health soon failed him again, and he died, after much suffering, in his thirty-eighth year. He was buried in the grave-yard of Trinity Church, Copenhagen, in the presence of a great assembly of his fellow-countrymen, tardily brought to recognize the fact that with his death a great national poet had passed away.

Ewald's reputation has undergone the vicissitudes that usually come to the memory of men of genius. For a time the subject of indiscriminate laudation, his work was attacked by the searching criticism of later writers, notably Oehlenschläger and Welhaven, and his reputation suffered for a time. Since then his fame has again grown bright, and it is probable that something like the final estimate

has been placed upon his work. And a high place in Danish literature must always be occupied by the man who wrote the national ballad of 'King Christian,' who brought the pathetic quality into Danish poetry, who first revealed the lyrical possibilities of the Danish language, who established the verse form that was ever thereafter to be chosen for the poetical drama, and who first among moderns tapped the well-spring of the inspiration that was to flow into Scandinavian literature from the rich legendary inheritance of the old Norse myth-makers and saga-men.

[Ewald's 'King Christian,' in Longfellow's familiar translation, stands at the head of the following selections. The other translations, in verse and prose, have been made by me for this work.] W. M. P.

THE DANISH NATIONAL SONG

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed.
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar:
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;

From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might,
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

Longfellow's Translation.

FIRST LOVE

From 'Life and Opinions'

One morning, the most unforgettable, the most blessed of my life, she bade me take some lace to one of her cousins, whom I had not seen before. I followed my directions, and asked for the eldest Jomfrue Hulegaard. She was sitting with her parents at table, and came out to see me in the room to which I had been admitted. She came,—Oh Heavens! O happy moment! how gladly would I recall thee, and cleave to thee with my whole soul, and forget all my misfortunes, all that I have suffered for thy sake! She came—my Arendse!

I have dared the attempt to depict her, but did I possess all the art of Raphael and all the art of Petrarch combined, and should I devote my whole lifetime to picture her image, as at the first dazzled gaze it became imprinted upon my heart and remains there unchanged after so many years, I could produce but a dull and imperfect copy thereof. She was my Arendse, and who can see her with my eyes, or feel her with my heart?

Love beamed from her glance, love played upon her lips, love was fragrant in her heaving bosom. Her every expression seemed to cry out, Love! love! love! Nature, heaven, and earth all vanished, and my throbbing, melting heart felt the blissful rapture of an unspeakable affection. O my Arendse! thou wast

surely intended for me by Him who made us both. Why does another now possess thee? Perchance this is presumptuous—God forgive me if it is—but the thought is very anguish to me. I will forget it—if I can.

One cannot, I think, better cool his passion than by formulating opinions. I will deliver myself of two that may best be expressed in connection with this catastrophe, which will always be to me the most serious of my life: the one is, that the first real love depends upon a sort of sympathy or an instinctive bent that I cannot explain, and is not deliberately to be evoked; the other is, that the heart, if I may thus express myself, has its virginity, and cannot possibly lose it more than once. But I must turn back to my sweet sorrow.

My cheeks burned, my knees trembled. I stammered out my errand as best I might, thinking of nothing else, looking at nothing else, but Arendse. Afterwards she often told me that she marked my agitation, and I replied that my loving heart did not find it exactly flattering that she should have been able to mark it so distinctly.

When I realized from the silence of my Arendse that I must have done my errand, I ventured hesitatingly to press her hand to my lips, and heavenly fires shot blissful from her fingers to the depths of my soul. I lost possession of myself. I retreated backwards, bowing every moment, and since I at last came to the head of a steep staircase without noticing it, my love would in all probability, had she not spoken a word of warning, have either found prompt expression, or once for all have worked out its sorrowful, its terrible influence upon my fate. But I was destined for deeper sufferings than the heaviest fall can cause, and it was decreed that through my love I should lose more than my life.

If you believe in omens, gentlemen, you may take this for one! . . .

I wake at this moment from a mood of deep reflection. I have sat for half an hour with folded arms, trying to answer for myself the question whether I would have missed all the torturing pangs, all the depressing misfortunes of which this first love of mine has been the cause, on condition that I should have missed too all the sweetness, all the blissfulness, it has brought me; and now I can answer with a clear conscience: No! I should indeed be very ungrateful to make plaint about it, if it had

brought me nothing more than grief and misfortune. But it was also one of the first and weightiest causes of the most serious mistake of my life, and this feeling of its full consequences was what drew from me just now the not altogether baseless statement that it had cost me more than my life.

FROM 'THE FISHERS'

NOTE.— This translation of the closing scene of Ewald's lyrical drama 'Fiskerne' requires a word of explanation. The characters are a group of simple fisher folk: Anders, his wife Gunild, their daughters Lise and Birthe, and the young men Knud and Svend, betrothed to the two girls. A ship has been wrecked upon the coast, and the men have rescued one of the sailors from death, but have lost their own boat and fishing-tackle in so doing. This is a serious matter, for it threatens the contemplated marriage of the young men. When the scene which we have translated opens, the whole group of fisher folk, together with the rescued seaman, have been talking over the situation; and there now appears upon the stage Odelhiem, a wealthy and philanthropic Dane, who has learned of their bravery and what it has cost them.

W. M. P.

ODELHIEM — Forgive
If I, unknown to you, should claim too freely
A share, a modest share, in your rejoicings;
For joy must wait on strife o'er deeds of heroes.
By merest chance I too was made acquainted
With what concerns you now; the part remaining
I learned from Claus. And now I beg, I pray you,
To hear what from my inmost heart is welling;
To hear how Heaven within my soul bears witness.

Knud — We know not who you are.

Odelhiem — A Dane.

Knud — Well, speak then.

Odelhiem [*addressing the rescued sailor*] —
That thou, my friend, shouldst offer all thy substance
To them who saved thee was but just. Thy ardor
Ennobles thee; thy life was worth the saving.
And that these brave men blush to hear thy offer,
And rather choose the lot of poverty,
Is but their nature, and to be expected.
The gold that thou didst seek to force upon them
Would but oppress them, would the joy but darken
That now is theirs, and that alone they sought for, —
Thy life, thy grateful tears, thy heart's thanksgiving.
Nor do I wonder that these hearts heroic

Should thrill with shame at any speech of payment;
For noble actions are their own adornment;
The very thought of profit casts a shadow
Over their splendor. This know well the righteous.
Yet, brothers, 'tis our duty that we spurn not
The meed unsought, on us bestowed by Heaven.

Gunild—That has been ours.

Odelhiem— Noble soul, I know it!
But may we face our God, dust-shapen creatures,
And cry to him, Desist! enough of blessings!
And have not all of us a loving mother
Who may compel acceptance?

Svend— Who?

Knud— Where?

Odelhiem— Denmark;
Whose right it is, whose pleasure, and whose honor,
Virtue to crown, as to condemn the wicked.
The tenderest of mothers still must loosen
The bonds wherewith she holds us, and all fearful,
Intrust our footsteps to ourselves and Heaven,
Ere we attain to noble deeds, the well-spring
Whence streams the light that decks her with its splendor.
Yet still she draws men to her—not the valorous,
They find their own way—but our weaker brothers
She draws to her with prayer and promised guerdon,
With hopes, and with report of others' fortune.
And you whose hearts are burdened with the feeling
That this, of all your days the very fairest,
Should bring you unawaited grim misfortune,
The loss of wealth, the pang of hopeless passion,—
Shall you give cause for men to say reproachful:
"These folk gave glory to our haughty Denmark
By great heroic deeds, and now they languish
In want and woe, by Denmark unrequited"?

Knud— My heart is Danish; he should feel its anger
Who in my hearing dared to rail at Denmark,
And what she offers, men should not hold lightly;
Yet how, and in what shape, she offers largess
Our losses to repair, bring cheer to others,—
That is not clear to my poor understanding.

Odelhiem—
Know that her arms outstretched are ever helpful;
All-powerful is her will; her law forever
Binds to her lofty aims her wealthy children.

Their joy to cherish valorous deeds, their duty
To offer in her name whatever solace,
Whatever help and strength there lies in riches.
Conscious that wealth was mine, I stood rejoicing
That I was near, and heard her voice. O brothers!
Do not begrudge the joy with which I hearken
To such a mother's hest: for I have hearkened,
And with the friend whose guest I am up yonder
Have left the cost of boat and wedding outfit;
While for our Anders and the noble fellows
Who bravely took their part in all the danger,
Is set apart a gift of equal value.
And every year, so long as still is living
One of the five, they and their children's children
Shall, that this day be evermore remembered,
Receive an equal pledge of Denmark's bounty.
For all this I have taken care; this, brothers,
To do, your deed and our fair land command me.

Svend— Thy words are generous and noble, stranger;
They overwhelm us.

Knud— I believe, by Heaven,
My soul is wax. When played I thus the woman?
Because my tears are flowing, do not scorn me!
What shall I answer thee? Speak for me, Anders!

Anders— I know thee now, the man of noble presence
Our friend has told us of. Great soul and worthy,
Do what thou will'st; thou hast deserved the pleasure
Of helping honest Danes! 'Twere pride stiff-necked
In us to scorn so generous an offer.

Gunild— Ingratitude it were, and sin toward Heaven.

Knud— We thank thee, noble soul!

Svend— We thank thee deeply!

Lise— Our tears, too, give thee thanks!

Odelhiem— Not me, but Denmark!
This is its festal day; with song and gladness,
The cheerful bowl, and—for our maidens' pleasure—
The merry dance, I trust that we may end it.
All is provided. Now, my worthy brothers,
We will forget the past, and but remember
The valor and the fortune of our country.

CHORUS

Odelhiem— The deed that is not felt a burden,
That leaves within the breast no smart,

Good hap be evermore its guerdon,
While freedom warms the Cimbrian heart.
May Danish soil give ever birth
To deeds of ripe and lasting worth!

All— May Danish soil give ever birth
To deeds of ripe and lasting worth!

Gunild— O piety, where thy gentle leaven
With promise fair fills young and old,
And mingles with the dreams that Heaven
On earth bestows of joy untold;
True courage from thy strength doth spring,
And seeks the shadow of thy wing.

All— True courage from thy strength doth spring,
And seeks the shadow of thy wing.

Anders— Where smiles from Heaven shed light abiding,
Rewarding our industrious days,
The sons of courage safely guiding
Upon the old well-trodden ways:
Where brave men follow wisdom's beck,
Heroic deeds our annals deck.

All— Our joy to follow wisdom's beck,
That noble deeds our lives may deck.

Lise— The courage that in old days melted
The warrior-maid's defense of pride,
Still stirs the hero, as, unbelted,
He lies at his beloved's side.
Still loving Danish maidens start
The fire that lights the hero-heart.

All— Still loving Danish maidens start
The fire that lights the hero-heart.

Svend— Where countless footprints onward reaching
To valiant souls a pathway ope,
The chosen way of honor teaching,
Bidding them forward march with hope:
On Denmark's memory-famous strand
Men win renown at danger's hand.

All— On Denmark's memory-famous strand
Men win renown at danger's hand.

Birthe— Where men with unknown brothers vying
In life and death make common cause;
Where sympathy consoles the dying,
And slays despair in death's own jaws;
Where hearts for love of Denmark swell,
Deceit and evil dare not dwell.

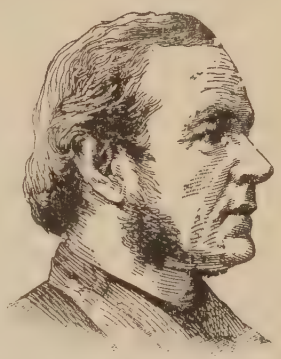
All— Where hearts for love of Denmark swell,
Deceit and evil dare not dwell.
Knud— Beloved Sea, thy life unresting
We feel our inmost veins transfuse;
Our hearts grow stout thy billows breasting;
Thy air our failing strength renews;
Our pride and joy, O Northern Sea!
The Danish soul takes fire from thee.
All— Our pride and joy, O Northern Sea!
The Danish soul takes fire from thee.
Men— Ye golden fields, rest ever smiling!
Foam in thy pride, blue-silver wave!
Women— Be, 'neath thy guard of warriors whiling,
Ever the birth-land of the brave!
Men— Denmark, of valor be the home!
Women— And honored for all time to come!
All— Denmark, of valor be the home,
And honored for all time to come!

[*The play ends with a dance of the fisher folk.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR

(1831–1903)

"AMONG the influences that have formed my life," says Dean Farrar, "I must mention the character of my mother. She had no memorial in this world; she passed her life in the deep valley of poverty, obscurity, and trial, but she has left to her only surviving son the recollections of a saint. As a boy I was not sent to our great English public schools, but to one which is comparatively unknown, although several men were trained there who are now playing a considerable part in the world. That school was King William's College, at Castleton on the Isle of Man. I have sketched the natural surroundings of the school, and many little incidents of its daily life, in the first book I wrote—'Eric, or Little by Little,'"—now in its twenty-sixth edition. "Accident," he continues, "made me an author. The proposal to write a book on school life came unsought, and I naturally found in my own reminiscences the colors in which I had to work."



FREDERICK W. FARRAR

Born in Bombay in 1831, Farrar took numerous prizes and honors during his school life at King's College, and at nineteen was made classical exhibitioner of the London University, where he was graduated. In 1854 he took his bachelor's degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, was ordained deacon, and in 1857 was admitted to priest's orders. For several years he was an assistant master at Harrow; in 1871 became head-master of Marlborough College, where he remained till April 1876, when he was appointed canon in Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's. While at Harrow he was made chaplain to the Queen, and in 1883 Archdeacon of Westminster. He later became Dean of Canterbury.

His literary fecundity was extraordinary. Besides his 'Life of Christ,' which gave him an almost world-wide fame; his 'Life and Work of St. Paul' and his 'Beginnings of Christianity,' each of which represents much labor, he has written a course of Hulsean Lectures on the 'Witness of History to Christ'; a bulky volume on 'Eschatology';

three linguistic works, 'The Origin of Language,' 'Chapters on Language,' and 'Families of Speech'; two popular romances, 'Darkness and Dawn' and 'Gathering Clouds'; and many volumes of sermon and theological papers. He died in London, March 22, 1903.

PAUL BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA

From 'The Life and Work of St. Paul'

It was not, as is commonly represented, a new trial. That would have been on all grounds impossible. Agrippa was without judicial functions, and the authority of the procurator had been cut short by the appeal. It was more of the nature of a private or drawing-room audience,—a sort of show occasion designed for the amusement of these princely guests and the idle aristocracy of Cæsarea, both Jewish and Gentile. Festus ordered the auditorium to be prepared for the occasion, and invited all the chief officers of the army and the principal inhabitants of the town. The Herods were fond of show, and Festus gratified their humor by a grand processional display. He would doubtless appear in his scarlet paludament, with his full attendance of lictors and body-guard, who would stand at arms behind the gilded chairs which were placed for himself and his distinguished visitors. We are expressly told that Agrippa and Berenice went in state to the Prætorium, she doubtless blazing with all her jewels and he in his purple robes, and both with the golden circlets of royalty around their foreheads, and attended by a suite of followers in the most gorgeous apparel of Eastern pomp. It was a compliment to the new governor to visit him with as much splendor as possible, and both he and his guests were not sorry to furnish a spectacle which would at once illustrate their importance and their mutual cordiality. Did Agrippa think of his great-grandfather Herod, and the massacre of the innocents? of his great-uncle Antipas, and the murder of John the Baptist? Of his father Agrippa I., and the execution of James the Elder? Did he recall the fact that they had each died or been disgraced, soon after or in direct consequence of those inflictions of martyrdom? Did he realize how closely but unwittingly the faith in that "one Jesus" had been linked with the destinies of his house? Did the pomp of to-day remind him of the pomp sixteen years earlier, when his much more powerful father had stood in the theatre, with the sunlight blazing on the

tissued silver of his robe, and the people shouting that he was a god? Did none of the dark memories of the place overshadow him as he entered that former palace of his race? It is very unlikely. Extreme vanity, gratified self-importance, far more probably absorbed the mind of this titular king, as in all the pomp of phantom sovereignty he swept along the large open hall, seated himself with his beautiful sister by the procurator's side, and glanced with cold curiosity on the poor worn, shackled prisoner — pale with sickness and long imprisonment — who was led in at his command.

Festus opened the proceedings in a short complimentary speech, in which he found an excuse for the gathering by saying that on the one hand the Jews were extremely infuriated against this man, and that on the other he was entirely innocent, so far as he could see, of any capital crime. Since however he was a Roman citizen, and had appealed to Cæsar, it was necessary to send to "the Lord" some minute of the case by way of *elogium*, and he was completely perplexed as to what he ought to say. He was therefore glad of the opportunity to bring the prisoner before this distinguished assembly; that they, and especially King Agrippa, might hear what he had to say for himself, and so, by forming some sort of preliminary judgment, relieve Festus from the ridiculous position of sending a prisoner without being able to state any definite crime with which he had been charged.

As no accusers were present, and this was not in any respect a judicial assembly, Agrippa, as the person for whom the whole scene was got up, told Paul that he was allowed to speak about himself. Had the Apostle been of a morose disposition he might have despised the hollowness of these mock proceedings. Had he been actuated by any motives lower than the highest, he might have seized the opportunity to flatter himself into favor in the absence of his enemies. But the predominant feature in his, as in the very greatest characters, was a continual seriousness and earnestness; and his only desire was to plead not his own cause, but that of his Master. Festus, with the Roman adulation, which in that age outran even the appetite of absolutism, had used that title of "the Lord," which the later emperors seized with avidity, but which the earliest and ablest of them had contemptuously refused. But Paul was neither imposed upon by these colossal titles of reverence, nor daunted by these pompous inanities of reflected power.

There is not a word of his address which does not prove how completely he was at his ease. The scarlet sagum of the procurator, the fasces of the lictors, the swords of the legionaries, the gleaming armor of the chiliarchs, did not for one moment daunt him,—they were a terror, not to good works but to the evil; and he felt that his was a service which was above all sway.

Stretching out his hand in the manner familiar to the orators whom he had often heard in Tarsus or in Antioch, he began by the sincere remark that he was particularly happy to make his defense before King Agrippa, not—which would have been false—for any special worth of his, but because the prince had received from his father—whose anxiety to conform to the Law, both written and oral, was well known—an elaborate training in all matters of Jewish religion and casuistry, which could not fail to interest him in a question of which he was so competent to judge. He begged therefore for a patient audience; and narrated once more the familiar story of his conversion from the standpoint of a rigid and bigoted Pharisee to a belief that the Messianic hopes of his nation had now been actually fulfilled, in that Jesus of Nazareth whose followers he had at first furiously persecuted, but who had won him by a personal revelation of his glory to the knowledge that he had risen from the dead. Why should that belief appear incredible to his hearers? It once had been so to himself; but how could he resist the eye-witness of a noonday vision? and how could he disobey the heavenly voice which sent him forth to open the eyes both of Jews and Gentiles, that they might turn from darkness to light and the power of Satan unto God; that by faith in Jesus they might receive remission of sins and a lot among the sanctified? He had not been disobedient to it. In Damascus, in Jerusalem, throughout all Judea, and subsequently among the Gentiles, he had been a preacher of repentance and conversion towards God, and a life consistent therewith. This was why the Jews had seized him in the Temple and tried to tear him to pieces; but in this and every danger God had helped him, and the testimony which he bore to small and great was no blasphemy, no apostasy, but simply a truth in direct accordance with the teachings of Moses and the Prophets: that the Messiah should be liable to suffering, and that from his resurrection from the dead a light should dawn to lighten both the Gentiles and his people.

Paul was now launched on the full tide of that sacred and impassioned oratory which was so powerful an agent in his mission work. He was delivering to kings and governors and chief captains that testimony which was the very object of his life. Whether on other topics his speech was as contemptible as his enemies chose to represent, we cannot say; but on this topic, at any rate, he spoke with the force of long familiarity and the fire of intense conviction. He would probably have proceeded to develop the great thesis which he had just sketched in outline; but at this point he was stopped short. These facts and revelations were new to Festus. Though sufficiently familiar with true culture to recognize it even through these Oriental surroundings, he could only listen open-mouthed to this impassioned tale of visions, and revelations, and ancient prophecies, and of a Jewish Prophet who had been crucified and yet had risen from the dead and was Divine, and who could forgive sins and lighten the darkness of Jews as well as of Gentiles. He had been getting more and more astonished, and the last remark was too much for him. He suddenly burst out with the loud and excited interruption, "You are mad, Paul; those many writings are turning your brain." His startling ejaculation checked the majestic stream of the Apostle's eloquence, but did not otherwise ruffle his exquisite courtesy. "I am not mad," he exclaimed with calm modesty, giving to Festus his recognized title of "your Excellency," "but I am uttering words of reality and soberness."

But Festus was not the person whom he was mainly addressing, nor were these the reasonings which he would be likely to understand. It was different with Agrippa. He had read Moses and the Prophets, and had heard from multitudes of witnesses some at least of the facts to which Paul referred. To him, therefore, the Apostle appealed in proof of his perfect sanity. "The king," he said, "knows about these things, to whom it is even with confidence that I am addressing my remarks. I am sure that he is by no means unaware of any of these circumstances, for all that I say has not been done in a corner." And then, wishing to resume the thread of his argument at the point where it had been broken, and where it would be most striking to a Jew, he asked:—

"King Agrippa, dost thou believe the Prophets? I know that thou believest."

But Agrippa did not choose to be entrapped into a discussion, still less into an assent. Not old in years, but accustomed from his boyhood to an atmosphere of cynicism and unbelief, he could only smile with the good-natured contempt of a man of the world at the enthusiastic earnestness which could even for a moment fancy that *he* would be converted to the heresy of the Nazarenes with their crucified Messiah! Yet he did not wish to be uncourteous. It was impossible not to admire the burning zeal which neither stripes nor prisons could quench, the clear-sighted faith which not even such a surrounding could for a moment dim.

"You are trying to persuade me off-hand to be 'a Christian'!" he said with a half-suppressed smile; and this finished specimen of courtly *eutrapelia* was his bantering answer to St. Paul's appeal. Doubtless his polished remark on this compendious style of making converts sounded very witty to that distinguished company; and they would with difficulty suppress their laughter at the notion that Agrippa, favorite of Claudius, friend of Nero, King of Chalcis, Ituræa, Trachonitis, nominator of the High Priest, and supreme guardian of the Temple treasures, should succumb to the potency of this "short method with a Jew." That a Paul should make the king *a Christian* (!) would sound too ludicrous. But the laugh would be instantly suppressed in pity and admiration of the poor but noble prisoner, as with perfect dignity he took advantage of Agrippa's ambiguous expression, and said with all the fervent sincerity of a loving heart, "I could pray to God that whether 'in little' or 'in much,' not thou only, but even all who are listening to me to-day might become even such as I am — except," he added, as he raised his fettered hand — "except these bonds." They saw that this was indeed no common prisoner. One who could argue as he had argued, and speak as he had spoken; one who was so filled with the exaltation of an inspiring idea, so enriched with the happiness of a firm faith and a peaceful conscience, that he could tell them how he prayed that they all — all these princely and distinguished people — could be even such as he; and who yet in the spirit of entire forgiveness desired that the sharing in his faith might involve no share in his sorrows or misfortunes — must be such a one as they never yet had seen or known, either in the worlds of Jewry or of heathendom. But it was useless to prolong the scene. Curiosity was now sufficiently gratified, and

it had become clearer than ever that though they might regard Paul the prisoner as an amiable enthusiast or an inspired fanatic, he was in no sense a legal criminal. The king, by rising from his seat, gave the signal for breaking up the meeting; Berenice and Festus and their respective retinues rose up at the same time, and as the distinguished assembly dispersed, they were heard remarking on all sides that Paul was undeserving of death, or even of imprisonment. He had made, in fact, a deeply favorable impression. Agrippa's decision was given entirely for his acquittal. "This person," he said to Festus, "might have been permanently set at liberty if he had not appealed to Cæsar." Agrippa was far too little of a Pharisee and far too much of a man of the world not to see that mere freedom of thought could not be, and ought not to be, suppressed by external violence. The proceedings of that day probably saved St. Paul's life full two years afterwards. Festus, since his own opinion on grounds of Roman justice was so entirely confirmed from the Jewish point of view by the Protector of the Temple, could hardly fail to send to Nero an *elogium* which freely exonerated the prisoner from every legal charge; and even if Jewish intrigues were put in play against him, Nero could not condemn to death a man whom Felix, and Lysias, and Festus, and Agrippa, and even the Jewish Sanhedrim, in the only trial of the case which they had held, had united in pronouncing innocent of any capital crime.

ROMAN CIVILIZATION UNDER NERO

From 'The Early Days of Christianity'

I need but make a passing allusion to its enormous wealth; its unbounded self-indulgence; its coarse and tasteless luxury; its greedy avarice; its sense of insecurity and terror; its apathy, debauchery, and cruelty; its hopeless fatalism; its unspeakable sadness and weariness; its strange extravagances alike of infidelity and of superstition.

At the lowest extreme of the social scale were millions of slaves, without family, without religion, without possessions, who had no recognized rights, and towards whom none had any recognized duties, passing normally from a childhood of degradation to a manhood of hardship and an old age of unpitied neglect.

Only a little above the slaves stood the lower classes, who formed the vast majority of the free-born inhabitants of the Roman Empire. They were for the most part beggars and idlers, familiar with the grossest indignities of an unscrupulous dependence. Despising a life of honest industry, they asked only for bread and the games of the circus, and were ready to support any government, even the most despotic, if it would supply these needs. They spent their mornings in lounging about the Forum or in dancing attendance at the levées of patrons, for a share in whose largesses they daily struggled. They spent their afternoons and evenings in gossiping at the public baths, in listlessly enjoying the polluted plays of the theatre, or looking with fierce thrills of delighted horror at the bloody sports of the arena. At night they crept up to their miserable garrets in the sixth and seventh stories of the huge *insulæ*, — the lodging-houses of Rome, — into which, as into the low lodging-houses of the poorer quarters of London, there drifted all that was most wretched and most vile. Their life, as it is described for us by their contemporaries, was largely made up of squalor, misery, and vice.

Immeasurably removed from these needy and greedy freemen, and living chiefly amid crowds of corrupted and obsequious slaves, stood the constantly diminishing throng of the wealthy and the noble. Every age in its decline has exhibited the spectacle of selfish luxury side by side with abject poverty; of —

> "Wealth, a monster gorged
> 'Mid starving populations:"

but nowhere and at no period were these contrasts so startling as they were in imperial Rome. There a whole population might be trembling lest they should be starved by the delay of an Alexandrian corn-ship, while the upper classes were squandering a fortune at a single banquet, drinking out of myrrhine and jeweled vases worth hundreds of pounds, and feasting on the brains of peacocks and the tongues of nightingales. As a consequence, disease was rife, men were short-lived, and even women became liable to gout. Over a large part of Italy, most of the free-born population had to content themselves even in winter with a tunic, and the luxury of the toga was reserved only, by way of honor, to the corpse. Yet at this very time the dress of Roman ladies displayed an unheard-of splendor. The elder Pliny tells us that he himself saw Lollia Paulina dressed for

a betrothal feast in a robe entirely covered with pearls and emeralds, which had cost forty million sesterces, and which was known to be less costly than some of her other dresses. Gluttony, caprice, extravagance, ostentation, impurity, rioted in the heart of a society which knew of no other means by which to break the monotony of its weariness, or alleviate the anguish of its despair.

"On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.
In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad in furious guise
Along the Appian Way;
He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crowned his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker passed
The impracticable hours."

At the summit of the whole decaying system — necessary, yet detested; elevated indefinitely above the very highest, yet living in dread of the very lowest; oppressing a population which he terrified, and terrified by the population which he oppressed — was an emperor, raised to the divinest pinnacle of autocracy, yet conscious that his life hung upon a thread; an emperor who in the terrible phrase of Gibbon was at once a priest, an atheist, and a god.

The general condition of society was such as might have been expected from the existence of these elements. The Romans had entered on a stage of fatal degeneracy from the first day of their close intercourse with Greece. Greece learnt from Rome her cold-blooded cruelty; Rome learnt from Greece her voluptuous corruption. Family life among the Romans had once been a sacred thing, and for 520 years divorce had been unknown among them. Under the empire, marriage had come to be regarded with disfavor and disdain. Women, as Seneca says, married in order to be divorced, and were divorced in order to marry; and noble Roman matrons counted the years not by the Consuls, but by their discarded or discarding husbands.

To have a family was regarded as a misfortune, because the childless were courted with extraordinary assiduity by crowds of

fortune-hunters. When there were children in a family, their education was left to be begun under the tutelage of those slaves who were otherwise the most decrepit and useless, and was carried on, with results too fatally obvious, by supple, accomplished, and abandoned Greeklings. But indeed, no system of education could have eradicated the influence of the domestic circle. No care could have prevented the sons and daughters of a wealthy family from catching the contagion of the vices of which they saw in their parents a constant and unblushing example.

Literature and art were infected with the prevalent degradation. Poetry sank in great measure into exaggerated satire, hollow declamation, or frivolous epigrams. Art was partly corrupted by the fondness for glare, expensiveness, and size, and partly sank into miserable triviality, or immoral prettinesses, such as those which decorated the walls of Pompeii in the first century and the Parc aux Cerfs in the eighteenth. Greek statues of the days of Phidias were ruthlessly decapitated, that their heads might be replaced by the scowling or imbecile features of a Caius or a Claudius. Nero, professing to be a connoisseur, thought that he improved the Alexander of Lysimachus by gilding it from head to foot. Eloquence, deprived of every legitimate aim and used almost solely for purposes of insincere display, was tempted to supply the lack of genuine fire by sonorous euphony and theatrical affectation. A training in rhetoric was now understood to be a training in the art of emphasis and verbiage, which was rarely used for any loftier purpose than to make sycophancy plausible, or to embellish sophistry with speciousness. The drama, even in Horace's days, had degenerated into a vehicle for the exhibition of scenic splendor or ingenious machinery. Dignity, wit, pathos, were no longer expected on the stage, for the dramatist was eclipsed by the swordsman or the rope-dancer. The actors who absorbed the greatest part of popular favor were pantomimists, whose insolent prosperity was generally in direct proportion to the infamy of their character. And while the shamelessness of the theatre corrupted the purity of all classes from the earliest age, the hearts of the multitude were made hard as the nether millstone with brutal insensibility, by the fury of the circus, the atrocities of the amphitheatre, and the cruel orgies of the games. Augustus, in the document annexed to his will, mentioned that he had exhibited 8,000 gladiators, and 3,510 wild beasts. The old warlike spirit of the

Romans was dead, among the gilded youth of families in which distinction of any kind was certain to bring down upon its most prominent members the murderous suspicion of irresponsible despots. The spirit which had once led the Domitii and the Fabii "to drink delight of battle with their peers" on the plains of Gaul and in the forests of Germany, was now satiated by gazing on criminals fighting for dear life with bears and tigers, or upon bands of gladiators who hacked each other to pieces on the encrimsoned sand. The languid enervation of the delicate and dissolute aristocrat could only be amused by magnificence and stimulated by grossness or by blood. Thus the gracious illusions by which true art has ever aimed at purging the passions of terror and pity, were extinguished by the realism of tragedies ignobly horrible and comedies intolerably base. Two phrases sum up the characteristics of Roman civilization in the days of the empire — heartless cruelty, and unfathomable corruption.

CHRIST AND PILATE

From 'The Life of Christ'

A Son of God! The notion was far less strange and repulsive to a heathen than to a Jew; and this word, unheard before, startled Pilate with the third omen which made him tremble at the crime into which he was being dragged by guilt and fear. Once more, leaving the yelling multitude without, he takes Jesus with him into the quiet judgment hall, and — "*jam pro suâ conscientiâ Christianus*," as Tertullian so finely observes — asks him in awe-struck accents, "Whence art thou?" Alas! it was too late to answer now. Pilate was too deeply committed to his gross cruelty and injustice; for *him* Jesus had spoken enough already; for the wild beasts who raged without, he had no more to say. He did not answer. Then, almost angrily, Pilate broke out with the exclamation, "Dost thou not speak *to me?* Dost thou not know that I have power to set thee free, and have power to crucify thee?" Power — how so? Was justice nothing, then? truth nothing? innocence nothing? conscience nothing? In the reality of things Pilate had *no* such power; even in the arbitrary sense of the tyrant it was an idle boast, for at this very moment he was letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would." And Jesus pitied the hopeless bewilderment of this man, whom guilt

had changed from a ruler into a slave. Not taunting, not confuting him,—nay, even extenuating rather than aggravating his sin,—Jesus gently answered, "Thou hast no power against me whatever, had it not been given thee from above; therefore he that betrayed me to thee hath the greater sin." Thou art indeed committing a great crime; but Judas, Annas, Caiaphas, these priests and Jews, are more to blame than thou. Thus, with infinite dignity, and yet with infinite tenderness, did Jesus judge his judge. In the very depths of his inmost soul Pilate felt the truth of the words,—silently acknowledged the superiority of his bound and lacerated victim. All that remained in him of human and of noble—

> "Felt how awful Goodness is, and Virtue
> In her shape how lovely; felt and mourned
> His fall."

All of his soul that was not eaten away by pride and cruelty thrilled back an unwonted echo to these few calm words of the Son of God. Jesus had condemned his sin, and so far from being offended, the judgment only deepened his awe of this mysterious Being, whose utter impotence seemed grander and more awful than the loftiest power. From that time Pilate was even yet more anxious to save him. With all his conscience in a tumult, for the third and last time he mounted his tribunal and made one more desperate effort. He led Jesus forth, and looking at him, as he stood silent and in agony, but calm, on that shining Gabbatha, above the brutal agitations of the multitude, he said to those frantic rioters, as with a flash of genuine conviction, "Behold Your King!" But to the Jews it sounded like shameful scorn to call that beaten, insulted sufferer their King. A darker stream mingled with the passions of the raging, swaying crowd. Among the shouts of "Crucify!" ominous threatenings began for the first time to be mingled. It was now nine o'clock, and for nearly three hours had they been raging and waiting there. The name of Cæsar began to be heard in wrathful murmurs. "Shall I crucify your King?" he had asked, venting the rage and soreness of his heart in taunts on *them*. "*We have no king but Cæsar*," answered the Sadducees and priests, flinging to the winds every national impulse and every Messianic hope. "If thou let this man go," shouted the mob again and again, "thou art not *Cæsar's* friend. Every one who tries to

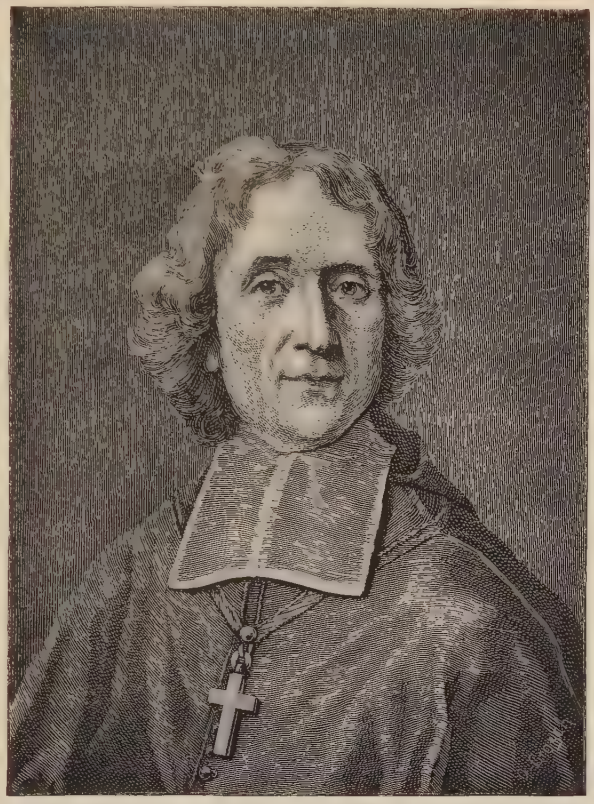
make himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." And at that dark terrible name of Cæsar, Pilate trembled. It was a name to conjure with. It mastered him. He thought of that terrible implement of tyranny, the accusation of *læsa majestas*, into which all other charges merged, which had made confiscation and torture so common, and had caused blood to flow like water in the streets of Rome. He thought of Tiberius the aged gloomy Emperor, then hiding at Capreæ his ulcerous features, his poisonous suspicions, his sick infamies, his desperate revenge. At this very time he had been maddened into a yet more sanguinary and misanthropic ferocity by the detected falsity and treason of his only friend and minister, Sejanus, and it was to Sejanus himself that Pilate is said to have owed his position. There might be secret delators in that very mob. Panic-stricken, the unjust judge, in obedience to his own terrors, consciously betrayed the innocent victim to the anguish of death. He who had so often prostituted justice was now unable to achieve the one act of justice which he desired. He who had so often murdered pity was now forbidden to taste the sweetness of a pity for which he longed. He who had so often abused authority was now rendered impotent to exercise it, for once, on the side of right. Truly for him sin had become its own Erinnys, and his pleasant vices had been converted into the instrument of his punishment! Did the solemn and noble words of the Law of the Twelve Tables—"Vanæ voces populi non sunt audiendæ, quando aut noxium crimine absolvi, aut innocentem condemnari desiderant"—come across his memory with accents of reproach as he delivered Bar-Abbas and condemned Jesus? It may have been so. At any rate, his conscience did not leave him at ease. At this, or some early period of the trial, he went through the solemn farce of trying to absolve his conscience from the guilt. He sent for water; he washed his hands before the multitude! he said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." Did he think thus to wash away his guilt? He could wash his hands; could he wash his heart? Might he not far more truly have said with the murderous king in the splendid tragedy:

> "Can all old Ocean's waters wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? Nay, rather would this hand
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green, one red!".

It may be that as he thus murdered his conscience, such a thought flashed for one moment across his miserable mind, in the words of his native poet—

> «Ah, nimium faciles qui tristia crimina cædis
> Flumineâ tolli posse putatis aqua!» OVID, *Fast.* ii. 45.

But if so, the thought was instantly drowned in a yell, the most awful, the most hideous, the most memorable that history records: «*His blood be on us and on our children.*» Then Pilate finally gave way. The fatal «*Ibis ad crucem*» was uttered with reluctant wrath. He delivered him unto them, *that he might be crucified.*



FÉNELON.

FÉNELON

(1651–1715)

BY THOMAS J. SHAHAN

FRANÇOIS DE SALINAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON was born in 1651 at the Château Fénelon, in Périgord, France. He received his early education within the domestic circle, where his delicate and sensitive temperament was trained with great care by his father, and where he acquired the elements of the profound classical knowledge that distinguished him in later life. After some years of study at the University of Cahors and in the Jesuit College of Plessis, he entered the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice at Paris, by the advice of his uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, a gentleman of high social and political rank at the court of the Grand Monarque. Fénelon was ordained a priest at Saint-Sulpice, and joined the admirable body of ecclesiastics who have given fame to that centre of religious life. On his death-bed he wrote to Louis XIV. that he had known in his lifetime nothing more venerable or more apostolic than Saint-Sulpice. It was here that he fell under the spiritual influence of the Abbé Tronson, whose guidance had much to do with the future career of Fénelon. Parochial work at Saint-Sulpice, the guidance of a convent of Protestant female converts, a mission to the Huguenots of Poitou after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, occupied the attention of the young priest in the early years of his career. He desired to come to Canada, to evangelize the Indians; but his friends opposed the plan, which was carried out by his brother, the Abbé Fénelon, who died a Sulpician at Montreal in 1697. At this time he wrote his 'Traité de l'Education des Jeunes Filles' (1687) and his 'Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs' (1688), admirable manuals of a pedagogical and pastoral nature. In 1689 he was made preceptor of the young Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of the King. Here he accomplished a marvel in the transformation of the passionate and stubborn son of the Dauphin into a youth of courteous manners and great self-control. It was a triumph of art and tact against brute nature and irresponsible strength. But Fénelon, a born teacher, was equal to the task and won moreover the undying affection of the young duke. For him he wrote his 'Fables' (36), and his 'Dialogues des Morts' (91), in which he inculcated by alternate lessons of a pleasing or a grave character the virtues and principles that befitted

a ruler of men. He wrote also a 'Life of Charlemagne,' model of a Christian king; but it seems never to have been printed. While his position as the duke's preceptor seemed to assure to Fénelon a most honorable career, it was precisely what caused the greatest of his misfortunes,—the loss of the King's confidence. Fénelon had written for the instruction of the duke a work entitled 'Les Aventures de Telémaque, Fils d'Ulysse,' a kind of postscriptum to the Odyssey. It was in reality a manual in which all the wisdom of classic antiquity was gathered by a master hand and explained in almost perfect style, to one destined to govern the greatest kingdom of Europe. But it was surreptitiously printed, and the King's courtiers pointed out in it many apparent satires on the King's principles and conduct, notably in the delineation of Idumæus. Thenceforth Fénelon fell under the ban of the jealous King. He had been already made in 1693 a member of the Academy, and in 1695 Archbishop of Cambrai.

In the mean time had broken out the famous controversy on Quietism, apropos of the doctrine and life of a female mystic, Madame de Guyon. A grave discussion had arisen concerning the orthodoxy of her views on the pure and unselfish love of God, in which Bossuet and Fénelon were adversaries; with the immediate result that the latter accepted, with some reserves, the outcome of the famous Conferences of Issy. Not long after Fénelon wrote, to justify himself, 'L'Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Intérieure,' to which in the same year (1697) Bossuet replied by the 'Instructions sur les États d'Oraison.' Meanwhile the affair was brought before the Holy See, which was solicited on one side by the powerful King and the nephew and the agent of Bossuet, and on the other by the good Abbé Chanterac, with whom Fénelon kept up a most admirable exchange of letters. Rome hesitated long, diminished the number of assailable propositions, and finally in March 1699 condemned some of those laid before her as "*dangerous*," not as *heretical*, which was the vote that the King and Bossuet anxiously looked for. In April of the same year followed the humble submission of Fénelon. Weinand agrees with the Pope, who is reported to have said that in the whole affair Bossuet sinned by lack of human, and Fénelon by excess of Divine love.

From the outbreak of the discussion on Quietism, Fénelon had been obliged to withdraw from the court to his diocese of Cambrai, which he administered with rare zeal and success. The largely Flemish population, and the fact that it was partly the scene of the War of the Spanish Succession, made the territory no easy one to care for; but he proved himself a good shepherd indeed, a wise adviser of the Crown in his numerous letters and memoirs, a preacher of the highest rank, and a rhetorician second to few in his 'Dialogues

sur l'Éloquence en Général et sur Celle de La Chaise en Particulier' (Paris, 1708). The last years of his life were occupied with a continuous warfare against the open and the secret friends of Jansenism, which was making its greatest struggle for political recognition when Fénelon died, January 7th, 1715, beloved and regretted by all, the foremost gentleman of France, and the greatest ecclesiastical soul since Saint Bernard.

Saint-Simon thus describes Fénelon's appearance ('Mémoires'):—

"He was a tall, thin man, well made, pale, with a large nose, eyes whence fire and talent streamed like a torrent, and a physiognomy the like of which I have never seen in any other man, and which once seen one could never forget. It combined everything, and the greatest contradictions produced no want of harmony. It united seriousness and gayety, gravity and courtesy,—the prevailing characteristic, as in everything about him, being refinement, intellect, gracefulness, modesty, and above all, *noblesse*. It was difficult to take one's eyes off him. All his portraits are speaking, and yet none of them have caught the exquisite harmony which struck one in the original, or the exceeding delicacy of every feature. His manner altogether corresponded to his appearance; his perfect ease was infectious to others, and his conversation was stamped with the grace and good taste which are acquired only by habitual intercourse with the best society and the great world."

His political views were moral and Christian in color, and for that age highly democratic, marking a return to the best period of the Middle Ages.

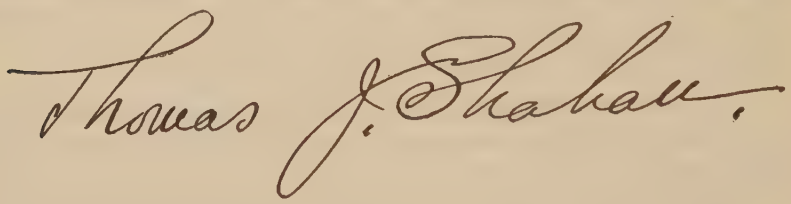
"This ideal," says Principal Tulloch in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' "was that of a limited monarchy, surrounded by national institutions, each having its due place and function in the body politic, and representing in due degree public opinion. A written constitution, one sovereign law for all, universal education provided by the State, the reciprocal independence of the temporal and spiritual powers, detestation of war, free industry in agriculture and trade, a people growing in intelligence and self-dependence around the throne and under the guidance of the Church,—such were the broad principles which he sought to instill into his pupil, and so to make him, in his own language, a philosophic king, 'a new St. Louis.'"

His own king, Louis XIV., looked on all this as brilliant but chimerical.

Fénelon ranks forever as one of the most elegant writers in the French language. The sweetness of his character, his tender and loving mysticism, his unction and simplicity, his crystal-clear thought, and affectionate direct eloquence, mark him as unequaled in his own line as a director of souls and a teacher of men. His philosophy of life is kindly and practical, but directed to a higher end of man than the pleasures of earth afford, and his instruction is always decked out with all the intellectual graces that can allure men to look beyond and above the present and the transitory.

«The most effective charm of his works,» wrote D'Alembert, «is the sentiment of calm and peace that he instils into his reader; he is like a friend who draws near to you and whose soul runs over into your own. He soothes, he allays, if only for a moment, your sorrows and your trials, and one forgives humanity for so many men who make us hate it, in favor of Fénelon, who makes us love it.»

The best edition of his works is that of Paris, 1852 (10 vols.), containing biographical material, documents, and the best life of Fénelon, that printed in 1808 by Cardinal de Bausset. The reader may also consult with profit Michelet's 'Louis XIV. et le Duc de Bourgogne'; Sainte-Beuve, 'Causeries du Lundi'; Emmanuel de Broglie, 'Fénelon à Cambrai'; an article by Principal Tulloch in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; that by Weinand in Welzer and Welte's 'Kirchenlexikon'; and the pertinent paragraphs in histories of French literature and in French biographical encyclopædias, like the 'Nouveau Dictionnaire de Biographie Générale.' A good biography is also found in H. Sidney Lear's 'Christian Biographies' (1877). The latter has also translated into English the 'Lettres Spirituelles' of Fénelon.



TO ONE IN PERPLEXITY

From the 'Spiritual Letters'

You doubt, and you cannot bear up under doubt. I am not surprised; doubt is torture; but do not argue, and you will cease to doubt. The shadows of a simple faith are very different from doubt; its troubles bring their own consolation and fruits. After they have reduced a man they restore him, and leave him in full peace. Doubt is the trouble of a soul left to itself, which wants to see what God hides from it, and out of self-love seeks impossible securities. What have you sacrificed to God, save your own judgment and self-interest? Would you lose sight of that which has been your aim from your very first step, namely, to abandon yourself to God? Would you make shipwreck when just in port, recall your gift, and require God to subject himself to your rules, whereas he requires, and you have promised, to walk Abraham-like in the deepest darkness of faith? And what merit would there be in your course, if you had

miracles and revelations to make sure of your path? Miracles and revelations would soon lose their force, and you would fall back into your doubts. You are giving way to temptation. Do not hearken to yourself; your real convictions, if you will follow them simply, will put to flight all these phantoms.

Translation of H. Sidney Lear.

DANGERS OF A QUESTIONING MIND

From the 'Spiritual Letters'

He who would fain satisfy himself perpetually that he is guided by reason, not by temper or passion, will only lose his time without ever coming to a satisfactory result; for he can never be certain that temper or passion in specious disguise are not moving him to do what he fancies himself doing from pure reason. It is God's will to keep us in this obscurity even as to the natural order of things. How much more must we be content to forego evidence and uncertainty, when it is a question of the most delicate workings of grace, in the deep darkness of faith and supernatural things! This restless, obstinate search after an unattainable certainty is very evidently the work of nature, not of grace; you cannot be too much on your guard against it. It is a subtle inquiry which will take a hundred shapes. This craving for geometrical certainty is rooted in you by all your natural inclinations, by lifelong and interesting studies, by habits become second nature, and by a plausible desire to watch and guard against illusion. But an evangelic vigilance should never go so far as to disturb the heart's peace, or to demand evidence as to the secret operations of grace which it pleases God to keep hidden beneath a veil. To speak frankly and unreservedly, you perfectly know that you ought to dread your excessive tendency to reason, even about all the common matters of every-day life. You ought to dread it much more when it meddles with those workings which are above reason, and which God conceals. One thing is quite certain; namely, that the more faithful you are in mortifying your intellectual tastes, your inquisitive philosophic research, your undue wisdom, forced speculations, and efforts to convince other men, the more you will mortify your real natural frailties, and therein promote the life of grace in you.

Translation of H. Sidney Lear.

THE GODDESS CALYPSO

From 'Telemachus'

TELEMACHUS followed the goddess as she moved away, surrounded by a bevy of young nymphs, taller by a head than any of her handmaidens, and like some great oak of the forest that spreads its leafy branches above its neighbors. He admired the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and trailing draperies, her tresses gathered at the neck in a loose but graceful knot, and her sparkling eyes, whose vivacity was tempered by a certain sweetness. Mentor, with modestly downcast eyes, followed Telemachus. On arriving at the grotto of Calypso, Telemachus was surprised to see that despite an air of rustic simplicity, it was provided with all that could charm the eye. There was there neither gold nor silver, neither marble nor columns, neither paintings nor statues. The grotto itself was cut out of the living rock, and its vaulted roof was ornamented with pebbles and sea-shells. Along the walls a young vine had trailed its supple branches, and clothed the grotto with the greenest of tapestries. Gentle zephyrs fanned a delicious fragrance into this favored spot, and cooled the rays of the sun, while from many fountains the sweet waters stole softly away over beds of amarynths and violets, and gathered here and there into crystal pools. Countless flowers sprang from the fresh earth on all sides, and enameled the green turf with the loveliest of colors. Here the eye rested upon a forest of umbrageous trees, among whose leafy branches hung golden apples, and whose blooms, renewed with every season, shed around the most delicious of perfumes. This forest seemed almost to hide the rich meadows, and to cast over them a deep night that no rays of the sun could penetrate, but through which could be heard the songs of birds, and the noise of a waterfall that dashed in foamy masses from the summit of a rock and hastened away across the plain.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

THE WEAKNESS OF KINGS

From 'Telemachus'

MENTOR said to Idumæus:—"How comes it, since you know so thoroughly these wicked men, that you still keep them near your person? I do not marvel to see them follow you; that is in their own best interest; nor yet that you give them asylum in your new State. But why put trust in them after so much cruel experience?" "You are ignorant," replied Idumæus, "how useless is all experience to princes who live in idleness and luxury a life of irreflection; they are dissatisfied with all about them, yet they lack the courage to correct what they disapprove. The habits of so many years held me as with chains of iron to these men, who in turn haunted me without ceasing. Since my arrival they have betrayed me into all the excessive expenditure that you behold; they have exhausted the growing State, and have drawn upon me the war that without your aid would have overwhelmed me. At Salentum I would have soon fallen a prey to the same misfortunes that worked my ruin in Crete. But you have now opened my eyes, and have filled me with the courage needed to throw off these shackles. I know not how it is, but since we are here I feel myself another man."

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

THE INTERNAL DISSENSIONS OF CHRISTIANS

From 'A Sermon for St. Bernard's Day'

O SOUL that burnest with the fire of Jesus, come with haste and learn in Bernard's exposition of the canticles the consolations, the trials, and the martyrdom of those spouses whom a jealous God would purify! How is it that to mankind in the decline of time and in an epoch of crowding visitations, a man appears who would have been the glory and the joy of the early ages? It is because, like her spouse, the Church is clothed with an imperishable beauty, and despite her age, is still the ever-fruitful. Did not the world need a renewal of light in a time of confusion and sin? Alas! those iniquitous days are not yet gone, my brethren; what do we behold about us even now?

That which we would gladly never behold,— vanity of vanities, and still more vanity, with toil and affliction of spirit beneath the sun! When I look on so much evil I rejoice with the dead, and I pity the estate of the living. What can be in store for us? In the North, proud and fantastic sects, the fruit of another age, trifle with the Scriptures, and justify thereby every strange vision of their hearts. It is not enough, however, that they should lift their mouths against God and blaspheme the Church, but the very children of the Church must rend the entrails of their mother, and cover her with opprobrium. It seems a miracle of grace that some Christians are saved in this deluge of corruption, and that not all are made frantic by ambition. The multitude adores deities of flesh and blood; from them it hopes to obtain a so-called fortune. The hearts of men are enchained by the demon of avarice, which St. Paul calls an idolatry. It is true indeed, with St. Chrysostom, that they no longer adore gods of gold and silver,— they adore the gold and silver themselves, and in them set all their hope; very far from selling all things, like the primitive Christians, they never cease from buying; nay, they acquire by ceaseless rapacity, by endless artifice, and by the forceful use of authority. Look upon those Christians who rend one another, who lacerate one another, who sharpen their poison-dripping tongues, and fit weapons to their hands that they may imbue them in the blood of their brethren! Behold how they are lost to all sense of shame, sunk in their own vile pleasures, brutalized by their monstrous passions! From them God has withdrawn himself, and in his anger he has given them over to the desires of their own hearts. They believe that they see and hear all things, yet in reality they see and hear nothing. They walk as men who tremblingly feel their way along the edge of an abyss. They are like tottering men overpowered by drunkenness, and they will die ignorant of who they are and whence they came.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER

(1782–1854)

OF THE sprightly Edinburgh novelist Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, it is often said, more affectionately than accurately, that she was a novelist who did for Scotland in her fiction what her contemporaries Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth accomplished in their novels of English and Irish social life and character. It should not be disputed, however, that Miss Ferrier merits a superior place in the circle of British novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century. She wrote only three novels,—'Marriage' (1818), 'The Inheritance' (1824), and 'Destiny' (1831). They are all of the old-fashioned length and minuteness of treatment: but they have the quality of sincerity in every page; and in their ambitious titles and elaborate detail they show that each work was broadly conceived and was meant to illustrate some abstract central thought. Like Miss Burney when giving 'Evelina' to the world, Miss Ferrier's first story was published anonymously; but going further than Miss Burney in her preference for being unrecognized as an author, it was not until a very few years before Miss Ferrier's death that she allowed her name to appear on the title-page of any of her tales. Professional writing was distasteful to her; and it was only at the entreaty of a friend that she made public her literary gift. 'Marriage' had been shown only to intimate friends during eight years before she allowed it to be published. But the success of her stories from the first was complete. They were attributed to authors of high distinction,—Professor John Wilson supposing that the first two at least were by Scott, until it was admitted that a woman had written them.

Miss Ferrier was born in 1782, the youngest of ten children of James Ferrier, a factor and friend of the fifth Duke of Argyll, and for a time associated in a city office with Scott. Susan was an amiable, quiet, and quick-witted girl, who received a careful education. She had much natural vivacity, and in social life the same shrewd humor and tendency toward satire that appears in her books. A French quality suggesting La Bruyère (a special favorite with her) was a note in her conversation as in her pages. But her intellectuality was matched with delightful tact, a warm heart, and delicacy of feeling. She early had access to much of the distinguished society of the Scotch capital, which included such literary men as Scott, Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, Professor Wilson, Joanna Baillie, Sydney

Smith, and Macaulay. She also saw a good deal of merely fashionable and wealthy social circles, English and Scotch, at home and in London; making large use of their types in particular in her fictions. Scott took a special interest in her, and she was one of his last visitors at Abbotsford. To him she dedicated her last and perhaps best tale, 'Destiny.' Miss Ferrier's life grew more and more retired as she advanced in years, and a failing eyesight which presently became nearly complete blindness secluded her from all except an intimate group of friends. She died in Edinburgh in 1854.

Aside from her qualities as a literary woman, Miss Ferrier was an amiable, unaffected lady, of high principle and simple and domestic tastes. It is unfortunate that her correspondence, covering the letters of many years, was almost entirely destroyed at her own request.

Miss Ferrier's novels are classed among "Scotch novels"; and as to many passages, they deal with Scotch types. But they are not in close touch with the Scotch novel as we understand it through Scott and Galt. They offer no remarkable descriptions of Scotch scenery; they have but moderate local color; they are almost entirely lacking in romance; and there is none of the picturesqueness suggesting the stage, which belongs to her contemporaries. She wrote very considerably from the English point of view, describing Scottish family life of the period largely under modish South-British influences. Most of her personages are rich English gentility, or pretentious Scotch persons of quality. She has relatively little to do with distinctive Highland nobility or peasantry; and indeed where the authoress concerns herself humorously with Scotch human nature and life she is satirical. Relatively few of her characters speak in dialect,—even among the middle-class types, where we can suppose that there would have been propriety in Scotch words and phrases. There is seldom opportunity for pathos, though in certain episodes she shows due feeling. She strongly emphasizes religion and the "practice of piety," in contrast to an irreligious and fashionable use of one's time, —so much so that she makes in one of her prefaces an almost apologetic reference to this element. As a novelist of plot, Miss Ferrier is little more interesting than Miss Austen. But even in her stiffly didactic analyses we find great clearness of thought as to human nature, and a nice expression of it. Her readers will not be apt to confuse with any other novelist's delineations such little portraits as the pompous Lord Rossville, the impertinent Miss Pratt, the kindly and devoted Mrs. Macaulay, the coarse and vulgar Rev. Mr. M'Dow, the gossiping good-natured Mr. Ribley and the dictatorial wife of his bosom, the two Misses Douglas, Jacky and Nicky, Mrs. Pullens, strong in domestic economy, or bluff Uncle Adam. There is real force in the longer studies, such as Glenroy, Lady Juliana Douglas,

or the frivolous Lady Florinda Waldegrave and her even more frivolous mother, who in some sense anticipates Dickens's Mrs. Skewton. Of her heroes and heroines it may be remarked that they are sensible and attractive young people, of the sort that even the modern young man or young woman would be glad to marry, though one would not be apt to fall into a frenzy of romantic fire and despair for their sakes. Perhaps the most striking trait in her books is her sharp vignettes of personages,—the study sometimes only a half-page long,—in which she hits out a whole character. She has left behind her in her three books a unique gallery of much variety and of emphatic truth.

A HIGHLAND BETTER HALF

From 'The Inheritance'

In the course of her domiciliary visits, Gertrude found herself at the door of the cottage she had visited the memorable morning after her arrival at Rossville; and somewhat curious to know the state of affairs there, she was about to enter when at that moment Uncle Adam was descried approaching. They waited till he came up, and then invited him to join in the visit; which after a little humming and hawing he agreed to do.

The door was hard-and-fast shut, but upon knocking it was banged open by our *ci-devant* friend the dame of the stoups, who immediately recognized and most cordially welcomed her former visitor.

"Eh! my leddy, is this you? I ax your pardon, my leddy, but I really didna ken weel wha you was the first time you was here; just come foret, my leddy; jest stap in ower, sir; dinna be feared, my leddy; just gang in bye," etc., etc., etc.; and carefully closing the door against the breath of heaven, she ushered her guests into the dark precincts of her foul-aired, smoky cabin. A press-bed, with a bit of blue checked stuff hanging down, denoted that the poor sufferer had now exchanged his seat by the fire for his bed, and the chair which he had formerly occupied stood with its back to the fire, covered with clothes apparently drying.

"How does your husband do?" inquired Lady Rossville.

"Oo, 'deed, my leddy, he's just quite silly-wise," responded the dame in a whining, melancholy key; "he just lies there snottering awa'," pointing to the bed.

"Is he confined to bed?" asked Mr. Lyndsay.

"No—no, sir, he's no confined ony ways, he gets up whiles; but 'deed it's no aye convenient for me to ha'e him up; for as I tell him, what can he do when he *is* up? for he's no fit to put his hand to onything; and he's mair oot o' the way there than he wad be ony place else."

"More out of the way of regaining health, certainly," said Mr. Lyndsay.

"Health, sir!" interrupted the hostess; "'deed he'll ne'er ha'e health as lang as he lives; he's just been draggle-dragglen on, these twunty month by Marti'mas; I'm sure I've had a weary time o't wi' him, and noo I canna get a hand's turn maist done for him, the hoose an' awthing's just gawin' to destruction; and I'm sure I really think shame o' mysel'," surveying two large dirty arms from top to toe; "an' there's the weans, puir things, gawin' in perfect rags, for I ne'er can get a steek put in either to their duds or my ain."

Here the voice of the sick man was heard in a faint accent, calling the gudewife.

"That's just the way he gangs on, my leddy; he just lies there and yelps, yelps, yelps even on for me. What is't noo?" in her loudest, sharpest key, as she banged up to the bed. "A drink? I wonder ye ha'e nae mair sense, man, than to ask for a drink the noo, when her leddyship's here, an' Maister Lyndsay an' aw, speerin' for you."

Mr. Lyndsay here took up a jug of water which was standing on the top of a chest by the bedside, and held it to the sick man's lips; but the reproof was thrown away, or rather misconstrued by his soothing helpmate.

"Oh, sir, I think shame o' your takin' sae muckle trouble, for he's just like a bairn; he's aye wantin' something or anither, and he's just lost aw discretion thegither. I wonder you dinna think shame o' yoursel'," to her husband, "when you see the fashery you mak'."

Mr. Lyndsay, meanwhile, having felt the invalid's pulse, began to put a few queries to him touching his complaint.

"Have you much thirst?" asked he.

"Oh, sir, he wad drink the very ocean an let him."

"Pray let him speak for himself," said Lyndsay, again putting the question to the patient, who seemed so unused to the privilege that he was evidently at a loss how to make use of it.

"Have you any pain in your head?"

"'Deed, sir, I dinna think he has muckle pain in his heed, though he compleens o't whiles; but as I often tell him, I wiss he had my back. I'm sure I've a pain whiles atween my shouthers, sir—" rolling a huge, fat, strong-looking back as she spoke.

"I shall attend to your pains some other time, if you will be so good as keep them quiet for the present," said Lyndsay; then once more turning to the sick man, he asked whether he had pain or weakness in his limbs that prevented him from rising.

"I'm sure I dinna ken what it is," again interposed the incorrigible matron. "He canna be sair, I'm positive o' that, for there's naething like an income aboot him—oo no—no, no, sir; he's aye keepit a hale skin, and that's a great mercy. He's very silly, to be sure, but that canna be helpit, ye ken."

"Do you never allow your husband to answer for himself?" asked Mr. Lyndsay, at a loss whether to laugh or be provoked at this intolerable woman.

"Oo, sir, I'm sure he's walcome to speak for me; but, 'tweel I dinna think he kens very weel what till say, or what it is that ails him. Tam,"—shouting into his ear,—"the leddy wants to hear an you can speak ony. Canna ye thank her for the braw claise and the siller she gied you?"

"Should not you like to be up out of bed?" asked Gertrude, now trying her skill to extract an answer; but before he had time to reply his mouthpiece again took up the word.

"Up, my leddy! 'Deed he just craik, craiks to be up, and than whan he's up he craik, craiks to be doun; an' it wad be very disconvenient for to ha'e him up the day, for you see," pointing to the clothes that were spread over the chairs, "the fire's aw tane up wi' his dead-claise that I was gi'en an air to, for they had got unco dampish-wise wi' the wat wather; an' I'm thinkin' he'll no be lang o' wantin' them noo; and this is siccan a bonny day, I thought what atween the fire and the sun they wad be sure to get a gude toast."

Uncle Adam had hitherto practiced a degree of forbearance which had scarcely a parallel in his whole life and conversation; but indeed, from the moment the dame had first opened her lips he had felt that words would be weak weapons to have recourse to, and that nothing less than smiting could at all satisfy his outraged feelings. Luckily at this moment she was not within reach of his arm, otherwise it is to be feared his wrath would have

vented itself not in thin air but in solid blows. As it was, he at length burst forth like a volcano, with —

"Airing the honest man's dead-claise when the breath's in his body yet! Ye're bauld to treat a living man as ye would a sweel'd corpse, and turn his very hoose into a kirk-yard! How daur ye set up your face to keep him frae his ain fireside for ony o' your dead duds?"

And snatching up the paraphernalia so ostentatiously displayed, he thrust the whole into the fire. "There, that'll gie them a gude toast for you!" said he; and as they broke into a blaze he quitted the cabin.

"Eh, sirs! the bonny claise that cost sae muckle siller!" sobbed the mistress in a hysterical tone, as she made an ineffectual effort to save them; "the ill-faur'd carle that he is, to tak' upon him for to set low to ony honest man's wundin'-sheet!"

Lady Rossville was confounded; for as she but imperfectly comprehended the pith of the parley that had taken place, the action appeared to her,— as indeed it was,— perfectly outrageous, and her purse was instantly open to repair this breach of law and justice. But Lyndsay could scarcely keep from laughing at the tragi-comic scene that had just taken place. From his knowledge of the character and modes of thinking of the Scottish peasantry he was not at all surprised at the gudewife's preparations; but while she was engrossed with her attempts to redeem some bits of the linen from the flames, he took the opportunity of carrying on his colloquy with the husband.

"So I see your wife does not attempt to conceal from you the danger you are in," said he.

"Na, na," said the invalid, perking up; "what for wad she do that? they wadna be a true freend that wad hide a man's danger frae him; we're aw ready enough to hide it frae oursel's, and forget the care o' our ain immortal sowls."

"You have seen your minister, then, I suppose?"

"Oo ay, honest man! he ca's in nows and thans, and muckle edification I get frae him;" then, calling to his dame, he began to comfort her for the loss she had sustained as though it had been her own holiday suit.

"What a shocking woman!" exclaimed Gertrude, as they quitted the cottage; "how worse than unfeeling to have prepared her husband's dead-clothes, and have them even displayed before his eyes in that manner!"

"She certainly is not a favorable specimen of a Scotch gudewife," answered Mr. Lyndsay; "but I have seen the most affectionate wife talk of the death of her husband, even while administering to his wants with the greatest solicitude: but they are much less sophisticated in their ideas upon these subjects than we are; they would think it highly wrong to use any deception at such a time."

"But how shocking to hear one's death talked of as inevitable!"

"But they do not talk of it in that manner; they believe that all things are possible with God. They send for the doctor as they do for the minister, and pray for a blessing on the means used; they leave all in the hand of God. I have seen many on their death-beds in various circumstances, and I have always found that they who were in the habit of hearing of death and eternity, of conversing with their ministers and religious people, have, generally speaking, looked forward to death with resignation and composure."

"I can indeed easily imagine," said Lady Rossville, "that the poor man we have just left must look forward to heaven with great complacency, were it only to be rid of that tormenting creature, and out of that vile smoky cabin."

"A smoky house and a scolding wife have indeed always been looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of human misery; but that is only amongst the rich. When you have seen more of the poor you will be satisfied there are still greater evils; you are still a novice in the miseries of life, Gertrude."

"Perhaps so, and yet"— She stopped and sighed, and they proceeded homeward in silence.

THE REVEREND MR. M'DOW: AND HIS COURTSHIP

From 'Destiny'

THE Reverend Duncan M'Dow was a large, loud-spoken, splay-footed man, whose chief characteristics were his bad preaching, his love of eating, his rapacity for augmentations (or as he termed it, *owg*mentations), and a want of tact in all the *bienséances* of life which would have driven Lord Chesterfield frantic. His hands and feet were in everybody's way: the

former, indeed, like huge grappling-irons, seized upon everything they could possibly lay hold of; while the latter were commonly to be seen sprawling at an immeasurable distance from his body, and projecting into the very middle of the room like two prodigious moles or bastions. He dealt much in stale jokes and bad puns; he had an immense horse-laugh which nothing ever restrained, and an enormous appetite which nothing seemed to damp, and which he took care always to supply with the best things at table. He used a great quantity of snuff, and was forever handing about his mull,—an ugly cow's-horn, with a foul dingy cairngorm set in silver on the top. To sum up his personal enormities, when he spoke he had a practice of always advancing his face as close as possible to the person he was addressing. Although a strong-bodied sturdy man, he was extremely careful of his health; and even in a fine summer's day was to be seen in a huge wooly greatcoat that reached to his heels, trotting along on a stout dun pony just high enough to keep its master's feet off the ground.

Such were the outward man and beast; the inward man was very much of the same stamp. Mr. M'Dow's principal object in this world was self, and his constant and habitual thoughts had naturally operated on his outward manners to such a degree as to blunt all the nicer perceptions of human nature, and render him in very truth his own microcosm. He was no dissembler; for a selfish dissembler is aware that in order to please, one must appear to think of others and forget self. This fictitious politeness he had neither the tact to acquire nor the cunning to feign; consequently he was devoid of all the means of pleasing. Not that we mean to recommend dissimulation, or to insinuate that Mr. M'Dow would in reality have been a better man had he been able and willing to form himself on the model of the Chesterfield school. He would merely have been less offensive in the ordinary intercourse of life, and would have sinned less against the common observances of society. But had he been earnest in his calling, had he sought to have his mind enlightened by the knowledge of those Divine truths which he professed to teach, their unction would have softened and refined even the ruggedness of his nature, and have rendered him an object of respect instead of a subject of ridicule. . . .

The day arrived for the long-promised visit to the manse. . . . It was a thin tenement, built of rough gray stone of the

usual pattern, a window on each side of the door and three above. At one side was the garden, with cabbages and marigolds growing pell-mell, and in the rear was the set of condemned offices, partly thatched and partly slated. There were no attempts at neatness in the approach to the house, which was merely a rough jog-trot road, flanked on each side by a dike. Presently Mr. M'Dow was seen hurrying to the door to meet his guests, and there, as they alighted, he was ready to receive them with open hands.

Great was the joy expressed at this honor, as Mr. M'Dow led the way to the interior of his mansion, which was just such as might have been expected from its outward aspect. There was a narrow stone passage with a door on each side, and there was a perpendicular wooden stair, and that was all that was to be seen at the first *coup d'œil*. But if little was revealed to the eye, the secrets of the house were yielded with less coy reserve to the other senses: for there was to be heard the sound of a jack, now beginning with that low, slow, mournful whine which jacks of sensibility are sure to have; then gradually rising to a louder and more grating pitch; till at length one mighty crash, succeeded as all mighty crashes are, by a momentary silence. Then comes the winding-up, which, contrary to all the rules of the drama, is in fact only a new beginning; and so on *ad infinitum* till the deed is done. With all these progressive sounds were mingled the sharp, shrill, loud voice and Gaelic accents of the *chef de cuisine*, with an occasional clash or clang, at least equal to the fall of the armor in the Castle of Otranto.

Then there issued forth with resistless might a smell which defied all human control, and to which doors and windows were but feeble barriers or outlets; till like the smoke in the 'Arabian Nights,' which resolved itself into a genie, it seemed as if about to quit its aerial form and assume a living and tangible substance.

Lucy would fain have drawn back as she crossed the threshold, and quitting the pure precincts of sunshine and fresh air, found herself in the power of this unseen monster,—this compound of fish, fat, peats, burnt grease, kail, leeks, and onions, reveling, too, amid such scenes and beneath such a sky!

"You see I have brought my sketch-book, Mr. M'Dow," said she; "so I must make the most of my time, and be busy out of doors. . . . A noted sketcher, as papa calls me, minds neither heat nor cold, and I shall easily find either a shady spot or a cool breeze."

"Well, then, since you will go out, trust yourself to me, and I'll take you where you'll find both, and the most beautiful prospect into the bargain."

At that moment the door opened, and a thick yellow man, with no particular features, dressed in a short coat, tartan trews, and a very large ill-colored neckcloth, entered the room and was introduced by the minister as his cousin and brother-in-law, Mr. Dugald M'Dow, from Glasgow, then on a visit at the manse.

"We're just going to take a turn in the garden, Mr. Dugald," said his host: "will you get your hat and join us?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Dugald with a strong accent and a stiff conceited bow; then, popping down a sealskin cap from a peg in the passage, he was instantly accoutred, and the party set forth.

"I wish it had been earlier in the season, Miss Lucy," said Mr. M'Dow, as he ushered her into his kail-yard by a narrow slimy path, overrun with long sprawling bushes; "a month ago I could have treated you to as fine berries as perhaps you ever tasted. They were uncommonly large and jisey, and at the same time extremely high-flavored. I have a little red hairy berry that's very deleeshus; and there's the honey-blobs, an uncommon fine berry — a great deal of jise in it. I was rather unlucky in my rasps this season; they were small and wormy, and a very poor crop: but my currins were amazingly prolific and uncommonly jisey. In fact, I couldn't use the half of them, and it was really vexatious to see them absolutely rotting on the bushes. The want of a lady at the berry season is a great want, and one that's sorely felt; for though my lass is an exceeding good plain cook, yet she's not mistress of the higher branches of cookery, such as the making of jams and jeellies, and these things; but I would fain flatter myself, by the time the berry season comes round again, I may have a fair lady to manage them for me. Do you think I may venture to hope so, Miss Lucy?" . . .

Again she attempted to rid herself of the assiduities of Mr. M'Dow, and was gliding away, as she hoped unperceived, when, striding after her like a seven-league ogre, he called: — "Miss Lucy — Miss Lucy! you're not running away from us, I hope? This is just about the time I ordered a slight refreshment to be ready," pulling out his watch: "you'll do me the honor to partake of it, I hope?"

Lucy declined, on the plea of having already had ample refreshment, and being much more inclined to sketch than to eat; but Lucy must have been made of stone and lime to have been able to withstand the importunities of Mr. M'Dow: he was as urgent as though his very existence had depended upon her partaking of his "slight refreshment," and she was at length compelled, much against her inclination, to return to the *salle à manger*.

During their absence a table had been covered; but the arrangements were not finally concluded, for a stout, ruddy, yellow-haired damsel was rattling away amongst knives and forks as though she had been turning over so many down feathers.

"I expected to have found everything ready by this time," said Mr. M'Dow: "what have you been about, Jess?" But Jess continued to stamp and clatter away without making any reply.

"I'll just show you the way to my study, till the refreshment's put upon the table," said Mr. M'Dow; and finding all remonstrance in vain, his guests submitted with a good grace, and were conducted to a very tolerable room up-stairs, where were a few shelves of books, a backgammon board, a fowling-piece, and a fishing-rod, with shot, lines, and flies scattered about. There was also a sofa with a dirty crumpled cover, where Mr. Dugald seemed to have been lounging with a flute and a music-book. In one corner stood a table with a pile of books, some of them in bindings very unlike the rest of the furniture. . . .

"Allow me in the mean time to lead the way to something more substantial, Miss Lucy," cried Mr. M'Dow, seizing her hand, as Jess put her head in at the door; and having given a glare with her eyes, and wide opened her mouth, emitting a sort of guttural sound, importing that "aw's ready," galloped down-stairs again as hard and fast as she could.

"Give me leave, Miss Lucy; but the stair's rather narrow for two; you know the way; turn to the left hand of my trance. It's very easy for these poets to preach; but it's not so easy always for us preachers to practice — hoch, ho!"

This sentiment uttered, a grace was hurried over; and the company seated themselves at table, which was literally covered with dishes, all close huddled together. In the middle was a tureen of leek soup, alias cocky-leeky, with prunes; at one end, a large dish of innumerable small, clammy, fresh-water trouts; at the other, two enormous fat ducks, stuffed to the throat with

onions, and decorated with onion rings round their legs and pinions. At the corners were minced collops and tripe, confronted with a dish of large old pease, drowned (for they could not swim) in butter; next, a mess of mashed potatoes, scored and rescored with the marks of the kitchen knife — a weapon which is to be found in all kitchens, varying in length from one to three feet, and in uncivilized lands used indiscriminately to cut meat, fish, fowl, onions, bread, and butter. Saucers filled with ill-colored pickles filled up the interstices.

"I ordered merely a slight refreshment," said Mr. M'Dow, surveying his banquet with great complacency; "I think it preferable to a more solid *mail* in this weather. Of all good Scotch dishes, in my opinion, there's none equal to cocky-leeky; as a friend of mine said, it's both nectar and ambrosia. You'll find that uncommonly good, Miss Lucy, if you'll just try it; for it's made by a receipt of my mother's, and she was always famous for cocky-leeky: the prunes are a great improvement; they give a great delicacy to the flavor: my leeks are not come to their full strength yet, but they are extremely sweet; you may help me to a few more of the broth, captain, and don't spare the leeks. I never see cocky-leeky without thinking of the honest man who found a snail in his: 'Tak ye that snack, my man,' says he, 'for looking sae like a plum-damy;' hoch, hoch, ho! There's a roasted hare coming to remove the fish, and I believe you see your refreshment; there's merely a few trifles coming."

Lucy had accepted one of Mr. Dugald's little muddy trouts, as the least objectionable article of the repast; and while Mr. M'Dow's mouth was stuffed with prunes and leeks, silence ensued. But having dispatched a second plateful and taken a bumper of wine, he began again:—"I can answer for the ducks, Miss Lucy, if you'll do me the favor to try them. A clean knife and fork, Jess, to Mr. Dugald to cut them. I prefer ducks to a goose; a goose is an inconvenient sort of bird, for it's rather large for one person, and it's not big enough for two. But my stars, Jess! what *is* the meaning of this? the ducks are perfectly raw!" in an accent of utter despair. "What *is* the meaning of it? You must take it to the brander, and get it done as fast as you can. How came Eppy to go so far wrong, I wonder!"

Jess here emitted some of her guttural sounds, which being translated amounted to this: that the jack had run down and Eppy couldn't get it set going again.

"That's most ridiculous!" exclaimed Mr. M'Dow indignantly; "when I was at the pains to show her myself how to manage her. She's the Auchnagoil jack, which I bought, and a most famous goer. But you see how it is, Miss Lucy; you must make allowance for a bachelor's house: there's a roasted hare coming. Jess, take away the fish, and bring the hare to me." The hare was herewith introduced, and flung, rather than placed, before her master. "Oh, this is quite intolerable! There's really no bearing this! The hare burnt to a perfect stick! The whole jise is out of its body."

"Your cook's not a good hare-dresser; that's all that can be said," quoth Mr. Dugald.

"Very well said — extremely good," said Mr. M'Dow, trying to laugh off his indignation; "and after all, I believe, it's only a little scowthered. Do me the favor to try a morsel of it, Miss Lucy, with a little jeelly. Jess, put down the jeelly. Oh, have you nothing but a pig to put it in?" demanded he, in a most wrathful accent, as Jess clapped down a large native jelly-pot upon the table. "Where's the handsome cut-crystal jeelly-dish I bought at the Auchnagoil roup?"

Jess's face turned very red, and a downcast look of conscious guilt told that the "handsome cut-crystal jeelly-dish" was no more.

"This is really most provoking! But if you'll not taste the hare, Miss Lucy, will you do me the kindness to try the minced collops? or a morsel of tripe? It's a sweet, simple dish — a great favorite of my mother's; both you and the captain are really poor eaters, so you and I, Mr. Dugald, must just keep each other in countenance."

And another pause ensued, till at last an order was given to take everything away. "And bring the few trifles — but *will* you make less noise? there's no hearing ourselves speak for you;" but Jess rattled away, nevertheless, till she vanished, leaving the door wide open. A few minutes elapsed before she reappeared, with the greasy apparition of Eppy at her back, standing on the threshold with her hands full.

"Now take the pigeon pie to Mr. Dugald; bring the puddin' to me; put the puffs and cheesecakes at the sides, and the cream in the middle. I'm sorry I've no jeellies and *blaw mangys* for Miss Lucy. If you won't taste the pie, do me the favor to take a bit of this puddin'; it's quite a simple puddin', made from a recipe of my mother's."

Lucy accepted a bit of the "simple puddin'," which, as its name implied, was a sort of mawkish squash, flavored with peat-reek whisky.

"I'm afraid the puddin's not to your taste, Miss Lucy; you're making no hand of it; will you try a jam puff? I'm sure you'll find them good; they come from Glasgow, sent by my good mother; I must really taste them, if it were only out of respect to her. Oh! Miss Lucy, will you not halve a puff with me?"

The minister and his friend having now ate and drank copiously of all that was upon the table, Captain Malcolm said:—"My daughter has not yet accomplished the object of her visit here, and we must soon be returning home; so you have no time to lose, my dear," to Lucy, who started up from the table like a bird from its cage; "if indeed it is not lost already," he added, as Lucy and he walked to the window. The bright blue sky had now changed to one of misty whiteness, showers were seen drifting along over the scattered isles, and even while they spoke, a sudden gust of wind and rain came sweeping along, and all the beauteous scenery was in an instant blotted from the sight.

Captain Malcolm was not a person to be disconcerted by trifles; but on the present occasion he could not refrain from expressing his regret, as he every moment felt an increasing repugnance to the company of Mr. M'Dow and his friend, and still more on Lucy's account than his own,—it seemed like contamination for so fair and pure a creature to be seated between two such coarse barbarians. Mr. M'Dow affected to sympathize in the disappointment; but it was evident he was exulting in the delay.

Shower after shower followed in such quick succession that Lucy found the object of her visit completely defeated. At length the clouds rolled away, but the day was too far advanced to admit of further tarriance; and besides, both the father and daughter were impatient to extricate themselves from the overpowering hospitalities of Mr. M'Dow.

"I hope you will have many opportunities of taking drawings here," said he, with a significant tenderness of look and manner, as he assisted Lucy to mount her pony; "and when the manse is harled, and I get my new offices, the view will be much improved."

Lucy bowed as she hastily took the bridle into her own hands, and gladly turned her back on the manse and the minister.

OCTAVE FEUILLET

(1821–1890)

Octave Feuillet was the darling of the Second Empire. In the days when realistic fiction was beginning its struggle for a hearing, he treated court circles to romantic tales of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. To himself and to his audience, lovers of social elegance, the sordid commonplace world of tradespeople was uninteresting. He contributed to the aristocratic spirit which maintains that rich and well-born men and women have an exclusive possession of mental and moral refinement. His pleasure-seeking readers were not interested in broad social problems, but the mental struggles of spoiled beauties and the sentimental hair-splitting of chivalric young noblemen supplied just the sugar-plums they craved. Perhaps a touch of effeminacy in his own nature especially fitted Feuillet to understand the women of his world, and to portray the vagaries of idle ardent girls, who have been his most admiring readers.

Octave Feuillet

Moreover, he was an avowed moralist — of a conventional morality, such as is suitable for discussion in the salon. While scrupulously respecting prejudices, he managed, almost unobserved as it were, to offer stimulating expositions of unorthodox subjects. But unquestionably he always aims to inculcate respect for nobility of mind and action. Perhaps the reproach oftenest brought against him touches this evident didacticism. But he points his moral so delicately that the indirect sermonizing is never aggressive. Although severely criticized by Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Lemaître, Zola, and other critics who sometimes treated him with contemptuous mockery, Feuillet was always a popular novelist. For more than forty years he pursued his own ideals with courage and success, meeting distinguished consideration, being made member of the Legion of Honor; and in 1862 accepted into the French Academy as the successor of Scribe.

Feuillet obtained his early education in his native town, Saint Lô, where his father was secretary of the prefecture. Then he was sent to Paris; where first at the Collège Louis le Grand, and later at the

University, he proved himself both studious and talented. Unlike most student habitués of the Quartier Latin, he found no pleasure in Bohemian dissipations. His calm, refined nature shunned low associations and coarse jollity. He was reserved and exclusive like his favorite heroes, and absorbed in imaginative ideals.

At twenty-four he began to write, and in collaboration with Borage and Aubert composed 'Le Grand Vieillard,' a novel which appeared as a serial in Le Nationel. A devoted disciple of Dumas *fils*, and stimulated by the example of Scribe, he next tried the theatre; and with Vavin and Xazier wrote 'Une Nuit Terrible,' played at the Gymnase in 1845. All his early plays (and they were many), though sometimes clever, are so crude and experimental that Feuillet did not include them among his complete works. After he became devoted to Alfred de Musset, he wrote the 'Scènes et Proverbes,' which, published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, made his first assured success. Of these, 'La Fée,' 'Alix,' 'La Clef d'Or,' and others, are dainty dramatic tales, showing his vigor of characterization and delicacy of style. In 1848 his first long story, 'Onesta,' an Italian tale of passion, delighted the readers of the Nouvelle Revue, and was followed by many tales so successfully dramatized that his name became equally familiar to readers and theatre-goers.

His well-known 'Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre' (Romance of a Poor Young Man) is a characteristic piece of work. Its Musset-like delight in emotion, its striking situations, stamped it as a product of the aging romantic school. Of course it incurred the disfavor of his more progressive fellow-craftsmen, although, as Lanson says, Feuillet is far more a realist than is commonly supposed. His characters do not experience exaggerated rewards or punishments, and their fate seems the natural outcome of their qualities. In spite of the optimistic spirit which maintained his faith in innate human nobility, Feuillet thoroughly appreciated the tragedy of life. Nearly all his stories are sad, and sometimes dramatically tragic. The poverty-stricken young nobleman of the 'Romance,' with his lofty ideals and sensitive self-respect, ruled his life with the pride which actuated Feuillet himself. There were critics to deride as well as critics to honor the antique virtue of the novelist, when upon the downfall of the Empire he resigned his lucrative position as librarian of the Château of Fontainebleau when the catastrophe had made that position a sinecure merely. For this sentimental «Family Musset» was sincere. One of his characters somewhere remarks that ideality glorifies ugly prose duty and acts as a stimulus to endeavor. So Feuillet wishes to picture a world in which men and women find in self-respect and religion compensation for suffering and self-sacrifice.

A LEAP IN THE DARK

From the 'Romance of a Poor Young Man'

YESTERDAY I set out on horseback early in the morning to oversee the felling of some timber in the neighborhood. I was returning toward four o'clock in the direction of the château, when at a sharp turn of the road I found myself face to face with Mademoiselle Marguerite. She was alone. I bowed, and was about to pass, but she stopped her horse.

"A beautiful autumn day, monsieur," said she.

"Yes, mademoiselle. You are going to ride?"

"As you see, I am using my last moments of independence, and even abusing them; for I feel a little troubled by my solitude. But Alain was wanted down there — my poor Mervyn is lame. You do not wish to replace him, by chance?"

"With pleasure. Where are you going?"

"Why — I had the idea of pushing my ride as far as the Tower of Elven." She pointed with the end of her riding-whip to a dark summit which rose within sight of the road. "I think," she added, "that you have never made such a pilgrimage."

"It is true. It has often tempted me, but I have put it off till now, I hardly know why."

"Well, the Tower is easily found; but it is already late; we must make a little haste, if you please."

I turned my horse's head and we set out at a gallop.

As we rode I sought to explain to myself this unexpected whim, which I could not but think premeditated. I concluded that time and reflection had weakened in Mademoiselle Marguerite's mind the first impressions made by the calumnies which had been poured into her ear. She had apparently ended by doubting Mademoiselle Helouin's veracity, and contrived to offer me, by chance, under a disguised form, a kind of reparation which might possibly be due me.

In the midst of the thoughts that besieged me, I attached slight importance to the particular end we proposed to ourselves in this strange ride. I had often heard this Tower of Elven spoken of as one of the most interesting ruins of the country; and I had never traveled over either of the two roads which lead from Rennes, or from Jocelyn, toward the sea, without contemplating with an eager eye that uncertain mass which one sees

towering upward in the middle of distant heaths like an enormous stone bank; but time and occasion had been wanting to me.

The village of Elven that we traversed, slackening our pace a little, gave a striking representation of a town of the Middle Ages. The form of the low dark houses has not changed for five or six centuries. One thinks himself dreaming when he sees, through the large gaps, arched and without sashes, which take the place of windows in the houses, groups of women with wild eyes, spinning from distaffs in the shadow, and conversing in low voices in an unknown language. It seemed now as if all these gray spectres had quitted their monumental slabs to enact some scene of another age, of which we were to be the sole living witnesses. The little life that was visible in the single street of the village bore the same character of antiquity and faithful representation of a vanished world.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a cross-road, which led us up a barren hill; we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were, descended sharply toward marshy meadows surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the Tower, the locality of which I could not even conjecture; when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us, with the suddenness of an apparition. This Tower is not decayed; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite which compose its magnificent octagonal structure give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the keenest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and sombre, can be imagined than this old donjon, impervious to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

"Up to this time," said Mademoiselle Marguerite, to whom I tried to communicate this idea, "I have seen no more than what

we now see; but if you wish to wake the fairy princess, we can enter. For all I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them — you for the shepherd and I for the shepherdess.»

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little inclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the Tower. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction of forbidden fruit, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the donjon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order to enter a corner, dark and incumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the body-guard in former times. From thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed, on its coat of arms, the besants of the crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, and the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty broken roof. At the sound of our steps an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase. I led the way, and Mademoiselle Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage, the dark marshes, and the green mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence of a beloved being: all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was without doubt the last that would be

given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. "Let us go," said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on some regretted pageant; "it is finished!" She began to descend the staircase and I followed her.

We attempted to leave the Tower, but to our great surprise we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gayety. It now actually was an enchanted castle! I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself; the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone which I found amongst the rubbish, and which I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress, had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mademoiselle Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and not without danger. I ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the ruin. Rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mademoiselle Marguerite had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness; she ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable; I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress. But in truth, the more uncertain the success of my

efforts became, the more an irresistible feeling of joyfulness seized upon me. I saw suddenly realized the endless and almost impossible dream of lovers; I was alone in a desert with the woman whom I loved! For long hours there were only she and I in the world, only her life and mine! I thought of all the marks of sweet protection, of tender respect, that I should have the right and the duty to lavish upon her; I pictured her fears calmed, her confidence, her sleep; I said to myself that this fortunate night, if it did not give me the love of this dear girl, would at least assure to me her most lasting esteem.

And then, as I abandoned myself with all the egotism of passion to my secret ecstasy, some reflection of which was perhaps painted on my face, I was suddenly roused by these words, addressed to me in a tone of affected tranquillity: — "Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many cowards in your family before you?"

I rose, but fell back again upon my stone seat, turning a stupefied look in the direction where I saw the vague outline of the young girl. One idea alone occurred to me, a terrible idea that fear and anxiety had affected her brain — that she was becoming crazy.

"Marguerite!" I cried, without knowing even that I spoke. This word completed her irritation, doubtless.

"My God! How odious he is! Oh, what a coward! Yes, I repeat it, what a coward!"

The truth began to dawn upon me. I descended one of the steps. "Pray, what is the matter?" said I, coldly.

"It is you," she cried with vehemence, "you who have bribed this man — or this child — to imprison us in this tower. To-morrow I shall be lost — dishonored in public opinion — and I can belong only to you: such is your calculation, is it not? But this plan, I assure you, will not succeed better than the others. You know me very imperfectly if you think I shall not prefer dishonor, a convent, death — all — to the disgrace of uniting my hand, my life, to yours. And when this infamous ruse had succeeded, when I had had the weakness — as certainly I shall not have — to give you my person, and what is of more importance to you, my fortune, in return for this beautiful stroke of policy — what kind of man are you, to wish for wealth and a wife, acquired at such a price as this? Ah, thank me still, monsieur, for not yielding to your wishes: they are imprudent, believe me,

for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms, I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I should draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume, "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not possibly have arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me, and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding-whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy, we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence — you have been reckless of our repose — you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts without pity. That is what you have done — or wished to do, it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it — and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself; I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of a man. But you also, you love me; you love me, unfortunate, and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah, what have you done with mine? But it is yours; I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it — it is untouched. I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor, I swear to you that if I die, you will weep for me; that if I live, never, — adored as you are — were you on your knees before me — never will I marry you till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles — it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window; I sprung upon the upper step. For I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness. As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks growing

in the moat reached the level of the window. With the aid of my bent riding-whip, I drew toward me the extremity of the nearest branches; I seized them on a venture, and leaped into space; I heard above my head my name, "Maximilian!" uttered suddenly, with a distracted cry. The branches to which I was clinging bent with their whole length toward the abyss; then there was a crashing sound; the tree broke under my weight, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The muddy nature of the earth lessened the violence of the shock, for though I was wounded, I was not killed. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the tower, and I suffered such sharp pain in it that I fainted. I was roused by Marguerite's frightened voice:—"Maximilian! Maximilian! For pity's sake! In the name of the good God, speak to me! Forgive me!"

I rose, I saw her in the opening of the window in the full moonlight, with her head bare, her hair disheveled, her hand grasping the arm of the cross, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon the ground below.

"Fear nothing," said I to her. "I am not hurt. Only be patient for an hour or two. Give me time to go to the château; it is the surest. Be certain that I will keep your secret—that I will save your honor as I have saved mine."

I scrambled out of the moat with difficulty, and went to mount my horse. I suspended my left arm, which was wholly useless and very painful, with my handkerchief. Thanks to the light of the moon, I easily found my way back, and an hour later I reached the château. I was told Dr. Desmarests was in the saloon. I went in at once, and found there some dozen persons, whose countenances wore an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"Doctor," said I gayly, on entering, "my horse took fright at his own shadow and threw me on the road, and I am afraid my left arm is sprained. Will you see it?"

"How, sprained!" said M. Desmarests, after unfastening the handkerchief. "Your arm is broken, my poor boy."

Madame Laroque gave a little cry, and approached me. "This is, then, a night of misfortune," said she.

I feigned surprise. "What else has happened?" I cried.

"Mon Dieu! I fear some accident has happened to my daughter. She went out on horseback at three o'clock, and it is now eight, and she has not yet returned."

« Mademoiselle Marguerite? Why, I saw her — »

« How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother. »

« I saw her about five o'clock, on the road. We met. She told me she thought of riding as far as the Tower of Elven. »

« The Tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given. »

M. de Bévallan at once ordered horses to be brought out. I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Dr. Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to await there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the Tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mademoiselle Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque herself. I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

I have passed the night in repeating, with the most fatiguing perseverance, and with the oddest complications of fever and dreams, my dangerous leap from the old tower window. I cannot become accustomed to it. At each instant the sensation of falling through space rises to my throat, and I awake — breathless.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE

(1762–1814)

BY EDWARD FRANKLIN BUCHNER

ON THE 18th of August, 1791, a manuscript work entitled 'An Attempt at a Critique of all Revelation' was laid before Immanuel Kant by a young man twenty-nine years of age, Johann Gottlieb Fichte. This irresistible letter of introduction, composed by Fichte in four weeks, turned his life of effort and failure into the channel it had been vainly seeking, and thus profoundly modified the intellectual and political development of Western Europe in the nineteenth century.

The early childhood of Fichte, who was a descendant of a Swedish soldier of the army of Gustavus Adolphus, left by the fortunes of war within the bounds of Saxony, was passed in herding geese and in a reverie, looking into vacancy. Born at Rammenau in Upper Lusatia, on May 19th, 1762, as the son of a weaver, he was by accident removed from the bondage of parental poverty and transferred to the favor of a wealthy patron, thereby receiving the benefits of the celebrated seminary at Schulpforte. He entered the University of Jena at the age of eighteen, and pursued the study of theology for three years. His passion for influencing men was checked by poverty, whose buffetings he endured seven years longer. The outcome of a last short tutorship at Warsaw paved the way for a visit to the aged sage at Königsberg. Kant's initial coolness to the young stranger soon gave place to a genial influence. It secured a publisher for the above-mentioned essay. Appearing in 1792, the work placed its anonymous author, when he became known, in the first rank of philosophical thinkers. The blind alley Fichte had been treading for years suddenly opened into a broad highway. Some months after his marriage, Fichte began in May 1794 a pronounced career as a professor at Jena. In the few succeeding years he displayed keen, prolific literary qualities, and rapidly brought to its first maturity one of the world's greatest systems of reflective thinking.

JOHANN G. FICHTE

By the darling wish of his mother, Fichte was destined for the ministry; but the fate of his young manhood closed the way to the pulpit after his uncompleted theological studies. He came in touch with his age through the vocation of an educator. His career as a teacher may be divided into four periods. He was a bold pedagogue, as a tutor, in various places and in connection with diverse topics from 1784 to 1793; often lecturing to parents at the end of each week on the faults they committed in training their children. At Jena he began the career of an ideal university educator, handling the most abtruse themes in a lucid manner, and winning ardent disciples. His literary activity during these years matured his exposition and defense of philosophical science. These are contained in 'Foundations of the Whole Theory of Science' (1794), 'Introductions to the Theory of Science' (1797), and a 'System of Ethics' (1798),—his masterpieces of this period. His unique and somewhat stormy term of usefulness, which brought forth the Sunday lectures to the student body, contained in the elevating 'Vocation of the Scholar,' was cut short in 1799 by an accusation of atheism from the Saxon government. The keen metaphysician was incapable of receiving and of adroitly handling the delicate charge; and an acceptance by the Saxe-Weimar court of a resignation threatened by his intense, unpractical nature, left Fichte an «atheist» outcast. The Prussian government alone did not confiscate the journal in which his views were published, and he entered Berlin, whose gates extended a welcome to the ablest expounder of the Kantian philosophy. He here continued his lecturing and literary activities, except in the summer of 1805, when he taught in the University at Erlangen.

'The Vocation of Man' (1800) and 'The Way to a Blessed Life' (1805–6) are the most important works of the Berlin period, and indicate the ethical and religious directions taken by his reflections. The fortunes of war in 1806 drove him and his King out of Germany for safety. The return in 1807 placed him in the midst of the dangers of a foreign occupancy in the Prussian capital. The bravery of the heroic teacher appeared in his public demand that the national losses should be recovered by education. He became one of the organizers of a new university in Berlin in 1809, its rector for two years, and one of its most distinguished professors until his death in 1814. His educational career closed with attention to public and practical affairs, as it had begun with the theoretical foundations of life.

In Fichte the usual order of an impersonal system of thought is reversed. His philosophy is nothing apart from his own life. Both radiated from self-activity and crystallized in it. Externally regarded, his character was impetuous, selfish, —in short, that of a supreme ruler, often bringing him into stormy conflict with his friends and

associates. So too his metaphysical speculations incrusted themselves in harsh egoistic forms, and were defended by the heavy artillery of German logic. But within the man there was a spirit of docility and reverence, and within the system a throbbing heart. What the French Revolution was in theory and blood, that was Fichte in thought and practice — an apotheosis of the human will. His structures were erected from within. This unyielding independence and moral integrity were his earliest traits. A story is told that he threw his first story-book into a brook because it unduly attracted his attention from his studies, and buried his pain at its loss under an unmurmuring sense of right.

Fichte's first intellectual conclusion was in favor of determinism. He became entrapped in the web of cause and effect, from which his acquaintance with the Kantian philosophy soon released him. He entertained, with enthusiasm, a belief in man's freedom, and resolved to give his energies to an extension of Kant's teachings. He moved onward in a direction all his own, and soared into an abstruse realm, searching for that great principle which should unify both knowledge and conduct. In this way he perfected the results of the Kantian thought which were disconnected. The principle became the "ego." All the standards of truth and virtue he found in the secrets of personal consciousness. All the contrarieties contained in experience, such as objects and thought, knowledge and volitions, were removed by deducing them strictly and logically from the activities of one and the same "ego." This "ego" does not exist before it puts forth activity, but its being arises in its doing. All the forms of intelligence and of the world were derived from this primal principle. These exist in order that we may do our duty. Action is the mark and end of our existence. In order to act, and that duty may triumph over external and internal nature, the will must be free. This one principle of freedom as activity and activity as freedom, in the light of absolute reason, ran through his life, both theoretical and practical, in such a manner as to make him "the doughtiest man that ever lived." His method and thinking are a climax. There have never been any Fichteans.

The stately solitariness of Fichte the philosopher stands in bold contrast with Fichte the national hero of Germany. A philosopher never goes to war, and seldom becomes involved in the administration of practical affairs. Fichte's hardened and dignified spirit, however, was touched at the sight of his country's humiliation in the hands of the French conqueror. In 1804 he presented, in a series of public lectures appearing under the title 'Characteristics of the Present Age,' a terrible arraignment of the degenerate movements of his time, from the standpoint of pure reason. In the third winter

following came the inspiring balm to all smarting wounds in the famous Sunday evening 'Addresses to the German Nation.' Such stirring language had not been spoken to the people since the thunders of Luther. French spies, wearing dull ears within the lecture-room, and hostile troops, noisily tramping without, never suspected the glowing patriotism for the Fatherland which lay concealed in the utterances of the hero. To have delivered those 'Addresses' within French ear-shot was a work of the highest heroism. The prophet of German unity burst forth with the fire of thoughtful eloquence, and roused his morally dead age to an activity which hurled back the Napoleonic achievements into the victor's teeth. The effects of these discourses are visible to-day in Germany's better system of education, which grew out of Fichte's recommendation. Again, in 1813, Fichte wished to accompany the soldiers and encourage them by his oratory in the camp — a desire denied a second time by his King. The solitary thinker of 1795 descended from his transcendental pedestal and gave himself to public affairs. He ended his life on the 27th of January, 1814, stricken by a fever contracted from devotion to his noble wife, who had become infected with disease in her charitable attendance upon the wounded soldiers in the Berlin hospitals.

Fichte's fame rests not a little on his eloquent service to a nation bowed down in defeat. He must be reckoned among those who effected the moral and religious regeneration of a people. He labored with both intellect and heart to bring about a morality purer than that which flourished on the stalk of selfish and debased sentiments. His age had reached, in his eyes, the condition of «completed sinfulness.» He deviated from historical Christianity in his exposition of religion, but never forsook the qualities of the human spirit as manifested in its cravings for a life of happiness bound up with the Infinite mind. He called loudly to humanity to work out its great destiny in the light of freedom and in a consciousness of growing perfection. In this way the strong character of an ideal educator, a profound philosopher, a fiery patriot, and a lucid, prolific writer wrought itself into the making of a foremost nation of modern times, leaving to the world a heritage the result of deep insight, noble feeling, and strenuous effort. Another thought-master had lived among men.

Edward F. Buchner

PERORATION OF THE 'ADDRESSES TO THE GERMAN NATION'

IN THESE addresses the memory of your forefathers speaks to you. Think that with my voice there are mingled the voices of your ancestors from the far-off ages of gray antiquity, of those who stemmed with their own bodies the tide of Roman domination over the world, who vindicated with their own blood the independence of those mountains, plains, and streams which under you have been suffered to fall a prey to the stranger. They call to you:—"Take ye our place; hand down our memory to future ages, honorable and spotless as it has come down to you, as you have gloried in it and in your descent from us. Hitherto our struggle has been deemed noble, great, and wise; we have been looked upon as the consecrated and inspired ones of a divine world-plan. Should our race perish with you, then will our honor be changed into dishonor, our wisdom into folly. For if Germany were ever to be subdued to the Empire, then had it been better to have fallen before the ancient Romans than before their modern descendants. We withstood those and triumphed; these have scattered you like chaff before them. But as matters now are with you, seek not to conquer with bodily weapons, but stand firm and erect before them in spiritual dignity. Yours is the greater destiny,—to found an empire of mind and reason; to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world. Do this, and ye shall be worthy of your descent from us."

With these voices mingle the spirits of your later fathers, of those who fell in the second struggle for freedom of religion and of faith. "Save our honor too," they call. "To us it had not become wholly clear what we fought for; besides our just determination to suffer no outward power to control us in matters of conscience, we were also impelled by a higher spirit, which never wholly unveiled itself to our view. To you this spirit is no longer veiled, if you have vision for the spiritual world;—it now regards you with high clear aspect. The confused and intricate mixture of sensuous and spiritual impulses shall no longer be permitted to govern the world. Mind alone, pure from all admixture of sense, shall assume the guidance of human affairs. In order that this spirit should have liberty to develop itself, and rise to independent existence, our blood was shed. It lies with you to give a meaning and a justification to the sacrifice, by

establishing this spirit in its destined supremacy. Should this result not ensue, as the ultimate end of all the previous development of our nation, then were our struggles but a vain and forgotten farce, and the freedom of mind and conscience for which we fought an empty word, since neither mind nor conscience should any longer have a place among us."

The races yet unborn plead with you. "Ye were proud of your forefathers," they cry, "and proudly ranked yourselves in a noble line of men. See that with you the chain is not broken. Act so that we also may be proud of you; and through you, as through a spotless medium, claim our descent from the same glorious source. Be not you the cause of making us revile our ancestry as low, barbarous, and slavish; of causing us to hide our origin or to assume a foreign name and a foreign parentage, in order that we may not be, without further inquiry, cast aside and trodden under foot. According as the next generation which proceed from you shall be, so shall be your future fame: honorable, if this shall bear honorable witness to you; beyond measure ignominious, if ye have not an unblemished posterity to succeed you, and leave it to your conqueror to write your history. Never has a victor been known to have either the inclination or the means of passing a just judgment on the subdued. The more he degrades them, the better does he justify his own position. Who can know what great deeds, what excellent institutions, what noble manners of many nations of antiquity may have passed away into oblivion, because their succeeding generations have been enslaved, and have left the conqueror in his own way and without contradiction to tell their story?"

Even the stranger in foreign lands pleads with you, in so far as he understands himself, and knows aright his own interest. Yes! there are in every nation minds who can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a kingdom of law, of reason, of truth, are vain and idle delusions, and who therefore cherish the conviction that the present iron age is but a step towards a better state. These, and with them all the after-ages of humanity, trust in you. Many of them trace their lineage from us; others have received from us religion and all other culture. Those plead with us by the common soil of our Fatherland, the cradle of their infancy, which they have left to us free; these, by the culture which they have accepted from us as

the pledge of a higher good,—to maintain for their sakes the proud position which has hitherto been ours, to guard with jealous watchfulness against even the possible disappearance from the great confederation of a newly arisen humanity of that member which is to them more important than all others; or that when they shall need our counsel, our example, our co-operation in the pursuit and attainment of the true end of this earthly life, they shall not look around for us in vain.

All ages,—all the wise and good who have ever breathed the air of this world of ours, all their thoughts and aspirations towards a higher good,—mingle with these voices and encompass you about and raise suppliant hands towards you; Providence itself, if we may venture so to speak, and the Divine plan in the creation of a human race,—which indeed exists only that it may be understood of men, and by men be wrought into reality,—plead with you to save their honor and their existence. Whether those who have believed that humanity must ever advance in a course of ceaseless improvement, and that the great ideas of its order and worth were not empty dreams but the prophetic announcement and pledge of their future realization;—whether those, or they who have slumbered on in the sluggish indolence of a mere vegetable or animal existence, and mocked every aspiration towards a higher world, have had the right,—this is the question upon which it has fallen to your lot to furnish a last and decisive answer. The ancient world, with all its nobility and greatness, has fallen—through its own unworthiness and through the might of your forefathers. If there has been truth in that which I have spoken to you in these addresses, then it is you to whom, out of all other modern nations, the germs of human perfection are especially committed, and on whom the foremost place in the onward advance towards their development is conferred. If you sink to nothing in this your peculiar office, then with you the hopes of humanity for salvation out of all its evils are likewise overthrown. Hope not, console not yourselves with the vain delusion that a second time, after the destruction of an ancient civilization, a new culture will arise upon the ruins of the old from a half-barbaric people. In ancient times such a people existed, fully provided with all the requisites for their mission; they were well known to the cultivated nation, and were described in its literature; and that nation itself, had it been able to suppose the case of its own downfall, might have

discovered the means of renovation in this people. To us also the whole surface of the earth is well known, and all the nations who dwell upon it. Do we know one of all the ancestral tribes of modern Europe, of whom like hopes may be entertained? I think that every man who does not give himself up to visionary hopes and fancies, but desires only honest and searching inquiry, must answer this question, No! There is then no way of escape: if ye sink, humanity sinks with you, without hope of future restoration.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGE

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

In so far as this age admits the possibility of some of the knowledge which lies beyond the confines of the mere science of the physical world, although it does so in a somewhat inconsequential manner, and only because such things are also present in experience, and on account of such experience are taught in the schools, it becomes its highest wisdom to doubt of everything, and in no matter to take a part either on the one side or the other. In this neutrality, this immovable impartiality, this incorruptible indifference to all truth, it places its most excellent and perfect wisdom; and the charge of having a system appears to it as a disgrace by which the reputation of a man is irretrievably destroyed. Such scientific cobwebs are only devised in order that young people of the lower classes, who have no opportunity of seeing the great world, may by amusing themselves with them develop their capacities for active life. For this purpose every opinion and every proposition, affirmative as well as negative, are equally available; and it is a contemptible blunder to mistake jest for earnest, and to interest oneself for any side of such a controversy as if it were something of importance.

With respect to the influence which it exerts upon Nature and its employment of her powers and products, such an age looks everywhere only to the immediately and materially *useful*, — to that, namely, which is serviceable for dwelling, clothing, and food, to cheapness, convenience, and — where it attains its highest point — to fashion; but that higher dominion over Nature, whereby the majestic image of man as a race is stamped upon its opposing forces, — I mean the dominion of ideas, in which the

essential nature of fine arts consists,— this is wholly unknown to such an age; and even when the occasional appearance of men of more spiritual nature may remind it of this higher sovereignty, it only laughs at such aspirations as mere visionary extravagance; and thus art itself, reduced to its most mechanical forms, is degraded into a new vehicle of fashion, the instrument of a capricious luxury, alien to the eternities of the ideal world. With respect to the legislative constitution of States and the government of nations, such an age either — impelled by its hatred to the old — constructs political fabrics upon the most airy and unsubstantial abstractions, and attempts to govern degenerate men by means of high-sounding phrases without the aid of firm and inflexible power; or restrained by its idol experience, it hastens, on every emergency whether of great or small importance,— being convinced beforehand of its own utter inability to determine upon a course of action for itself,— to consult the chronicles of the past, to read there how others have formerly acted under similar circumstances; and takes from thence the law of its own conduct.

MORALITY AND RELIGION

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

Let us consider the highest which man can possess in the absence of religion; I mean, *pure morality*. He obeys the law of duty in his breast, absolutely because it is a law unto him; and he does whatever reveals itself as his duty, absolutely because it is duty. But does he therein understand himself? does he know what this duty, to which at every moment he consecrates his whole existence, really is in itself, and what is its ultimate aim? So little does he know this, that he declares loudly it *ought* to be so, absolutely *because* it ought; and makes this very impossibility of comprehending and understanding the law,— this absolute abstraction from the meaning of the law, and the consequences of the deed,— a characteristic mark of genuine obedience. In the first place, let not the impudent assertion be here repeated, that such an obedience, without regard to consequences and without desire for consequences, is in itself impossible, and opposed to human nature. What does the mere sensuous egoist, who is himself but a half-man, what does he know of the power of human nature? That it is possible, can

be known only by its actual accomplishment in ourselves; and before its possibility is recognized in this way, and man has elevated himself in his own person to pure morality, he can have no entrance whatever into the domain of true religion; for religion also annexes no visible consequences to individual acts of duty. So much for the refutation of that portion of error which arises from the calumnious slander of pure morality.

Again, he who faithfully obeys the law of duty, as such, does not understand the ultimate aim of this law. It is clear — since he, notwithstanding this ignorance, maintains an unvarying and unconditional obedience; since, further, the law of duty, although not understood, speaks forth constantly and invariably within him — that this want of comprehension causes no difference in his actions; but it is another question whether such a want of comprehension is consistent with his dignity as a rational being. He indeed no longer follows the concealed law of the universe, nor the blind impulses of nature, but a conception; and in doing so he acts, thus far, a nobler part. But this conception itself is not clear to him, and with reference to it he himself is blind; his obedience therefore remains but a blind obedience; and — by a noble instinct indeed, but still with bandaged eyes — he is led on to his destiny. But if this position be inconsistent with the dignity of reason, as it unquestionably is, and if there lie in reason itself a power, and therefore an impulse, to penetrate to the meaning of the law of duty, then will this impulse be a source of constant disturbance and dissatisfaction to him; and if he still continue to hold by blind obedience, he will have no other course than to harden himself against this secret desire. However perfect may be his conduct,— that is, his outward and apparent existence — there is still at the root of his inward being, discord, obscurity, and bondage, and therefore a want of absolute dignity. Such is the position even of the purely moral man, when regarded by the light of religion. How displeasing, then, as seen by this light, must be his condition who has not even attained to true morality, but as yet only follows the impulses of nature! He too is guided by the eternal law of the universe; but to him it neither speaks in his own language, nor honors him with speech at all, but leads him on with dumb compulsion, as it does the plant or the animal; employs him like an unreasoning thing, without consulting his own will in aught, and in a region where mere mechanism is the only moving power.

Religion discloses to man the significance of the one eternal law, which as the law of duty guides the free and noble and as the law of nature governs ignoble instruments. The religious man comprehends this law, and feels it living within himself, as the law of the eternal development of the one life. How each individual moment of our earthly life is comprehended in that eternal development of the one original Divine life, he cannot indeed understand, because the Infinite has no limit, and therefore can never be embraced by him; but that every one of these moments does absolutely lie contained within this development of the one life, he can directly perceive and clearly recognize. What was the law of duty to the moral man, is to him the *inward* progression of the one Life, which directly reveals itself as life; what is the law of nature to others, is to him the development of the *outward*, and apparently inanimate, manifestation of that one Life.

This one clearly recognized life now becomes throughly established in the religious man, reposing upon itself, sufficient for itself, and blessed in itself; dwelling there with unspeakable love; with inconceivable rapture bathing his whole being in the original Fountain of all life, and flowing forth with him, and inseparable from him, in one eternal stream. What the moral man calls duty and law — what is this to him? The most spiritual bloom of life; his element, in which alone he can breathe. He wills and can do nothing else than this; all else is to him misery and death. To him the commanding "Thou shalt" comes too late; before it can command, he has already resolved, and cannot resolve otherwise. As all external law vanishes before morality, so before religion the internal law also disappears; the lawgiver in our breast is silent, for will, desire, love, and blessedness have already superseded the law. The moral man often finds it difficult to perform his duty; the sacrifice of his deepest desires and his most cherished feelings is demanded of him. He performs it notwithstanding; it *must* be done: he subdues his feelings and stifles his agony. The question: Wherefore is there need of this suffering, and whence arises this disunion between the desires which have been implanted in him, and the commands of a law from which he cannot escape? — this question he dares not permit himself to entertain; he must offer himself up with mute and blind obedience, for only under the condition of such obedience is the offering genuine. For the religious man this question has been once

and forever solved. That which thus strives against our will, and which cannot be crushed into nothingness, is imperfect life; which even because it is life struggles for continued existence, but must cease to be as soon as its place is occupied by a higher and nobler life. "Those desires which I must sacrifice," thinks the religious man, "are not my desires, but they are desires which are directed against me and my higher existence; they are my foes, which cannot be destroyed too soon. The pain which they cause is not my pain, but the pain of a nature which has conspired against me; it is not the agonies of death, but the pangs of a new birth, which will be glorious beyond all my expectations."

ELEVATING POWER OF RELIGION

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

Religion elevates him who is devoted to her service above time as such, above the transient and the perishable, and puts him in immediate possession of eternity. On the one original Divine life his eye reposes; there his love is rooted; whatever meets his view and seems to be beyond this one original life, is not beyond it but within it, and is merely a temporary form of its development according to an absolute law which likewise lies within itself; he sees all things only in and through this one original life, and in this life he sees the whole infinite universe of being. His view is thus always the view of the eternal, and what he sees, he sees as eternal and in the eternal: nothing can truly *be* which is not, even on that very account, *eternal*. Every fear of perishing in death, and every effort to discover an artificial proof of the immortality of the soul, lies far beneath him. In every moment of his existence he has immediate possession of the eternal life with all its blessedness; and he needs no argument or inference to prove the truth of that which he possesses in ever-present feeling and consciousness. There is no more striking proof that the knowledge of the true religion has hitherto been very rare among men, and that in particular it is a stranger in the prevailing systems, than this: that they universally place eternal blessedness beyond the grave, and never for a moment imagine that whoever will, may here and at once be blessed.

SPIRITUAL LIGHT AND TRUTH

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

Has the light of religion arisen within us? Then it not only dispels the previous darkness, but it has also had a true and essential existence within us, even while it could not dispel this darkness; now it spreads itself forth until it embraces our whole world, and thus becomes the source of new life. In the beginning of these lectures we have traced everything great and noble in man to this,—that he lose sight of his own personal existence in the life of the race; devote his own life to the purposes of the race; labor, endure, suffer, and if need be die, as a sacrifice to the race. In this view it was always deeds, always that which could manifest itself in outward and visible appearance, to which we looked. In this way it was necessary for us to open our communication with the age. Now, ennobled by our progress from this point of view, as I foretold, we use this language no longer. The one thing truly noble in man, the highest form of the one idea which reveals itself within him, is religion: but religion is nothing external, and never clothes itself in any outward manifestation, but it completes the inward life of man; it is spiritual light and truth. The true course of action is now discovered of itself, for truth cannot act otherwise than according to truth; but this true course of action is no longer a sacrifice, no longer demands suffering and endurance, but is itself the manifestation and effluence of the highest inward blessedness. He who, although with reluctance and in conflict with internal darkness, yet acts according to truth, let him be admired, and let his heroism be extolled: he upon whom this inward light has arisen has outgrown our admiration and our praise; there is no longer any doubt, hesitation, or obstruction in his being, but all is the one clear, ever-flowing fountain of truth.

Formerly we expressed ourselves in the following language:—"As when the breath of spring enlivens the air, the strong and fixed ice which but a few moments before imprisoned each atom within its own limits, and shut up each neighboring atom in similar isolation, now no longer holds nature in its rigid bondage, but flows forth in one free, animated, and glowing flood,—so does the spirit world ever flow at the breath of love, and is and abides in eternal communion with the mighty whole." Let us

now add:—"This atmosphere of the spirit world, this creating and combining element, is light—this originally; warmth, if it do not again exhale, but bear within itself an element of duration, is but the first manifestation of this light. In the darkness of mere earthly vision, all things stand divided from each other; each individual thing isolated by means of the cold and unillumined matter in which it is embraced. But in this darkness there is no unity. The light of religion arises!—and all things burst forth and rush towards each other in reciprocal order and dependence, and float on together as a united whole in the one eternal and all-embracing flood of light.

This light is mild, silent, refreshing, and wholesome to the eye. In the twilight of mere earthly vision the dim shapes which crowd in confusion around us are feared, and therefore hated. In the light of religion all things are pleasing, and shed around them calmness and peace. In it all unlovely shapes disappear, and all things float in the glowing ether of love. Not that man devotes himself to the high will of fate, which is unchangeable and unavoidable; in religion there is no fate, but only wisdom and goodness, to which man is not compelled to resign himself, but which embrace him with infinite love. In these contemplations in which we have been engaged, this joyful and friendly view ought to have spread itself over our own age, and over the whole earthly life of our race. The more closely this mild influence has embraced us, the deeper it has penetrated all our thoughts and aspirations,—in a word, the more we have attained to peace with the whole world, and joyful sympathy with every form of existence, the more sure may we be and the more confidently may we affirm, that our previous contemplations have belonged not to vacant but to true time.

EUGENE FIELD

(1850–1895)

EUGENE FIELD was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2d or 3d, 1850. He was of New England ancestry, and spent his early years in Massachusetts. "While he gloried in the West," wrote one of his biographers, "and remained loyal to the section which gave him birth and in which he chose to cast his lot, he was not less proud of his New England blood, and not the less conscious of his New England training." He studied at Williams and Knox Colleges, and at the University of Michigan, and after his graduation in 1871 he traveled in Europe.

EUGENE FIELD

Returning to St. Louis he became engaged in journalism, and was connected with various newspapers in St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver, until he finally settled in Chicago. Through his tales and poems he acquired popularity, and in addition to his labors as a journalist and poet he became a favorite lecturer. Of his love of curios his brother says:—

"For years he had been an indefatigable collector, and he took a boyish pleasure not only in his souvenirs of long journeys and distinguished men and women, but in the queer toys and trinkets of children, which seemed to give him inspiration for much that was effective in childhood verse. To the careless observer the immense array of weird dolls and absurd toys in his working-room meant little more than an idiosyncratic passion for the anomalous, but those who were near to him knew what a connecting link they were between him and little children, of whom he wrote, and how each trumpet and drum, each 'spinster doll,' each little toy dog, each little tin soldier, played its part in the poems he sent out into the world."

He was extremely fond of children, and some of his best poetry was written on themes that interest childhood. His numerous lullabies have been set to music by several American composers. He was a devoted student of Horace, from whom he made many translations. Some of these are included in 'Echoes from a Sabine Farm,'

which he wrote with his brother, Roswell Martin Field, and which was published soon after his death, which took place in Chicago, November 4th, 1895. His last books were 'My House' and 'The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac,' a series of essays on literary subjects, interspersed with short poems. His other publications include: 'A Little Book of Western Verse'; 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales'; 'Love Songs of Childhood'; 'A Second Book of Verse'; and 'The Holy Cross and Other Tales,' the initial story of which has for its theme the death of the Wandering Jew upon the mountain of the Holy Cross. A complete edition of Field's works (10 vols., New York, 1896) is enriched with critical and personal estimates of the man and the writer by Joel Chandler Harris, Julian Hawthorne, E. E. Hale, Francis Wilson, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Stedman says:—

«Of all moderns, then, here or in the old world, Eugene Field seems to be most like the survival or revival of the ideal jester of knightly times; as if Yorick himself were incarnated, or as if a superior bearer of the bauble at the court of Italy, or France, or of the English King Hal, had come to life again,—as much out of time as Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur; but not out of place, for he fitted himself as aptly to his folk and region as Puck to the fays and mortals of a wood near Athens. . . . To come to the jesters of history,—which is so much less real than fiction,—what laurels are greener than those of Triboulet, and Will Somers, and John Heywood, dramatist and master of the King's merry interludes? Their shafts were feathered with mirth and song but pointed with wisdom; and well might old John Trussell say:—'It often happens that wise counsel is more sweetly followed when it is tempered with folly, and earnest is the less offensive if it be delivered in jest.' Yes, Field 'caught on' to his time,—a complex American, with the obstreperous *bizarrerie* of the frontier and the artistic delicacy of our oldest culture always at odds with him; but he was above all a child of nature, a frolic incarnate, and just as he would have been in any time or country. Fortune had given him that unforgettable mummer's face, that clean-cut, mobile visage, that animated natural mask. No one else had so deep and rich a voice for the reading of the music and pathos of a poet's lines; and no actor ever managed both face and voice better than he in delivering his own verses, merry or sad.»

TO THE PASSING SAINT

CHRISTMAS

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AS TO-NIGHT you came your way,
Bearing earthward heavenly joy,
Tell me, O dear saint, I pray,
Did you see my little boy?

By some fairer voice beguiled,
Once he wandered from my sight;
He is such a little child,
He should have my love this night.

It has been so many a year,—
Oh, so many a year since then!
Yet he was so very dear;
Surely he will come again.

If upon your way you see
One whose beauty is divine,
Will you send him back to me?
He is lost, and he is mine.

Tell him that his little chair
Nestles where the sunbeams meet;
That the shoes he used to wear
Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet;

Tell him of each pretty toy
That was wont to share his glee;
Maybe that will bring my boy
Back to them, and back to me.

O dear saint, as on you go
Through the glad and sparkling frost,
Bid those bells ring high and low
For a little child that's lost!

O dear saint, that blessest men
With the grace of Christmas joy,
Soothe this heart with love again,—
Give me back my little boy!

DUTCH LULLABY

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WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed, and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

IPSWICH

From 'A Second Book of Verse': copyright 1892, by Julia Sutherland Field. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York

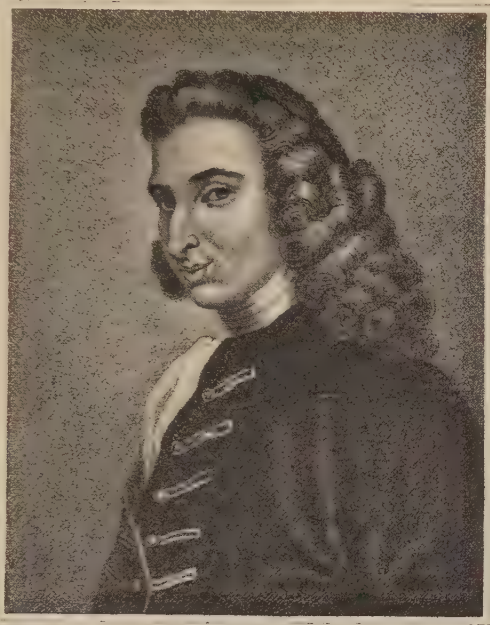
In Ipswich, nights are cool and fair,
And the voice that comes from the yonder sea
Sings to the quaint old mansions there
Of "the time, the time that used to be";
And the quaint old mansions rock and groan,
And they seem to say in an undertone,
With half a sigh and with half a moan:—
"It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich, witches weave at night
Their magic spells with impish glee,
They shriek and laugh in their demon flight
From the old Main House to the frightened sea.
And ghosts of eld come out to weep
Over the town that is fast asleep;
And they sob and they wail, as on they creep:—
"It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich riseth Heart-Break Hill,
Over against the calling sea;
And through the nights so deep and chill
Watcheth a maiden constantly,—
Watcheth alone, nor seems to hear
Over the roar of the waves anear
The pitiful cry of a far-off year:—
"It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich once a witch I knew,—
An artless Saxon witch was she;
By that flaxen hair and those eyes of blue,
Sweet was the spell she cast on me.
Alas! but the years have wrought me ill,
And the heart that is old and battered and chill
Seeketh again on Heart-Break Hill
What was, but never again can be.

Dear Anna, I would not conjure down
The ghost that cometh to solace me;
I love to think of old Ipswich town,
Where somewhat better than friends were we;
For with every thought of the dear old place
Cometh again the tender grace
Of a Saxon witch's pretty face,
As it was, and is, and ever shall be.



HENRY FIELDING

HENRY FIELDING

(1707–1754)

BY LESLIE STEPHEN

AM," says Fielding incidentally, in his most famous novel, "the founder of a new province of writing." The claim, though bold, is certainly not groundless. The English novel, as we know it, has in the main been developed upon the lines laid down by Fielding. It is true that Fielding, like every leader of a new literary dynasty, inherited much from earlier rulers. He looked back with reverence to Cervantes; and critics have shown that he was influenced by Le Sage, and more distinctly by Marivaux. In English literature, Defoe and Richardson in some respects anticipated him; but with differences which show his originality. 'Robinson Crusoe' is simply a narrative of facts, though the facts did not happen to take place. The author expects us to be interested in a strange series of adventures, and is not consciously aiming at the portrayal of life and character. Richardson, on the contrary, began by composing edifying moral epistles, into which a story was introduced by way of connecting thread. To his own mind the didactic element always represented the ultimate aim; though his readers become a good deal more interested in Clarissa than in the moral which she was intended to point.

But Fielding — as he again tells us — means deliberately to describe "human nature." Like Shakespeare before him or Scott after him, he is to set before us impartially the world as it presented itself to him; to give us living and moving types of the real human beings whom he had seen acting under the ordinary conditions of contemporary society. The novel, thus understood, has grown and flourished and taken many different forms. We wonder at times what our ancestors did to amuse themselves in the days before it was invented. Contemporary moralists denounced the habit of frivolous reading as they do now. What was the seduction to which these frivolous readers yielded? They had novels in the old sense of the word, stories such as had been once told by Boccaccio and had lately been furbished up by Mrs. Behn. Or they might seek for more prolonged enjoyment in the voluminous romances of the 'Grand Cyrus' kind, which, hopelessly unreadable as they appear to us, were still intensely fascinating to many readers; to Fielding's cousin Lady Mary Wortley

Montagu, for example, and to his contemporary Dr. Johnson. And then, of course, the drama formed a larger proportion of light reading than at present. But the comedy of the time to which they were principally confined, brilliant as some of it is, shows but a very limited aspect of human life. It introduced them to a smart game of intrigue played by fine ladies and gentlemen, always clearly before the footlights. The novel, with its flexibility, its freedom from all external restrictions, enables us to enjoy to the full the pleasure — obviously one of the greatest of pleasures — of steadily contemplating ourselves. We do not see the characters by a single flash, as they appear in some ingenious entanglement of affairs, but watch their growth and development, their conduct through a whole series of events, share their friendships and enmities, and are not prevented from following them by the necessities of scenical representation. Fielding showed his genius by perceiving the capabilities of the still crude form of art, and he turned them to account in some directions with a success scarcely surpassed.

Fielding explains his own theory of the art in some of those running commentaries in which some critics think — though I do not — that he indulged too freely. He aspired, as he tells us, to set forth human nature. Naturally it had to be the human nature of his own day, and of his own day in England; and a brief summary of his life will show what that implies. Fielding's father was a soldier and ultimately a general; but though connected with various great people, he seems to have been always impecunious. Fielding, born April 22d, 1707, at Sharpham near Glastonbury, was sent to Eton, where he was the contemporary of the elder Pitt, of Lyttelton, and of many men who afterwards played a conspicuous part in the great game of politics. Fielding, however, on leaving school had to leave the arena in which a long purse was then essential. His father had married a second time, and was burthened with a second family. Though he made an allowance of £200 a year to Henry, it was an allowance, said the son, which "anybody might pay who would." Untroubled by such considerations, he made love to a rich young lady, and even put the young lady's guardian in fear of his life. Perhaps this performance accounts for his being packed off to Leyden to study law. Studying law, however, was not so much to his taste as writing plays; and his first performance was acted when he was just of age. Leyden and the law were soon deserted, and Fielding plunged into the pleasures of a town life in London. He was six feet high, strong and active, with enormous capacity for enjoyment and not over-delicate in his tastes. Vigorous appetites and a narrow allowance made some provision of ways and means essential. He had to choose, said his cousin Lady Mary, between the trades of a hackney

coachman and a hackney author. The profession of author was just coming into distinct existence; and the struggles and hardships of the career have been commemorated by the best known authors of the day.

Fielding belonged by birth to the social class which looked down upon the hack author. Happily for itself, as Chesterfield remarked, it had a more solid support than was to be found in its brains. Fielding too had received a classical education, a fact which he is a little too fond of indicating by allusions in his works. Play-writing was the most gentlemanlike part of the profession, and therefore the most attractive to the young man. The comedy presupposed some familiarity with good society. Congreve, Addison, Steele, and many others condescended to write plays, though they were also admitted to the highest circles. Moreover, a successful play was more remunerative than any other form of literary work. Gay had made a little fortune by 'The Beggar's Opera.' Fielding naturally followed such examples with some gleams of success. It is indeed needless for any one to read his performances now. He is, generally speaking, in an artificial note, aping Congreve or adapting Molière. In 'Tom Thumb,' indeed,—a jovial burlesque, full of nonsense and high spirit and broad satire,—we see unmistakably the genuine Fielding. It gave one of the only two pretexts, we are told, upon which Swift ever indulged in a laugh.

The comedies may be kindly consigned to oblivion. There was much else that Fielding would gladly have forgotten, in the part of his life which most impressed his biographers. The reckless, jovial rake, with pockets overflowing one day and empty the next, with a velvet coat sometimes on his back and sometimes in pawn, sometimes admitted to the drawing-room of Lady Mary and then carousing with boon companions in a tavern, or eclipsed for a period in the sponging-house,—is the Fielding of this period, and has been taken as the only Fielding. The scanty anecdotes which remain have stamped the impression upon later readers. We are presented to Fielding in the green-room, drinking champagne and chewing tobacco. A friend has warned him that a passage in his play will offend the audience. "Damn them!" he had replied, "let them find that out!" The friend now reports that the audience are hissing. "Damn them!" he exclaims, "they have found it out, have they?" The hisses, however, as we happen to know, affected him a good deal. Then we are told how Fielding emptied his pockets into those of a poorer friend; and when the tax-gatherer came, said, "Friendship has called for the money; let the collector call again!" No doubt that was one aspect of Fielding. To do him justice, it must be noted that a fuller record would have shown some less equivocal proofs of good feeling.

We dimly make out that the chief incident of Fielding's dramatic career was his share in a quarrel between Cibber, then manager, and certain actors to whom, as Fielding thought, Cibber had behaved unfairly. Cibber, the smart, dapper little Frenchified coxcomb, was just the type of all the qualities which Fielding most heartily despised; and they fell foul of each other with great heartiness. On the other hand, he was equally enthusiastic on behalf of his friends. Chief among them were Hogarth, whose paintings are the best comment on Fielding's novel, and Garrick, whom, though of very different temperament, he admired and praised with the most cordial generosity. «Harry Fielding,» as his familiars call him, was no doubt a wild youth, but to all appearance a most trustworthy and warm-hearted friend. Fielding moreover was a devoted lover. The facts about his marriage are all uncertain: but we know that he courted Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury; that he was writing poems to her in 1730, and that he married her (probably) about 1735. If we wish to know what Miss Cradock was like, we are referred to Sophia in 'Tom Jones'; and still more to Amelia. Amelia was his first wife, it is said, «even to that broken nose,» which according to Johnson ruined the success of the story. Both novels were written after her death, and are indicative of a lasting passion, which, whatever else it may have been, was worthy of a masculine and tender nature. Miss Cradock's lover was not free from faults,—faults tangible enough and evidently the cause of much bitter remorse; but he was at least a lover who worshiped her with unstinted and manly devotion. The marriage, which took place when he was about twenty-eight, changed his life. Vague stories—dates and facts in Fielding's life, all of provoking flimsiness and inconsistency—indicate that he tried to set up as a country gentleman on some small property of his wife's; that the neighboring squires spited the town wit, who, if not very refined, was at least a writer of books, and therefore justly open to suspicion of arrogance; but that Fielding himself, which is not surprising, made a bad farmer; and that before long he was back in London, with his finances again at the ebb and additional burthens to support. His first effort was in his old line: he took a small theatre and brought out a successful political farce. Walpole was at this time still at the height of power, but a formidable and heterogeneous opposition was gathering against him. Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites were uniting to denounce corruption, which was right enough; but imagining, not so rightly, that the fall of Walpole would imply the end of corruption. Fielding was a hearty Whig; a believer in the British Constitution, and a despiser of French frog-eaters, beggarly unbreeched Scotsmen, and Jacobites, and Papists, and all such obnoxious entities. He joined heartily, however, in the cry against Walpole by his 'Pasquin;

A Dramatic Satire on the Times.' The piece had a great run; and Fielding, always sanguine, no doubt hoped that at last he was getting his feet upon solid ground. But Walpole was a dangerous enemy. He obtained the passage of an Act of Parliament which made it necessary to obtain a license for plays.

Fielding's occupation was gone. It was quite plain that no license would be given to farces aimed at the prime minister. He gave up the theatre and made another effort. He entered at one of the Inns of Court and began to study the law. He was still only thirty-two, and full of abundant energy. He would leave his tavern (perhaps it would have been better not to have gone to it) to go home and pore over "abstruse authors" till far into the night. He was called to the bar in 1740, and duly attended the quarter-sessions. Briefs, however, did not come. Then, as now, attorneys looked with some suspicion upon men distracted by literary aims. Fielding, in fact, was obliged to support himself during his legal studies by working at his old trade. He tried the usual schemes of a professional author of those days. He brought out a periodical on the Spectator model, called the Champion. He wrote a 'Vindication' of the old Duchess of Marlborough, for which the duchess paid five guineas,— only, we will hope, an installment. During the rebellion of 1745, he published a journal intended to arouse John Bull out of his apparent apathy. He had already struck out another and more fruitful line. In 1742 he brought out 'Joseph Andrews'—to indulge in a great guffaw at Richardson's sentimental 'Pamela.' As he developed the story he fell in love with his characters as Dickens fell in love with Pickwick, and became more serious in his aims. By this book he made about £200, and his success encouraged him to publish by subscription in 1743 three volumes of 'Miscellanies.' In those days a subscription was a kind of joint-stock patronage, and showed chiefly that the author had friends among "persons of quality." Fielding probably made £400 or £500, which was no doubt a welcome transient help. The 'Miscellanies' include one of his most remarkable if not pleasantest performances, 'Jonathan Wild the Great.' 'Joseph Andrews' had shown his true power, and it is perhaps rather remarkable that 'Tom Jones' did not follow until 1749. Whatever Fielding's anxieties, it is noticeable that he did his work as thoroughly as if he had been independent of the pay. Before speaking of his literary performance, however, I will continue the story of his life.

His wife died at the end of 1743. His grief, it is said, was so great that his friends feared the loss of his reason. He had however children to care for, and was too brave a man to relax in his fight with the fates. He had still some hopes of success at the bar, and at one moment, probably on some gleam of success, declared

that he would write no more. In 1747 he married Mary Daniel, who had been an attached servant of his first wife. He did not know, he said, where to find a better mother for his children or nurse for himself; and she seems to have justified his anticipations.

A patron or two had helped him during his struggles. Ralph Allen, who had made a fortune by farming the posts, was a lover of literature and a friend of Pope and Warburton. To Fielding, and to Fielding's children after their father's death, he was a steady benefactor, and Fielding showed his gratitude characteristically by portraying his friend as "Allworthy" in 'Tom Jones.' Another patron, by whom Fielding declared himself to have been mainly supported during the composition of 'Tom Jones,' was his old schoolfellow Lyttelton; and it was through Lyttelton that in 1748 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Westminster. The office was a singular one. In those days, and for at least two generations more, London, though a large town even upon our present scale, was merely an aggregation of villages. It had no systematic police. Dogberry and Verges were still represented by decrepit watchmen and stupid parish constables. They were ruled by magistrates who were often of the family of Shallows and Silences. The chaos which prevailed had at last induced Parliament to provide a paid and professional magistrate. But according to the custom of those days, he was to be paid by fees. The consequences are indicated by the name of "trading justices" applied to these officials. Impartial and speedy administration of justice was not the way to get fees. Fielding threw himself into his duties with characteristic energy. He tried to be honest, and thereby reduced "£500 of the dirtiest money on earth" to £300, most of which went to his clerk. He did his best to call attention to abuses. He wrote a remarkable pamphlet proposing a reform of the corrupting poor-laws. Another pamphlet upon gin-drinking had great influence in producing the first Act which attempted to discourage intemperance. He took up, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, some of the strange tragedies which illustrated the squalor and misery of the London slums.

The queerest case was that of Betsy Canning, with which all England rang for a year or two, and which is still worth reading in the State Trials. A servant-girl in London had accounted for a month's absence by inventing a story about having been kidnapped by gipsies. A gipsy was actually condemned for this imaginary offense: but the girl herself was ultimately convicted of perjury and sent to America to improve the morals of the colonists. Fielding believed her story, took up her case with more than judicial warmth, and exposed himself to some sharp criticism. He exerted himself, again, to put down the highwaymen who flourished in the absence of police,

and who were regarded by Englishmen with a certain perverted pride as exuberant products of British liberty. Fielding, while very ill, set to work to devise a system for limiting their energies. Practically, I fear, it meant simply the employment of "trepans" who betrayed the other members of their gangs. Fielding says however that for the time he succeeded in putting down robbery, and sacrificed his health in the effort. His constitution had in fact been breaking down, from gout and an irregular life. His sanguine disposition led him to believe in one pretense of quackery after another: in the great Bishop Berkeley's tar-water; in the treatment of the Dr. Thompson who had already, it was said, killed Pope; and even in the miraculous virtues of a well at Glastonbury. He was always being "cured" without improving his health. At last he was sent to Lisbon as a last hope. He sailed in the summer of 1754, and kept a journal which remains to testify to his indomitable gallantry, buoyant spirits, and flow of good-humor to the last. He died at Lisbon on the 8th of October, 1754, leaving his widow and children to the care of the kindly Allen and of his half-brother Sir John Fielding, who had succeeded him as justice of the peace. The trust was worthily discharged.

Till the age of twenty-eight, we see, Fielding had been a reckless and impetuous pleasure-hunter. From that time till his death at the age of forty-seven, he was engaged in a hard struggle to support himself and his family and in an energetic attempt to do his duty in a thankless office. The stains of the earlier period have injured his memory, and it cannot be denied, imply serious moral defects; but here I must touch the inevitable argument. It is most true that to judge any man justly you must allow for the moral standard of his time. Advantage, however, is often taken of this truth to draw questionable consequences. Whenever it is proved that a man broke one of the Ten Commandments, it is roundly replied that in his day there were only nine. Therefore, it is inferred, his want of honesty or decency ceases to be a defect. Both fact and inference are often doubtful. Fielding, for example, makes Tom Jones guilty of taking money from a woman under circumstances which we all feel to be degrading. Nobody, it is replied, thought such conduct degrading then. I utterly disbelieve the fact. A similar story is told of Marlborough, and perhaps it was true; but it was certainly told by a malicious libeler, and was meant to injure him. I feel sure that not only Richardson and Johnson, who were obtrusively moralists, but such men as Addison or even the easy-going Steele, would have thought of Tom Jones just what Colonel Newcome thought. Some of our ancestors were gentlemen, with feelings of delicacy, and should not be libeled even to save a novelist's reputation. And in any case,

such a statement would explain the fact but does not alter it for us. Coarseness is rightly disgusting, though we may show how men came to be coarse, and perhaps show too that it did not then imply all that it would imply in the present day.

Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to compare the moral standard of a distant time with that of our own. That vice was common in England under Anne and the Georges, is undeniable; but I do not know that it is altogether extinct to-day. I fancy that a modern police magistrate could still tell us stories which would prove that the world, the flesh, and the Devil have not yet been renounced by everybody. M. Zola's world does not seem to be purer than Fielding's. Look beneath the surface anywhere and you can find ugly things enough, especially if you have a taste for the revolting.

It is easier, no doubt, to judge of the surface; and there we may find an explanation, though not a justification, of Fielding's obtuseness on certain points. He was in the world of fiction what Walpole was in the world of politics. Both of them were men of strong common-sense, and of great qualities which were strangely mixed with much that is coarse and repulsive. They were both given to boisterous conviviality, to vast consumption of "the roast beef of old England," and to tremendous post-prandial sittings over their bottles, at which the talk was no more delicate than the fare. They indulged in cock-fighting, and cudgel-playing, and rough practical joking, till we fancy that only a pugilist or a rough of to-day could find such an atmosphere congenial. Such tastes however could be combined with a real love of art and literature: Walpole, for example, collected a great picture gallery; and he and his like often studied the classics like men of the world, if not like scholars. Neither can it be said that in the days when the British Empire was being built up, there was a want of public spirit or energy, though some of the accepted modes of political warfare were base enough. We are liable to misunderstandings, if we argue from the want of refinement to the want of some high mental and moral qualities; though undoubtedly we find a strange obtuseness upon some points of the moral code, where higher views and more delicate sensibilities are required.

Fielding's novels illustrate this as clearly as his friend Hogarth's pictures. Both of them portray scenes now and then which grate upon our nerves, and show a coarseness of fibre which would to-day have to be sought in the lower haunts of debauchery. What we have to remember is that such faults were then not inconsistent with some excellences which they would now exclude. In the case of Fielding, we can have no difficulty in recognizing many of the highest qualities. In the first place, his novels are a genuine extract of hard-bought experience. They are conspicuous for absolute veracity. He

speaks because he has thought and felt. We are conscious that he paints all from the life. As novel-writing became a profession, this is the merit which became rare. A young gentleman can easily give himself the airs of knowledge of the world by picking up a few smart epigrams in reproducing the stock characters of his predecessors. He does not write because he has «studied men and cities,» but appropriates second-hand experience because he wants to write a novel. His «art,» as he is proud to call it, may be admirable, his style unimpeachable, his plot carefully constructed; but after all, he cannot atone for the one great defect of having nothing to say by trying to say it gracefully. One cannot read Fielding without perceiving the contrast: he has really been «through the mill»; he has bought his knowledge at a heavy price; and even if it sometimes results in rather commonplace observations, a commonplace which has been hammered into a man by hard facts is very different from a commonplace which has been learnt from a book. It comes with a certain momentum, with a weight and force, which can redeem even occasional triteness. His words have the intensity of thorough conviction. The first impression made by the world upon a man of great shrewdness and vigor is naturally the prevalence of humbug. Society, he observes, is a great masquerade. To see things as they are, you must strip men of their disguises: you will then often find a strange likeness between heroes and highwaymen, patriots and pickpockets, priests and jugglers, and discover selfishness in Protean forms at the bottom of the most pretentious qualities. «All virtue,» said Fielding's clever contemporary Mandeville, «is a sham.» «All men,» said Swift, soured by failure, «are Yahoos.»

It is Fielding's characteristic merit that he could take a completer and saner view. His brave, generous nature could never give up a belief in virtue or in the substantial happiness of a good heart. He could see, as he proved by Jonathan Wild, into the very soul of a thorough villain, the depth beyond depth of treachery and sensuality that can be embodied in human form. His moral is, as he puts it, that a man may «go to heaven with half the pains which it cost him to purchase hell.» The villain, even as things go, naturally overreaches himself. Knowledge of the world takes the gloss off much; but it properly leads to a recognition of the supreme advantage of unworldly simplicity. Parson Adams, one of the great humorous creations, is the embodiment of that sentiment. He represents the conviction of the observer who has seen life in its ugliest phases, that the most lovable of human beings is the man who from sheer simplicity and kindliness remains comically unconscious of the trickery and selfishness of his neighbors. It is not the less characteristic because Adams appears to have been the portrait of a real friend,

and implies that Fielding often turned from his rowdy companions to appreciate the simple country parson whom they would have regarded as a predestined butt for rough practical jokes. In proportion to his love of such characters was his hatred of the hypocrite — the humbug who knows himself to be a humbug. His loathing for «Blifil,» the typical hypocrite, progresses to most obvious failure in 'Tom Jones'; for he becomes so angry that he caricatures instead of impartially analyzing the loathsome object. This, again, is the secret of Fielding's humor. His worldly experience, instead of souring him, has intensified his admiration of the simplicity and goodness which is ridiculed or disbelieved by the man who is hardened by such experience. He was generous to the core; when he has to speak of any one whom he admires or who has done him a service, he pours out the heartiest and most genuine gratitude. He overflows with honest admiration of the men whom he could appreciate; he praises even the later work of Richardson, whose 'Pamela' he had satirized, and who, one is sorry to admit, did not return the generosity. The warmth of his belief in goodness, and this cordiality and hearty goodwill, always running through his books, give the characteristic flavor to his humor. It flows so spontaneously and abundantly that we feel it to be unmistakably as genuine as it is kindly.

The want of moral delicacy indeed implies limitations. It must be admitted that Fielding's appreciation of some of the higher phases of character is narrow. He lived in a day when common-sense was triumphant; when men lived on solid beef, and were undoubtedly made of rather ponderous flesh and blood. We may say with the help of a still greater master of the art, that in Fielding's time there was perhaps too little of the Don Quixote and too much of the Sancho Panza in the accepted ideal. A humorist who cannot help perceiving the seamy side of things is tempted to lean too much to the cynical side. He believes in the moral code by which men are actually governed, but is perhaps too suspicious of any professions of a higher standard. High-flown sentiment has in his eyes a strong likeness to his pet aversion, hypocrisy. What he admires, indeed, is really admirable: though he may be over-anxious to keep within the plainest limits of common-sense. Fielding's tone about women is characteristic. Had he been asked what was the greatest blessing of life, he would always have replied, as he does in 'Tom Jones,' the love of a good woman. His good woman, however, is decidedly not prepared to believe in woman's rights. He laughs rather too roughly at the ladies who in those days showed certain intellectual aspirations. His Sophia is a healthy, sensible girl, fit to be the mother of sturdy, well-grown lads and lasses, unsurpassable within the domestic sphere, but certainly not troubled by aspirations to literary glory. She is

unmistakably made of flesh and blood. She will love her husband devotedly, and will, we fear, have to exercise the virtue of forgiveness: yet she is everything, perhaps more than everything, that we could expect from the daughter of Squire Western. 'Amelia,' however, is the fullest embodiment of Fielding's true sentiment on that subject. His last novel is the work of a man who had won and lost the highest prize in life; who feels with bitter self-reproach his unworthiness and his backslidings, and tries to make some atonement by raising a shrine to his lost idol. Some good judges have therefore taken this pathetic and tender picture to be his masterpiece, in spite of some falling off in spirit and rather dragging narrative. I will not venture to decide; but I agree with them that it at least reveals with singular power not only the massive common-sense and power of sincere presentation of facts for which Fielding was conspicuous, but also the generous and tender heart which attracts and commands our affection.

If Fielding honestly described the human nature of his time, we must remember that a man who can truly describe the human nature in a village has really described it everywhere. He has a true insight into those principal springs of character which may be more or less modified, refined or made coarse, in different conditions, but which work powerfully under every disguise of habit and cultivation. Fielding's human being was the ideal John Bull: a personage who has been ridiculed, caricatured, and denounced; who is called an «amiable buffalo» by M. Taine; and who everywhere outside of the British islands is considered to suffer under many intellectual and moral limitations. Far be it from me to deny his faults; certainly he is apt to be stolid and thick-skinned, and in Fielding's time he showed some of his worst qualities to his neighbors, and was acquiring a certain reputation for overbearing and brutal ways. Yet John Bull was a human being. He had the passions of his kind, and showed them with little regard to delicacy; but if Fielding was a true observer, he had some great qualities which I hope he will not speedily lose. He had the abundant energy and vigor which are required for all greatness, amidst many queer prejudices, and singular blindness to some things, he had a hearty love of fair play, respect for true manhood, and in spite of his coarseness a genuine appreciation of good homely domestic virtues. Fielding, in Thackeray's familiar phrase, was the last English writer who dared to draw a man. In a sense rather wider than Thackeray's, that is his most obvious merit. He described with immense breadth, power, and veracity some of the essential masculine qualities which do, in fact, play an immense part in life. But we value him, I think, because he showed most forcibly how such qualities can be allied not only with

a generous appreciation of allied qualities in others, but with a keen and pathetic reverence for the gentleness, simplicity, and purity which the more vigorous animal is too apt to despise. With all his insight into the baser motives, Fielding retained a certain sweet-blooded tenderness, and an enthusiasm for every generous and kindly character, which relieves the repulsive ugliness of some of his scenes by a breath as of fresh and healthy atmosphere. I can think of none of our great writers who had a harder struggle, was forced into closer association with the corrupt elements of society, or realized more keenly the hollowness of many pretenders to virtue. And yet no one could have retained more buoyancy of spirit, more generous feeling towards his successful competitors, or a more hearty faith in the reality of human goodness and appreciation of some of the truest elements of human happiness.

Leslie Stephen

PARSON ADAMS'S SHORT MEMORY

From 'Joseph Andrews'

MR. ADAMS and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouse, Barnabas, and the book-seller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons which the parson was traveling to London to publish were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening of the saddle-bags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now, it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure,

sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprise, cried:—"Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here, sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment: he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be so. What would it avail me to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *ailia monotate*, of my peregrination? No, child: as this accident has happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum which Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprised, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach-and-six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie,—a method of traveling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travelers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot; now, as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, unties him, mounts, and gallops on; till, having passed by his fellow-

traveler, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of traveling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days, when instead of a coach-and-six, a member of Parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave sergeant-at-law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the ostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favor of the ostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence; for Adams had divided the last shilling with him. Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs. Tow-wouse would probably have consented; for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart. Joseph would have found therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-wouse's eyes to water: she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold that he would not part with it for a hundred

times the riches which the greatest esquire in the country was worth.

"A pretty way, indeed," said Mrs. Tow-wouse, "to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for." "Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!" answered Joseph. "What!" says Mrs. Tow-wouse, "I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other! If it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him." "No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money," cried Tow-wouse; a resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in Æschylus which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveler.

At length, having spun out his thread and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain: the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance, who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome; he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment

where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile and pulled out his Æschylus.

A DISCOURSE FROM PARSON ADAMS

From 'Joseph Andrews'

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her eldest son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached a submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behavior in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women are often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no: for all which reasons she concluded she should oblige the lady and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the conse-

quence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavored to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eaten nor drunk that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision: and then ran nimbly to the tap and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a license, saying he could easily borrow the money.

The parson answered that he had already given his sentiments concerning a license, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste does not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes I will examine both. Of each of these, therefore, in their turn; and first, for the first of these; namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you; nay, perhaps if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her.' The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can

be said to be consecrated to honor. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If therefore this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to; namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able not only to defeat the designs of our enemies but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child; and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by Divine providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it.»

At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavor to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public,—for he was a great enemy

to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace: but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice.

"Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age,—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me! It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned: poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the Church; such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Dicky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more."

I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son, in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running toward him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from I believe no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor peddler who had relieved his father before from a less distress.

The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the peddler, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? Not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man

congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honor. No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings, of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation; and of which if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavor to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus:—"No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parson, saying it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered.

"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it does not become green heads to advise gray hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate." "Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally." "Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savors too much of the flesh." "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!" "Indeed, but it is," says Adams; "every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do: but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion." "I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavors," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure." "You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.

"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry, come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife has a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who does not. Does he not promise

to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practice, for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavor to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too."

Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse.

TOM JONES APPEARS IN THE STORY, WITH BAD OMENS

From 'Tom Jones'

As we determined when we first sat down to write this history to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture, the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him. He had been already convicted of three robberies; viz., of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were moreover heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared, when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion — a youth of so different a caste from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighborhood resounded his praises. He was indeed a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age, — qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him; whilst Tom Jones was universally disliked, and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the character of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who bad as he is must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "Noscitur a socio," which I think is thus expressed in English:—"You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who in two or three instances had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact. For the whole duck and a great part of the apples were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family. Though as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India, many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have indeed a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a set of human beings, *fruges consumere*

nati, "born to consume the fruits of the earth," so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others, *feras consumere nati*, "born to consume the beasts of the field," or as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfill this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a-shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfill the wise purposes of nature, had planted one of the game-consumers, the birds flew into it and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbors; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of the manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word, for he rode immediately to his house and complained of the trespass on his manor, in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open and the most valuable furniture stolen out of it. He added that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged, almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true; viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating that he was resolved to know. The lad however still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so as he was without his usual companion, for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honor he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore this punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him between every stroke whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken, which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account;" and at last gave him a little horse to make him amends, again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying "he had persisted in untruth"; and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honor for so doing.

"Honor!" cried Thwackum with some warmth: "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honor teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honor exist independent of religion?"

This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended; and there were present Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we shall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

THE CHARACTERS OF MR. SQUARE THE PHILOSOPHER AND OF MR. THWACKUM THE DIVINE

From 'Tom Jones'

The name of this gentleman, who had then resided some time at Mr. Allworthy's house, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the first rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a professed master of all the works of Plato and Aristotle; upon which great models he had principally formed himself, sometimes according with the opinion of one, and sometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a professed Platonist, and in religion he inclined to be an Aristotelian.

But though he had, as we have said, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Aristotle, in considering that great man rather in the quality of a philosopher or a specialist than as a legislator. This sentiment he carried a great way; indeed, so far as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind since the fall was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word "goodness." The favorite phrase of the former was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter was the Divine power of grace. The

former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; the latter decided all matters by authority; but in doing this he always used the Scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his 'Coke upon Lyttleton,' where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction the reader will be pleased to remember that the parson had concluded his speech with a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer; viz., Can any honor exist independent of religion?

To this, Square answered that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words till their meaning was first established; that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification than the two he had mentioned, for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honor as concerning religion. "But," says he, "if by honor you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exist independent of any religion whatever. Nay," added he, "you yourself will allow it may exist independent of all but one; so will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world."

Thwackum replied this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true Church. He said he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honor to their own absurd errors and damnable deceptions. "But honor," says he, "is not therefore manifold because there are many absurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold because there are various sects and heresies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England. And when I mention honor, I mean that mode of Divine grace which is not only consistent with but dependent upon this religion; and is consistent with and dependent upon no other. Now, to say that the honor I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honor I could be supposed to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be conceived."

"I purposely avoided," says Square, "drawing a conclusion which I thought evident from what I have said; but if you perceived it I am sure you have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from

what you have said, that we have different ideas of honor; or why do we not agree in the same terms of its explanation? I have asserted that true honor and true virtue are almost synonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; to which an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honor cannot support an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honor can be said to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any positive law—"

"I agree," answered Thwackum, with great warmth, "with a man who asserts honor to be antecedent to religion? Mr. Allworthy, did I agree—"

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interposed, telling them very coldly, they had both mistaken his meaning, for that he had said nothing of true honor. It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the conversation.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

From 'Tom Jones'

MR. JONES having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being at last in a state of good spirits from the last-mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs. Miller and her younger daughter into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said "it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the

upper candles he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the Common Prayer Book, before the gunpowder-treason service!" Nor could he help observing with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that "there were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure, it is not armor, is it?"

Jones answered, "That is the Ghost."

To which Partridge replied with a smile:—"Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, until the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person."

"Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here, besides thyself?"

"Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ah, ah, go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you?—I'd follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the Devil, for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominion." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him!" And during the whole

speech of the Ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible."

"Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the Devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither, for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?"

"Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found out it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case? But hush! oh, la! What noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then, turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword: what signifies a sword against the power of the Devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended that he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now when the Ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out:—"There, sir, now: what say you now? Is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me; and to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me!

What's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth."

"Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones.

"Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the Devil were here in person. There, there — ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; "though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered that "it was one of the most famous burial-places about town."

"No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are; I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the Ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best?

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The King, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage."

"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man,—that is, any good man,—that had had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning, which upon recollection she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the Ghost; and for many nights after, sweat two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions; and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

THE FAREWELL

From 'Amelia'

"IF I AM not mistaken, madam," continued Booth, "I was just going to acquaint you with the doctor's opinion, when we were interrupted by the keeper.

"The doctor, having heard counsel on both sides, that is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying and Miss Betty for my going, at last delivered his own sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat silent, drowned in her tears; nor was I myself in a much better situation.

"'As the commissions are not signed,' said the doctor, 'I think you may be said to remain in your former regiment; and therefore I think you ought to go on this expedition: your duty to your King and country, whose bread you have eaten, requires it; and this is a duty of too high a nature to admit the least deficiency; regard to your character likewise requires you to go; for the world, which might justly blame your staying at home if the case was even fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you; you must expect to have every circumstance against you heightened, and most of what makes for your defense omitted; and thus you will be stigmatized as a coward, without any palliation. As the malicious disposition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the reputations of others, the use we are to make of this knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach: for bad as the world is, it seldom falls on any man who has not given some slight cause for censure, though this perhaps is often aggravated ten thousandfold; and when we blame the malice of the aggravation, we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving the occasion. Remember, my boy, your honor is at stake; and you know how nice the honor of a soldier is in these cases. This is a treasure which he must be your enemy indeed who would attempt to rob you of; therefore you ought to consider every one as your enemy, who by desiring you to stay would rob you of your honor.'

"'Do you hear that, sister?' cries Miss Betty. 'Yes, I do hear it,' answered Amelia, with more spirit than I ever saw her exert before; 'and would preserve his honor at the expense of my life. I will preserve it if it should be at that expense; and since it is Dr. Harrison's opinion that he ought to go, I give my consent. Go, my dear husband,' cried she, falling upon her

knees; 'may every angel of heaven guard and preserve you!' I cannot repeat her words without being affected," said he, wiping his eyes; "the excellence of that woman no words can paint. Miss Matthews, she has every perfection in human nature.

"I will not tire you with the repetition of any more that passed on that occasion, nor with the quarrel that ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter in her present condition. She fell severely on the army, and cursed the day in which her daughter was married to a soldier, not sparing the doctor for having had some share in the match. I will omit, likewise, the tender scene which passed between Amelia and myself previous to my departure."

"Indeed, I beg you would not," cries Miss Matthews: "nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable which was uttered on both sides."

"I will indulge you then," cries Booth, "as far as it is in my power. Indeed, I believe I am able to recollect much the greater part; for the impression is never to be effaced from my memory."

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but lest our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavor to accommodate ourselves to every taste; and shall therefore place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who perhaps do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

A SCENE OF THE TENDER KIND

From 'Amelia'

"The doctor, madam," continued Booth, "spent his evening at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow-pipe, as the phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I went to see her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and embracing me, said she had been praying for resolution to support the cruelest moments she had ever undergone, or could

possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavored to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter, upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her; but the probable length of my absence, and the certain length of my voyage, were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. 'Oh heavens!' said she, bursting into tears; 'can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands, for aught I know, of miles or leagues — that lands and seas are between us? What is the prospect from that mount in our garden, where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence, compared to the distance which will be between us?' You cannot wonder at this idea: you must remember, my Billy, at this place this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army — why would you not comply? Did I not tell you then, that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount would be with you a paradise to me? It would be so still. Why can't my Billy think so? Am I so much his superior in love? Where is the dishonor, Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? Are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? Go, then, purchase them at my expense! You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom; but what assistance shall I have in my affliction? Not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair in which you sat; upon these boards you have stood; these books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favorites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? Can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me?' Thus she went on; the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing." — "Since you mention it," says Miss Matthews, with a smile, "I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth." — "You shall hear," he cried: "at last, the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves.

'But if,' said she, 'my situation even in health will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of childbirth, support your absence!' Here she stopped, and looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out:—'And am I then such a wretch as to wish for your presence at such a season? Ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of my pains? If I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure has perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.' I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, calling her my heroine (sure none ever better deserved that name); after which we remained some time speechless, and locked in each other's embraces."

"I am convinced," said Miss Matthews with a sigh, "there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds."

"At length the fatal morning came. I endeavored to hide every pang in my heart, and to wear the utmost gayety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean,—for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had in some measure reconciled her to my departure. He now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief and raise comfortable images in my angel's mind. He endeavored to lessen the supposed length of my absence, by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage house; 'and you, captain,' says he, 'shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you;' with many other instances of the like nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

"Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropped from her; however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation: but when the dreadful news arrived

that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer; and clinging round my neck, she cried, 'Farewell — farewell forever! for I shall never, never see you more!' At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

"Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most terrible apprehensions, so they informed me afterwards; for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, however, we were all delivered from our fears, and life again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature ever afforded it.

"I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no sooner acquainted with than she fell on her knees, crying, 'Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh that every hour of my future life could be crammed into this dear day!'

"Our good friend the doctor remained with us; he said he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'but I don't know,' says he, 'why I should ride a dozen miles after affliction, when we have enough here.' Of all mankind the doctor is the best of comforters. As his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight in the office, so his great penetration into the human mind, joined to his great experience, renders him the most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of those arts improperly, which is almost universally the case with the physicians of the mind, and which it requires very great judgment and dexterity to avoid.

"The doctor principally applied himself to ridiculing the dangers of the siege, in which he succeeded so well that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of Amelia. But what most comforted her were the arguments he used to convince her of the probability of my speedy, if not immediate, return. He said the general opinion was that the place would be taken before our arrival there; in which case we should have nothing more to do than to make the best of our way home again.

"Amelia was so lulled by these arts that she passed the day much better than I expected. Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted the former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I believe, more than once flattered herself, to speak the language of the world, that her reason had gained an entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore down all before him.

"In the evening the doctor and I passed another half-hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavor to leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me to be at hand when she awaked, and to support her with all the assistance in his power; he added that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. 'It is true indeed,' says he, 'in the common acquaintance and friendship of the world, this is a very harmless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other, the Church of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this which we absurdly impose on ourselves.'

"I greatly approved the doctor's proposal, thanked him, and promised if possible to put it in execution. He then shook me by the hand and heartily wished me well, saying in his blunt way, 'Well, boy, I hope to see thee crowned with laurels at thy return: one comfort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will prevent thee from running away.'

"When I had left the doctor I repaired to my Amelia, whom I found in her chamber, employed in a very different manner from what she had been the preceding night: she was busy in packing up some trinkets in a casket, which she desired me to carry with me. This casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as I came to her.

"Her eyes very plainly discovered what had passed while she was engaged in her work; however, her countenance was now serene, and she spoke at least with some cheerfulness; but after some time, 'You must take care of this casket, Billy,' said she; 'you must, indeed, Billy, for'— her passion almost choked her till a flood of tears gave her relief, and then she proceeded— 'for I shall be the happiest woman that ever was born when I see it again.' I told her, with the blessing of God, that day would soon come. 'Soon?' answered she, 'no, Billy, not soon; a week is an age; but yet the happy day may come. It shall, it

must, it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet never to part again — even in this world, I hope.' Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon my soul I cannot help it," cried he, wiping his eyes.

"Well, I wonder at your patience, and I will try it no longer. Amelia, tired out with so long a struggle between a variety of passions, and having not closed her eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep, in which sleep I left her; a. d having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

"Thus, madam, I have in obedience to your commands run through a scene, which if it has been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting such a scene who has not a heart full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he has been in the same situation."

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA

(1642–1707)

LITERARY historians agree that Italian poetry reached its lowest ebb in the early part of the seventeenth century. The verse of the imitators of Marini degenerated into mere artifice. Brought to a high technical perfection, it yet lacked substance and truth of feeling, and was become a mere plaything in the hands of skillful versifiers. Near the end of the century a group of Roman literary men founded a society called "The Arcadia," whose avowed object was to repudiate this verse-making *à la mode*, and to bring poetry back to nature. But they marred still further what they had set out to mend. In their hands simplicity became inanity. Instead of returning to nature they played at being shepherds and shepherdesses, while their pastoral Muse wore patches and French heels.

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA

In this period of make-believe, almost the only genuine voice was that of Vincenzo da Filicaia. Born in Florence in 1642 of an ancient and noble family, he was liberally educated, at first in the schools of his native city and afterwards at the University of Pisa. Then, withdrawing to a small villa near Florence, he gave himself up to study and to writing. Like all his contemporaries, he began by composing amatory verse. After the marriage and early death of the lady whom he had celebrated, he burned all these youthful effusions, and dedicated his muse to God and to Italy. In 1683, when John Sobieski raised the siege of Vienna and saved the civilization of Europe from the invading Turks, Filicaia, thrilled by the heroism of the Polish king, celebrated his victory in six famous odes. Uplifted by the grandeur of his theme, the poet rose to heights of lyric enthusiasm that set him among the inspired singers of his country. Read in all the courts of Europe, the modest poet who had hardly dared to show his verses to his friends, suddenly found himself face to face with a European reputation. The Christian nations, trembling to see their fate hang in the balance, found in these odes a passionate expression of their joy in deliverance, and of their admiration for the warrior king.

The brilliant Christina of Sweden drew the poet into her circle in Rome, and undertook to educate his two sons. Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence, made him governor of Volterra and of Pisa. Filicaia spent the last few years of his life at Florence, where he had been raised to the rank of a senator. He died in that city September 24th, 1707.

Although himself an Arcadian, and the most noted of that school, Filicaia was remarkably free from its extravagances. He was saved from bathos by the depth of his thought, the strength and energy of his expression, his mastery over technique, and the genuineness of his enthusiasm. Yet, sincere though he was, he did not quite escape the charge of affectation. His fame in consequence has undergone some mutations. Much of his poetry is still read with admiration, and his famous sonnet on Italy, which Byron has so finely paraphrased in the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' all Italians still know by heart.

TIME

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was heeded, they were past;
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living with resistless force,
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born;
And with the heaven's commenced its march sublime,
In days and months, still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired
The river's name: my thoughts responded, *Time.*

OF PROVIDENCE

Just as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Turns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—

So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

TO ITALY

ITALIA, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,—
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
Oh, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
No longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore,—
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

FIRDAUSĪ

(935–1020)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

FIRDAUSĪ, author of the 'Shāh Nāmah,' or Book of Kings, is the national poet of Persia. With the name of Firdausī in the tenth century of our era, modern Persian poetry may be said to begin. Firdausī, however, really forms only one link in the long chain of Iranian literature which extends over more than twenty-five centuries, and whose beginnings are to be sought in the Avesta, five hundred years before the birth of Christ.

A brief glance may first be taken at the history of the literary development of Persia. The sacred Zoroastrian scriptures of the Avesta, together with the Old Persian rock inscriptions of the Achæmenian kings, Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes, form the ancient epoch known as Old Iranian Literature, beginning at least in the fifth century before the Christian era. A second great division in the literary history of Iran is constituted by the Middle Persian. This is the period inaugurated by the Sassanian dynasty in the third century A. D., and it extends beyond the Mohammedan conquest of Persia (651) to about the ninth century. The language and literature of this Middle Persian period is called Pahlavī. The Pahlavī records are chiefly writings relating to the Zoroastrian religion. The Mohammedan conquest of Iran by the Arabs somewhat resembles, in its effect upon Persian literature, the Norman conquest of England. Hardly two centuries had elapsed before an Iranian renaissance is begun to be felt in Persia. Firdausī comes three hundred years after the battle of Nihāvand, in which the eagle of the Persian military standard sank before the crescent of Allah's prophet and the Mohammedan sword; just as Chaucer followed the battle of Hastings by three hundred years.

Such was the literary situation at the end of the ninth century. Firdausī was the poet in whom the wave of the national epos culminated in the tenth century. But as there were English poets who struck the note before Chaucer, so in Persia, Firdausī had his literary predecessors. A mere mention of the more important of these must suffice. Abbas of Merv (809) was one of these earlier bards. Of greater repute was Rūdagī (died 954), who is said to have composed no less than a million verses. But Firdausī's direct predecessor and

inspirer in the epic strain was Daqīqī. This young poet, like Marlowe, the herald of Shakespeare, was cruelly murdered when he had sung but a thousand lines. Yet these thousand verses are immortal, as Firdausī has incorporated them into his poem and has thus happily preserved them. They are the lines that describe the founding of the religion of Zoroaster, priest of fire. There was possibly a certain amount of tact on Firdausī's part in using these, or in claiming to employ Daqīqī's rhymes: he thus escaped having personally to deal with the delicate religious question of the Persian faith in the midst of the fanatical Mohammedans, who are said to have assassinated Daqīqī on account of his too zealous devotion to the old-time creed. With Firdausī, then, the New Persian era is auspiciously inaugurated in the tenth century; its further development through the romantic, philosophic, mystic, didactic, and lyric movements must be sought under the names of Nizāmī, Omar Khayyām, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, Sa'dī, Hāfiz, and Jāmī.

Firḍausī is pre-eminently the heroic poet of Persia. The date of his birth falls about 935. His full name seems to have been Abulqasīm Hasan (Ahmad or Mansur); the appellative "Firdausī" (Paradise), by which he is known to fame, was bestowed upon him, according to some accounts, by his royal patron the Sultan Mahmūd. Firdausī's native place was Tūs in Khorāsān. By descent he was heir to that Persian pride and love of country which the Arab conquest could not crush. By birth, therefore, this singer possessed more than ordinary qualifications for chanting in rhythmical measures the annals of ancient Iran. He had undoubtedly likewise made long and careful preparation for his task, equipping himself by research into the Pahlavī or Middle Persian sources, from which he drew material for his chronicle-poem. From statements in the 'Shāh Nāmah' itself, we may infer that Firdausī was nearly forty years of age when, with his extraordinary endowments, he made the real beginning of his monumental work. We likewise know, from personal references in the poem, that he had been married and had two children. The death of his beloved son is mourned in touching strains. One of the crowning events now in the poet's life was his entrance into the literary circle of the court of Sultan Mahmūd of Ghazna, who ruled 998–1030. To Mahmūd the great epic is finally dedicated, and the story of Firdausī's career may best be told in connection with the masterpiece.

The removal of the heroic bard Daqīqī by fate and by the assassin's dagger had left open the way for an ambitious epic poet. Firdausī was destined to be the fortunate aspirant. A romantic story tells of his coming to the court of Sultan Mahmūd. This legendary account says that when he first approached the Round Table, the

three court poets, Ansarī, Farrukhī, and Asjadī wished no intruder into their favored circle of poetic composition, and accordingly sought to rid themselves of his unwelcome presence by putting him to shame. They suggested a trial of metrical skill in improvisation. The first of the three poets chose a very difficult Persian word (*jawshan* — «cuirass») to which there was hardly a rhyming word known,— like the English *twelfth*, *window*, *silver*, *chilver* (woolly ewe). Firdausī, they thought, would not be able to complete the quatrain. So Ansarī began:—

«The glance of thy face rivals moonlight or silver;»

Farrukhī matched this with:—

«Thy cheek's downy bloom is as soft as the chilver;»

Asjadī continued the puzzling catchword by:—

«Thy eyelashes pierce through the warrior's cuirass;»

Firdausī instantly added:—

«As did Giw's fatal lance-stroke at Pashan harass.»

The readiness of this response, and the interesting historical allusion, which was unknown to the coterie until Firdausī proceeded in perfect verse to tell the story of the fateful battle between the two heroes whom he had mentioned,— both these facts won generous admiration and applause from Ansarī, Farrukhī, and Asjadī. Charmed by Firdausī's poetic grace, and impressed by his power and his learning, they unhesitatingly recognized him as their compeer or superior, and proceeded in every way to advance him in favor with the Sultan. If true, such an example of disinterestedness would not be easy to parallel in the East or elsewhere. Unfortunately this pretty story, although it is written in very choice Persian, is commonly now regarded as mere fiction or a baseless fabrication. Nevertheless it conveys some idea of the general estimate in which Firdausī's genius was held. We also know that this poet laureate lived long in the sunshine of the court, and was promised a gold piece for each line he composed. The liberality of Sultan Mahmūd's favor called forth from Firdausī a splendid poetical panegyric, that is only eclipsed by the fierce savageness of the scathing satire which later the poet poured out against his royal patron, when disappointed in old age of the promised reward that was to crown his great work.

Tradition narrates that Firdausī was a septuagenarian when he finished the last line of the sixty thousand rhyming couplets that make up the 'Shāh Nāmah.' He now looked for the reward of his

life's work. But jealousy and intrigue against him had not been idle during his long residence at court. The Grand Vizier appears to have induced the Sultan to send Firdausī sixty thousand silver dirhems, instead of the promised gold. Firdausī is said to have been in the bath when the elephant laden with the money-bags arrived. On discovering the deception, the injured poet rejected the gift with scorn, and dividing the silver into three portions, he presented one of these to the bath steward, the second to the elephant-driver, and he gave the last to the man who brought him a glass of cordial. He then wrote the famous satire upon Mahmūd, and fled from the city for his life. For ten years the aged singer was an exile, and he would have been a wanderer but for the friendly protection extended to him by a prince of Irāq, who apparently also tried, without effect, to reconcile the Sultan and the aged poet. Enjoying the solace of this prince's shelter, Firdausī composed his last work, the 'Yusuf and Zulīkha,' a romantic poem nearly as long as the Iliad, on Joseph and the passionate love of Potiphar's wife for him.

But Firdausī was now advanced to his eightieth year, and he seems to have longed to visit his native town of Tūs once more. A sad story is preserved of his death of a broken heart. It is also told that Mahmūd relented and sent to the city of Tūs a magnificent caravan conveying gifts and robes for the aged singer, and bearing likewise the sixty thousand gold pieces that had once been promised. But all too late. The treasure-laden camel procession met at the city gate the funeral cortège that was conducting the dead poet's body to the grave. Firdausī's death occurred in 1020. His tomb at Tūs is still a place of pious pilgrimage.

The story of the 'Shāh Nāmah,'—Book of Kings,—may be described in briefest words as the chronicle-history of the empire of Iran, from the moment of its rise in legendary antiquity and during the golden reign of King Jamshīd, through its glorious ascendency under the majesty of the Kayanian rulers, and down to the days of Zoroaster; thence onward to the invasion of Persia by Alexander the Great. The poem from this point follows the various fortunes and changes of the Persian sovereignty, until its downfall and ruin before the Mohammedans and Islam. Firdausī naturally treats his subject as a poetic chronicler, not as a historian; but there is history in the poem, and he has given a certain unity to his long epic by keeping sight of the aim that he had in view, which was to exalt the fallen glory of Iran. The epic is written in a style befitting the theme. A word must also be bestowed upon Firdausī's romantic poem 'Yusuf and Zulīkha,' in which the Biblical story of Joseph, as narrated in the Quran, was his source. This poem was in great measure the work of his old age, as it was written after he was seventy; but in the

episode of Joseph and Potiphar's wife the luxuriousness of color, the richness of imagery, the lavish exuberance, and the passion, might in some degree allow of comparison with Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' or with Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander.'

Translations of Firdausī should be mentioned. There is an English abridgment of the 'Shāh Nāmah' with versions in prose and in rhyme by James Atkinson — 'Shāh Nāmah' (London, 1832; cheaply reprinted in the 'Chandos Series,' New York, 1886). Several versified selections are found in Robinson — 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (privately printed; Glasgow, 1883). There is a standard French prose translation of the entire 'Shāh Nāmah' by Jules Mohl — 'Le Livre des Rois' (7 vols., Paris, 1876–78). An Italian prose rendering, also complete, has been made by Italo Pizzi — 'Firdusi, Il Libro dei Re' (8 vols., Turin, 1886–89); and Pizzi has given extensive metrical renderings in his 'Storia della Poesia Persiana' (Turin, 1894). In German, there is a running paraphrase of the story by Görres — 'Heldenbuch von Iran' (2 vols., Berlin, 1820). Spirited renderings of selections have also appeared in German: by A. F. von Schack — 'Heldensagen des Firdusi' (3 vols., Stuttgart, 1877); and by Rückert (unfinished) — 'Firdosi's Königsbuch Schahname' (ed. Bayer, 3 vols., Berlin, 1890–95). Of the 'Yusuf and Zulīkha' (complete) there is a German translation into rhymed verse by O. Schlechta-Wssehrd — 'Jussuf und Suleicha' (Vienna, 1889).

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE BEAUTIFUL RUDABAH DISCLOSES HER LOVE TO ZĀL

From the 'Shāh-Nāmah'

[After a time Rudabah resolves to reveal her passion to her attendants.]

THEN she said to her prudent slaves:—
"I will discover what I have hitherto concealed;
Ye are each of you the depositaries of my secrets,
My attendants, and the partners of my griefs.
I am agitated with love like the raging ocean,
Whose billows are heaved to the sky.
My once bright heart is filled with the love of Zāl;
My sleep is broken with thoughts of him.
My soul is perpetually filled with my passion;
Night and day my thoughts dwell upon his countenance.

«Not one except yourselves knoweth my secret:
Ye my affectionate and faithful servants,
What remedy now can ye devise for my ease?
What will ye do for me? What promise will ye give me?
Some remedy ye must devise,
To free my heart and soul from this unhappiness.»

Astonishment seized the slaves,
That dishonor should come nigh the daughter of kings.
In the anxiety of their hearts they started from their seats,
And all gave answer with one voice:—
«O crown of the ladies of the earth!
Maiden pre-eminent amongst the pre-eminent!
Whose praise is spread abroad from Hindustan to China;
The resplendent ring in the circle of the harem;
Whose stature surpasseth every cypress in the garden;
Whose cheek rivaleth the lustre of the Pleiades;
Whose picture is sent by the ruler of Kanūj
Even to the distant monarchs of the West—
Have you ceased to be modest in your own eyes?
Have you lost all reverence for your father,
That whom his own parent cast from his bosom,
Him you will receive into yours?
A man who was nurtured by a bird in the mountains!
A man who was a byword amongst the people!
You with your roseate countenance and musky tresses,
Seek a man whose hair is already white with age!
You who have filled the world with admiration,
Whose portrait hangeth in every palace,
And whose beauty, and ringlets, and stature, are such
That you might draw down a husband from the skies!»

[To this remonstrance she makes the following indignant answer:]

When Rudabah heard their reply,
Her heart blazed up like fire before the wind.
She raised her voice in anger against them;
Her face flushed, but she cast down her eyes.
After a time, grief and anger mingled in her countenance,
And knitting her brows with passion, she exclaimed:—
«O unadvised and worthless counselors,
It was not becoming in me to ask your advice!
Were my eye dazzled by a star,
How could it rejoice to gaze even upon the moon?

He who is formed of worthless clay will not regard the rose,
Although the rose is in nature more estimable than clay!
I wish not for Cæsar, nor Emperor of China,
Nor for any one of the tiara-crowned monarchs of Irān;
The son of Sām, Zāl, alone is my equal,
With his lion-like limbs and arms and shoulders.
You may call him, as you please, an old man or a young;
To me he is in the room of heart and of soul.
Except him, never shall any one have a place in my heart;
Mention not to me any one except him.
Him hath my love chosen unseen,
Yea, hath chosen him only from description.
For him is my affection, not for face or hair;
And I have sought his love in the way of honor.»

[Her vehemence overcomes the reluctance of the slaves, and one of them promises, if possible, to contrive an interview.]

«May hundreds of thousands such as we are be a sacrifice for thee;
May the wisdom of the creation be thy worthy portion;
May thy dark narcissus-eye be ever full of modesty;
May thy cheek be ever tinged with bashfulness!
If it be necessary to learn the art of the magician,
To sew up the eyes with the bands of enchantment,
We will fly till we surpass the enchanter's bird,
We will run like the deer in search of a remedy.
Perchance we may draw the King nigh unto his moon,
And place him securely at thy side.»

The vermeil lip of Rudabah was filled with smiles;
She turned her saffron-tinged countenance toward the slave, and said:—
«If thou shalt bring this matter to a happy issue,
Thou hast planted for thyself a stately and fruitful tree,
Which every day shall bear rubies for its fruit,
And shall pour that fruit into thy lap.»

[The story proceeds to say how the slaves fulfill their promise. They go forth, and find Zāl practicing with the bow. Busying themselves in gathering roses, they attract his attention. He shoots an arrow in that direction, and sends his quiver-bearer to bring it back. The slaves inquire who the hero is who draws the bow with so much strength and skill. The boy answers scornfully, «Do they not know that it is Zāl, the most renowned warrior in the world?» In reply, they vaunt the superior attractions of Rudabah. The boy reports their account of her to Zāl, who goes to speak to

them, receives from them a warm description of her charms, and presses them to procure for him the means of obtaining an interview. This little incident is well imagined: it is Zāl who is made to ask for the meeting, and the honor of Rudabah is not compromised. The slaves return to their mistress and report upon their mission, eulogizing the goodly qualities of the hero. Her ironical answer to their former depreciation is animated and natural.]

Then said the elegant cypress-formed lady to her maidens:—
"Other than this were once your words and your counsel!
Is this then the Zāl, the nursling of a bird?
This the old man, white-haired and withered?
Now his cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavān;
His stature is tall, his face beautiful, his presence lordly!
Ye have exalted my charms before him;
Ye have spoken, and made me a bargain!"
She said, and her lips were full of smiles;
But her cheek crimsoned like the bloom of pomegranate.

[The interview takes places in a private pavilion of the Princess; and the account of it is marked with more than one touch of truth and beauty.]

When from a distance the son of the valiant Sām
Became visible to the illustrious maiden,
She opened her gem-like lips and exclaimed:—
"Welcome, thou brave and happy youth!
The blessing of the Creator of the world be upon thee!
On him who is the father of a son like thee!
May Destiny ever favor thy wishes!
May the vault of heaven be the ground thou walkest on!
The dark night is turned into day by thy countenance;
The world is soul-enlivened by the fragrance of thy presence!
Thou hast traveled hither on foot from thy palace;
Thou hast pained, to behold me, thy royal footsteps!"

When the hero heard the voice from the battlement,
He looked up and beheld a face resplendent as the sun,
Irradiating the terrace like a flashing jewel,
And brightening the ground like a flaming ruby.

Then he replied:—"O thou who sheddest the mild radiance of the moon,
The blessing of Heaven, and mine, be upon thee!
How many nights hath cold Arcturus beholden me,
Uttering my cry to God, the Pure,
And beseeching the Lord of the universe
That he would vouchsafe to unveil thy countenance before me!

Now I am made joyful in hearing thy voice,
In listening to thy rich and gracious accents.
But seek, I pray thee, some way to thy presence;
For what converse can we hold, I on the ground and thou on the terrace?»

The Peri-faced maiden heard the words of the hero;
Quickly she unbound her auburn locks,
Coil upon coil and serpent on serpent;
And she stooped and dropped down the tresses from the battlement,
And cried:—«O hero, child of heroes,
Take now these tresses; they belong to thee,
And I have cherished them that they might prove an aid to my beloved.»
And Zāl gazed upward at the lovely maiden,
And stood amazed at the beauty of her hair and of her countenance;
He covered the musky ringlets with his kisses,
And his bride heard the kisses from above;
Then he exclaimed:—«That would not be right—
May the bright sun never shine on such a day!
It were to lay my hand on the life of one already distracted;
It were to plunge the arrow-point into my own wounded bosom.»
Then he took his noose from his boy, and made a running knot,
And threw it, and caught it on the battlement,
And held his breath, and at one bound
Sprang from the ground, and reached the summit.

As soon as the hero stood upon the terrace,
The Peri-faced maiden ran to greet him,
And took the hand of the hero in her own,
And they went like those who were overcome with wine.

Then he descended from the lofty gallery,
His hand in the hand of the tall Princess,
And came to the door of the gold-painted pavilion,
And entered that royal assembly,
Which blazed with light like the bowers of Paradise;
And the slaves stood like houris before them:
And Zāl gazed in astonishment
On her face, and her hair, and her stately form, and on all that splendor.

And Zāl was seated in royal pomp
Opposite that mildly radiant beauty;
And Rudabah could not rest from looking towards him,
And gazing upon him with all her eyes;
On that arm and shoulder, and that splendid figure,
On the brightness of that soul-enlightening countenance;
So that the more and more she looked,
The more and more was her heart inflamed.

Then he kissed and embraced her, renewing his vows—
Can the lion help pursuing the wild ass?—
And said:—"O sweet and graceful silver-bosomed maiden,
It may not be, that, both of noble lineage,
We should do aught unbecoming our birth;
For from Sām Nariman I received an admonition,
To do no unworthy deed, lest evil should come of it;
For better is the seemly than the unseemly,
That which is lawful than that which is forbidden;
And I fear that Manuchahar, when he shall hear of this affair,
Will not be inclined to give it his approval:
I fear too that Sām will exclaim against it,
And will boil over with passion, and lay his hand upon me.
Yet though soul and body are precious to all men,
Life I will resign, and clothe myself with a shroud—
And this I swear by the righteous God—
Ere I will break the faith which I have pledged thee.
I will bow myself before him, and offer my adoration,
And supplicate him as those who worship him in truth,
That he will cleanse the heart of Sām, King of the earth,
From opposition, and rage, and rancor.
Perhaps the Creator of the world may listen to my prayer,
And thou mayest yet be publicly proclaimed my wife."
And Rudabah said:—"And I also, in the presence of the righteous God,
Take the same pledge, and swear to thee my faith;
And He who created the world be witness to my words,
That no one but the hero of the world,
The throned, the crowned, the far-famed Zāl,
Will I ever permit to be sovereign over me."

The gray dawn began to show itself,
And the drum to be heard from the royal pavilion;
Then Zāl bade adieu to the fair one.
His soul was darkened, and his bosom on fire,
And the eyes of both were filled with tears;

And they lifted up their voices against the sun:—
"O glory of the universe, why come so quick?
Couldst thou not wait one little moment?"

Then Zāl cast his noose on a pinnacle,
And descended from those happy battlements,
As the sun was rising redly above the mountains,
And the bands of warriors were gathering in their ranks.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE DEATH OF DARA [DARIUS]

From the 'Shāh-Nāmah'

THE viziers came to Iskandar [Alexander the Great] and said:
"O King, crowned with victories and knowledge,
We have just slain thine enemy.
Come to an end is his diadem and the throne of princes."
When Janusyar had thus spoken, Iskandar said to Mahyar:—
"The enemy ye have cast down—where is he? Show me the nearest road thither."
They went before him, and the King of the Greeks followed,
His heart and his eyes filled with tears of blood.
When he came near he saw that the face of Dara
Was pale as the flower of the fenugreek,
And his breast clotted with gore.
Having commanded that they should quit their horses
And keep guard over the two ministers,
Swift as the wind Iskandar dismounted from his charger,
And placed on his thigh the head of the wounded man.
He looked to see whether Dara was still in a condition to speak,
Passed both his hands over his face,
Withdrew the royal diadem from his head,
Unclasped the warlike breastplate from his breast,
And rained down a flood of tears from his eyes when he saw the wounded body,
And the physician far away.
"May it go well with thee," he exclaimed,
"And let the heart of the malevolent tremble!
Raise thyself and seat thyself on this golden cushion,
And if thou hast strength enough, place thyself in the saddle.
I will bring physicians from Greece and India;
I will shed tears of blood for thy sufferings;

I will restore to thee thy kingdom and thy throne,
And we will depart as soon as thou art better.
When yester-evening the old men told me what had happened,
My heart swelled with blood, my lips uttered cries.
We are of one branch, one root, one body-garment:
Why, through our ambition, should we extirpate our race?»
When Dara heard, with a weak voice he replied:—
«May wisdom be thy companion forever!
I believe that from thy God, the just, the holy,
Thou wilt receive a recompense for these thy words.
But for what thou hast said, that Persia shall be mine,
Thine be the throne and the crown of the brave,—
Nearer to me is death than a throne;
My fortune is turned upside down; my throne is at an end.
Such is the determination of the lofty sphere;
Its delights are sorrows, and its profit is ruin.
Take heed that thou say not, in the pride of thy valor,
'I have been superior to this renowned army.'
Know that good and evil are alike from God,
And give him the praise that thyself art still alive.
I am myself a sufficient example of this,
And my history is a commentary upon it for every one.
For what greatness was mine, and sovereignty, and treasure!
And to no one hath suffering ever come through me.
What arms and armies, too, were mine!
And what quantities of horses, and thrones, and diadems!
What children and relatives—
Relatives whose hearts were stamped with my mark.
The earth and the age were as slaves before me.
So was it as long as fortune was my friend;
But now I am severed from all my happiness,
And am fallen into the hands of murderers.
I am in despair about my children and my kinsmen;
The world is become black, and my eyes are darkened.
No one of my relatives cometh to my assistance;
I have no hope but in the great Provider, and that is enough.
Behold me, wounded and stretched upon the ground!
Fate hath ensnared me in the net of destruction.
This is the way of the changeful sphere
With every one, whether he be king or warrior.
In the end all greatness passeth away;
It is a chase in which man is the quarry and Death is the hunter.»

Iskandar rained tears of anguish from his eyes over the wounded King,
As he lay stretched on the ground.
When Dara perceived that the grief was from his heart,
And saw the torrent of tears which flowed from his pale cheek,
He said to him:—"All this is of no avail.
From the fire no portion is mine but the smoke;
This is my gift from the All-giver,
And all that remaineth of my once brilliant fortune.
Now give me thine ear from first to last;
Receive what I say, and execute it with judgment."
Iskandar replied:—"It is for thee to command;
Say what thou wilt, thou hast my promise."
Rapidly Dara unbound his tongue;
Point by point he gave instructions about everything:—
"First, illustrious prince, fear thou God, the righteous Maker,
Who made heaven and earth and time; who created the weak and the strong:
Watch over my children, and my kindred, and my beloved veiled women;
Ask of me in marriage my chaste daughter, and make her happy in thy palace;
To whom her mother gave the name of Roshank,
And in her made the world contented and joyful.
Thou wilt never from my child hear a word of chiding,
Nor will her worst enemy utter a calumny against her.
As she is the daughter of a line of kings,
So in prudence she is the crown of women.
Perhaps she will bring thee an illustrious son,
Who will revive the name of Isfandyar,
Will stir up the fire of Zoroaster,
Take in his hand the Zendavesta;
Will observe the auguries and feast of Sadah, and that of the New Year,
Renew the splendor of the fire-temples of Hormuzd,
The Sun, the Moon, and Mithra;
Will wash his face and his soul in the waters of wisdom,
Re-establish the customs of Lohrasp,
Restore the Kaianian rites of Gushtasp;
Will treat the great as great and the little as little,
Rekindle religion, and be fortunate."

Iskandar answered:—"O good-hearted and righteous King,
I accept thy injunctions and thy testament;

I will remain in this country only to execute them.
I will perform thy excellent intentions;
I will make thy intelligence my guide.»

The master of the world seized the hand of Iskandar,
And wept and lamented bitterly;
He placed the palm of it on his lips, and said to him:—«Be God thy refuge!
I leave thee my throne, and return to the dust;
My soul I leave to God the holy.»

He spoke, and his soul quitted his body,
And all who were about him wept bitterly.
Iskandar rent all his garments,
And scattered dust on the crown of the Kaianians.
He built a tomb for him agreeably to the customs of his country,
And suitable to his faith and the splendor of his rank.
They washed the blood from his body with precious rose-water,
Since the time of the eternal sleep had arrived.
They wrapped it in brocade of Rūm,
Its surface covered with jewels on a ground of gold.
They hid it under a coating of camphor,
And after that no one saw the face of Dara any more.
In the tomb they placed for him a dais of gold,
And on his head a crown of musk.
They laid him in a coffin of gold,
And rained over him from their eyelids a shower of blood.
When they raised the coffin from the ground,
They bore it, turn by turn;
Iskandar went before it on foot,
And the grandees followed behind, shedding tears of anguish.
So they proceeded to the sepulchre of Dara,
And placed the coffin on the dais, performing all the ceremony due to kings;
And when they had completed the magnificent monument,
They erected gibbets before it, and executed the murderers.

Translation of S. Robinson

THE WARRIOR SĀM DESCRIBES HIS VICTORY OVER A DRAGON

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

I am thy servant, and twice sixty years
Have seen thy prowess. Mounted on my steed,
Wielding my battle-axe, o'erthrowing heroes,
Who equals Sām, the warrior? I destroyed
The mighty monster, whose devouring jaws
Unpeopled half the land, and spread dismay
From town to town. The world was full of horror;
No bird was seen in air, no beast of prey
In plain or forest; from the stream he drew
The crocodile; the eagle from the sky.
The country had no habitant alive,
And when I found no human being left,
I cast away all fear, and girt my loins,
And in the name of God went boldly forth,
Armed for the strife. I saw him towering rise,
Huge as a mountain, with his hideous hair
Dragging upon the ground; his long black tongue
Shut up the path; his eyes two lakes of blood;
And seeing me, so horrible his roar,
The earth shook with affright, and from his mouth
A flood of poison issued. Like a lion
Forward I sprang, and in a moment drove
A diamond-pointed arrow through his tongue,
Fixing him to the ground. Another went
Down his deep throat, and dreadfully he writhed.
A third passed through his middle. Then I raised
My battle-axe, cow-headed; and with one
Tremendous blow dislodged his venomous brain,
And deluged all around with blood and poison.
There lay the monster dead, and soon the world
Regained its peace and comfort. Now I'm old;
The vigor of my youth is past and gone;
And it becomes me to resign my station
To Zāl, my gallant son.

Version by J. Atkinson.

FIRDAUSÍ'S SATIRE ON MÁHMÚD

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

KNOW, tyrant as thou art, this earthly state
Is not eternal, but of transient date;
Fear God, then, and afflict not humankind;
To merit Heaven, be thou to Heaven resigned.
Afflict not even the ant: though weak and small,
It breathes and lives, and life is sweet to all.
Knowing my temper, firm and stern and bold,
Didst thou not, tyrant, tremble to behold
My sword blood-dropping? Hadst thou not the sense
To shrink from giving man like me offense?
What could impel thee to an act so base?
What, but to earn and prove thy own disgrace?
Why was I sentenced to be trod upon
And crushed to death by elephants, by one
Whose power I scorn? Couldst thou presume that I
Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I, inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food;
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them far
As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures bear.
Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone;
I only bow to his Almighty throne.
Inspired by him, my ready numbers flow;
Guarded by him, I dread no earthly foe.
Thus in the pride of song I pass my days,
Offering to Heaven my gratitude and praise.

From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of thee?
If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and cast
My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Firdausí still would live, since on thy name,
Máhmúd, I did not rest my hopes of fame
In the bright page of my heroic song,
But on the God of heaven, to whom belong
Boundless thanksgivings, and on him whose love
Supports the faithful in the realms above,
The mighty Prophet! None who e'er reposed
On him, existence without hope has closed.

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the tread
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!

Dead! by that insult roused I should become
An elephant in power, and seal thy doom—
Máhmúd! if fear of man hath never awed
Thy heart, at least fear thy creator God.
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth,—
Túr, Selím, Jemshíd, Minúchihr the brave,
Have died; for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;
They died, but blest in memory still they bloom.
Thus kings too perish,—none on earth remain,
Since all things human see the dust again.
Oh, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,
A different fate the poet then had shared,—
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began,—
A blacksmith was thy sire, of Isfahán.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given
Would still be bitter in the bowers of heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course,—
Or if it changes, changes for the worse;
Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flow'rets blow,
Acquire more honeyed sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

Now mark Firdausí's strain; his Book of Kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice; the wise grow wiser than before;
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
Forever flourish in my sounding lays:
Have I not sung of Káús, Tús and Gíw;
Of matchless Rustem, faithful still and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw
His kamund to the heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Húsheng, Feridún, and Sám Suwár,
Lohurásp, Kai-khosráu, and Isfendiyár;

Gushtásp, Arjásp, and him of mighty name,—
Gúdarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written 'midst toil and trouble; but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

Version by J. Atkinson.

PRINCE SOHRÁB LEARNS OF HIS BIRTH, AND RESOLVES TO FIND RUSTEM

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

When nine slow-circling months had rolled away,
Sweet-smiling pleasure hailed the brightening day,
A wondrous boy Tahmíneh's tears suppressed,
And lulled the sorrows of her heart to rest;
To him, predestined to be great and brave,
The name Sohráb his tender mother gave;
And as he grew, amazed the gathering throng
Viewed his large limbs, his sinews firm and strong.
His infant years no soft endearment claimed;
Athletic sports his eager soul inflamed;
Broad at the chest and taper round the loins,
Where to the rising hip the body joins;
Hunter and wrestler; and so great his speed,
He could o'ertake and hold the swiftest steed.
His noble aspect and majestic grace
Betrayed the offspring of a glorious race.
How, with a mother's ever-anxious love,
Still to retain him near her heart she strove!
For when the father's fond inquiry came,
Cautious she still concealed his birth and name,
And feigned a daughter born, the evil fraught
With misery to avert—but vain the thought:
Not many years had passed with downy flight,
Ere he, Tahmíneh's wonder and delight,

With glistening eye, and youthful ardor warm,
Filled her foreboding bosom with alarm.

"Oh, now relieve my heart!" he said; "declare
From whom I sprang, and breathe the vital air,
Since from my childhood I have ever been,
Amidst my playmates, of superior mien.
Should friend or foe demand my father's name,
Let not my silence testify my shame!
If still concealed, you falter, still delay,
A mother's blood shall wash the crime away."

"This wrath forego," the mother answering cried,
"And joyful hear to whom thou art allied.
A glorious line precedes thy destined birth,—
The mightiest heroes of the sons of earth.
The deeds of Sám remotest realms admire,
And Zál, and Rustem thy illustrious sire!"

In private, then, she Rustem's letter placed
Before his view, and brought with eager haste
Three sparkling rubies, wedges three of gold,
From Persia sent. "Behold," she said, "behold
Thy father's gifts — will these thy doubts remove?
The costly pledges of paternal love!
Behold this bracelet charm, of sovereign power
To baffle fate in danger's awful hour:
But thou must still the perilous secret keep,
Nor ask the harvest of renown to reap;
For when, by this peculiar signet known,
Thy glorious father shall demand his son,
Doomed from her only joy in life to part,
O think what pangs will rend thy mother's heart!
Seek not the fame which only teems with woe:
Afrásiyáb is Rustem's deadliest foe!
And if by him discovered, him I dread,
Revenge will fall upon thy guiltless head."

The youth replied:—"In vain thy sighs and tears;
The secret breathes, and mocks thy idle fears.
No human power can fate's decrees control,
Or check the kindled ardor of my soul.
Then why from me the bursting truth conceal?
My father's foes even now my vengeance feel;
Even now in wrath my native legions rise,
And sounds of desolation strike the skies;

Káús himself, hurled from his ivory throne,
Shall yield to Rustem the imperial crown,
And thou my mother, still in triumph seen,
Of lovely Persia hailed the honored queen!
Then shall Túrán unite beneath my band,
And drive this proud oppressor from the land!
Father and son in virtuous league combined,
No savage despot shall enslave mankind;
When sun and moon o'er heaven refulgent blaze,
Shall little stars obtrude their feeble rays?»

He paused, and then:—«O mother, I must now
My father seek, and see his lofty brow;
Be mine a horse, such as a prince demands,
Fit for the dusty field, a warrior's hands;
Strong as an elephant his form should be,
And chested like the stag, in motion free,
And swift as bird, or fish; it would disgrace
A warrior bold on foot to show his face.»

The mother, seeing how his heart was bent,
His day-star rising in the firmament,
Commands the stables to be searched to find
Among the steeds one suited to his mind;
Pressing their backs, he tries their strength and nerve:
Bent double to the ground their bellies curve:
Not one, from neighboring plain and mountain brought,
Equals the wish with which his soul is fraught;
Fruitless on every side he anxious turns,
Fruitless, his brain with wild impatience burns:
But when at length they bring the destined steed,
From Rakush bred, of lightning's wingèd speed,
Fleet as the arrow from the bowstring flies,
Fleet as the eagle darting through the skies,
Rejoiced he springs, and with a nimble bound
Vaults in his seat and wheels the courser round:
«With such a horse, thus mounted, what remains?
Káús the Persian King no longer reigns!»
High-flushed he speaks, with youthful pride elate,
Eager to crush the monarch's glittering state;
He grasps his javelin with a hero's might,
And pants with ardor for the field of fight.
Soon o'er the realm his fame expanding spread,
And gathering thousands hastened to his aid.

Version by J. Atkinson.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA

(1493–1545)

THIS Italian poet and littérateur was born in Florence, September 28th, 1493. He received his name from the town of Firenzuola among the Apennines, where his family originated. Agnolo spent his youth in Siena and Perugia, studying law and living a gay and wild life of pleasure. For a short time he practiced his profession in Rome, but abandoned it to become a monk at Vallombrosa. After the death of Clement VII. he went to Florence, and finally settled at Prato as abbot of San Salvatore. Some authorities have disputed that he ever became an abbot, for the records of his dissolute career do not accord with a monastic life. But whether abbot or gentleman of leisure, a severe illness took him to Prato, where he spent many happy years. He died here or at Rome, about 1545.

When in Rome he formed a friendship with many eminent men of letters, and his own writings attracted much attention. His adaptation of 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius became a favorite book, and passed through many editions, and his original works were esteemed for their diction and brilliancy. Firenzuola wrote satirical and burlesque poems; two comedies, 'I Lucidi' and 'La Trinuzia'; 'Discorsi degli Animali,' imitations of Oriental fables of animals; 'Ragionamenti Amorosi,' novelettes or tales after the fashion of Boccaccio; 'Dialogo della Bellezza delle Donne,' and other works. He also wrote a few love poems and ballads, one of the most admired of which is 'Orozza Pastorella.' The first edition of Firenzuola's works appeared in 1548, and they have been frequently republished. The best editions of this century are in 5 vols., Milan, 1802; and in 2 vols., Florence, 1848. In his 'Renaissance in Italy' (London, 1881), J. A. Symonds says:—

«The charm of Firenzuola's 'Novelle' is due in a large measure to his style, which has a wonderful transparency and ease, a wealth of the rarest Tuscan phrases, and a freshness of humor that renders them delightful reading. The storm at sea, in the first tale, and the night scene in the streets in Florence, in the third, are described with Ariostean brilliancy. In point of subject-matter they do not greatly differ from the ordinary novels of the day, and some of the tales reappear in the collections of other novelists. Most of them turn upon the foibles and vices of the clergy. . . .

«Firenzuola prefaced his novels with an elaborate introduction, describing the meeting of some friends at Celso's villa near Pazolatico and their

discourse on love. From discussion they pass to telling amorous stories, under the guidance of a Queen selected by the company. The introductory conversation is full of a dreamy, sensualized, disintegrated Platonism. It parades conventional distinctions between earthly and heavenly love, between the beauty of the soul and the beauty of the body; and then we pass without modulation into the regions of what is here called *accidenti amorosi*.

«The same insincere Platonism gives color to Firenzuola's discourse on the 'Beauty of Women,'—one of the most important productions of the sixteenth century in illustration of popular and artistic taste. The author imagines himself to have interrupted a bevy of fair ladies from Prato in the midst of a dispute about the beauty of Mona Amelia della Torre Nuova. Mona Amelia herself was present; and so were Mona Lampiada, Mona Amororrisca, Mona Selvaggia, and Mona Verdespina. Under these names it is clear that living persons of the town of Prato are designated; and all the examples of beauty given in the dialogue are chosen from well-known women of the district. The composition must therefore be reckoned as an elaborate compliment from Firenzuola to the fair sex of Prato.»

The scene of the famous dialogue is laid in the convent grounds of Grignano, and Celso is supposed to be intended for Firenzuola. He analyzes and criticizes the form, proportion, and colors of the female type from the point of view of the artist, sculptor, and fastidious gentleman of taste. The 'Dialogo della Bellezze delle Donne' was first published in 1548, without the place of publication. It was reprinted in Florence in the same year. Many editions appeared, and a French translation, called 'Discours de la Beauté des Dames,' was issued in Paris in 1578. It was translated into English by Clara Bell, and printed with an introduction by Theodore Child (London, 1892), under the title 'Of the Beauty of Women.' Of it Mr. Child says:—

«Firenzuola's 'Dialogue on the Beauty of Women,' which is here presented for the first time in the English tongue, seems to us worthy of the honors of translation and of perusal for other reasons than those of mere antiquarian curiosity. Our ideal of feminine beauty is doubtless different from that of Botticelli, Perugino, Antonio Bazzi, Bellini, Leonardo, or Titian; and yet, by the ardent and continual study of the masterpieces of these and other painters, we certainly influence our modern ideal in some subtle and unanalyzable way. The life of great works of art is eternal. In each succeeding age they acquire new eloquence and impart fresh lessons to those who study them. They retain an inexhaustible power of suggestion and boundless capacity of interpretation. It is in the interpretation of the painting of the Italian Renaissance that the Dialogue of Firenzuola seems to us to be of singular interest; and above all in its suggestiveness to modern women, and in its implied doctrine that beauty is to be pursued, and within certain limits to be attained, even by those whom nature has not lavishly favored. . . . The Florentine was curious, perhaps, rather than sentimental; his analysis of the beauty of women is strictly æsthetical; his admiration active and impressionist, so to

speak, rather than contemplative. Had he lived in our times, he would have noted with incomparably delicate touch the familiar gestures which contemporary costume involves, and all the pretty movements that accompany the raising of a veil, the arrangement of the hair imperceptibly ruffled by the indiscreet breeze, the coquettish effort made in taking off gloves and adjusting rings and bracelets, the furtive application of the powder-puff and of the precious unguent that imparts intensity to roseate lips. At the same time he would have paid little attention to the naïveté of the eye and the gravity of the heart. The beauty of women which Firenzuola admires and analyzes is exterior, plastic, and material. . . . Many of Firenzuola's remarks may seem perhaps a little vague and general, but they become less so when we read them in connection with the monuments of plastic art contemporaneous with the life of the writer. In the figures of the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, of Piero della Francesca, of Antonio Bazzi, and more particularly in the marvelous women that we admire in the frescoes and pictures of the Florentine Botticelli, we recognize those refinements of bearing and expression of which Firenzuola speaks; we divine an ideal of feminine beauty corresponding with his; and we realize the charm of those high and pure foreheads 'shining almost like a mirror.'»

IN THE GARDEN

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

Celso Selvaggio is a great friend of mine, and so much at my service that I make bold to say he is in truth as my second self. Hence, when I now set forth these his discourses, albeit indeed he hath forbidden it, he will have patience with me, inasmuch as that the love he bears me constrains him to make my will his own, and all the more, since that which constraineth him constraineth me. Now he, besides being a man skilled in learning, is of no small judgment, and great courtesy and highly accommodating to the desires of his friends; and for all these reasons, being assured that he will make no difficulties, I have set them forth as you see.

He found himself last summer in the garden of the Abbey of Grignano, kept at that time by Vanazzo de Rochi, whither several youths and maidens had betaken themselves for air, ladies distinguished no less for their beauty and high degree than for their many virtues; among them Madonna Lampiada, Madonnas Amororrisca, Selvaggia, and Verdespina. They had withdrawn to the summit of the hillock in the midst of that garden, overgrown with cypress and laurel, where they tarried, disputing of Madonna Amelia della Torrenuova, who likewise was in the

pleasaunce; and this one would have it that she was of the greatest beauty, and that other that she was not even well favored, when Celso came up the mount with certain other youths of Prato, the kindred of these ladies. And they, being thus taken by surprise, were silent on a sudden. Then Celso making excuse for having done them such discourtesy, the ladies graciously replied that their coming hither was most pleasing to them, and they bid these gentlemen be seated on a bank over against them; yet were they again silent.

Whereupon Celso spoke, saying: — "Fair ladies, either proceed in your discourse, or dismiss us from your company, to the end that we may not disturb your sport, but hit the ball as it bounds."

Then said Madonna Lampiada: — "Messer Celso, our discourse was of women, wherefore it did not appear to us to be seemly to continue it in your presence. This one said that Amelia was not comely; I say that she is: thus we were disputing, after the manner of ladies."

To whom Celso replied: — "Madonna Selvaggia is in error, but indeed she loves her not. In truth, that lady must ever be accounted fair by all, nay, and most beautiful; and if she is not to be deemed beautiful, I cannot see one in Prato who may be called fair."

On this Selvaggia, somewhat wroth rather than pleased, replied: — "Small judgment is needed in such a matter, since each is of a different mind, and a brown skin is pleasing to one and a white skin to another; and it is with us women as in a draper's shop, where cloth from the Romagnuola finds a purchaser no less than satin from Banello."

"Well and good," quoth Celso; "but when we speak of a beautiful woman we mean one whom all alike admire, and not this one or that one only: thus Nora, so ill-favored as she is, appears most pleasing in the sight of her Tomaso, albeit she is as uncomely as she possibly can be; and my gossip, who was passing fair, her husband could not suffer. Peradventure it is that certain complexions suit or suit not: but a lady fair in all points, like yourself, must necessarily be pleasing to all, as you are; albeit few are pleasing to you, as I know full well. It is indeed the truth, that to be of perfect beauty many things are needed, so that one is rarely found who possesseth the half of them."

Selvaggia then said:—"There are some among you men whom the world itself would not satisfy. And I once heard it said that one Momus, unable to find any fault in the beauty of Venus, blamed some trifle in the fashion of her sandals."

Then said Verdespina:—"Thus you see how he beheld her."

And Celso, laughing, went on:—"Again, Stesichoros, a most noble poet of Sicily, spoke evil of that Helen who by her exceeding great beauty moved a thousand Greek ships to go forth against the great kingdom of Troy."

Then said Madonna Lampiada in haste:—"Ay, truly; but you know that he thereupon lost his sight, and had it not again till he denied his words."

"And so had his desert," added Celso, "inasmuch as that beauty and fair women, and fair women and beauty, ought to be lauded and held precious by all; seeing that a fair woman is the fairest object that may be seen, and beauty the highest gift bestowed by God on mankind; since its virtue is to invite the soul to contemplation, and through contemplation to the desire of heavenly things. Hence it hath been given us as a foretaste and as an earnest; and it is of such power and worth that it hath been accounted by sages as the first and most excellent of all things to be loved; nay, they have called it the very seat, the nest, the abode of love; of love, I say, which is the source and fount of all human joys. For it we see a man forget himself; and on beholding a face graced with this celestial gift, his limbs will quake, his hair stand on end, and he will sweat and shiver at the same time; just as one who, seeing on a sudden some heavenly vision, is possessed by the divine frenzy; and when he is come to himself worships it in his heart, and acknowledging it as it were a god, gives himself up as a victim and a sacrifice on the altar of that fair lady's heart."

Whereupon said Madonna Lampiada:—"Ah, Messer Celso, if it will not weary you, do us a pleasure: tell us somewhat of this beauty, and what should be the form of such a fair woman; whereas these damsels have for some time urged me to entreat this of you, and I have delayed to do it. But since you of your own motion have begun to discourse of it, having increased my desire you likewise have raised my courage; all the more since it hath been told me that during the evening assembly held by my sister last Carnival season, you spoke of the matter with those ladies at such length that Madonna Agnoletta could talk of

nothing else for many days. So we pray you do us this favor, for we have naught else to be busy about; and in this light wind the heat of the day will be more delightfully spent by us than by those below who are sporting or walking in the pleasaunce."

Then answered Celso:—"Ay! To the end that Selvaggia, if she hear aught said which is not to her mind, or if I omit aught, may cry out that I am speaking ill of women; in which I never take so great pleasure as I do in praising them, as she has often known by experience, and yet hath never thanked me for it."

Translation of Clara Bell.

OF THE FOREHEAD AND TEMPLES

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

CELSO—To return to the person of our image, I say that you, Madonna Amororrisca, have a shape between lean and fat, round and juicy and of the right proportions, wherein we see suppleness and dexterity, with somewhat that is right queenly. Your hue is not of that whiteness which verges on pallor, but tinted with blood, after the fashion which the ancients prized. The person of a lady of high degree should move with gravity and after a certain gentle manner which keeps it upright, yet not stiff, so that we find in it that majesty whereof I lately spoke. And inasmuch as you have most of all these things, we are bound to give you Verdespina's hair; and now will seek a forehead.

The forehead must be spacious; that is, wide and high, fair and serene. The height, which is understood to be from where the hair ends down to the confines of the eyebrows and the nose, according to many writers should be the third part of the face; the second part being measured to the upper lip, and the third part all the rest, including the chin;—the height, then, I say, must be equal to half the width, and it will be twice as wide as the height; so that from the width we estimate the height, and the height from the width. And we have said it must be fair, since it must not be of an over-dull whiteness without any lustre, but should shine after the manner of a mirror; not by wetness, or by painting, or by foul washes like that

of Bovinetta, which, an it were fish to fry, might be worth a farthing a pound more as not needing to be floured; howbeit, it is not to be sold nor fried.

The line of the brow should not be all flat, but curved like an arch toward the crown of the head, so gently that it is scarce to be perceived; but from the boss of the temples it should descend more straightly. Our poets speak of it as serene, and with reason; since as the sky is serene when we see on it no cloud nor any manner of spot, so the front, when it is clear and open, without furrows or wrinkles or powders, is calm and tranquil, and may be rightly called serene; and whereas the sky when it is serene engenders a certain contentment in the mind of those who behold it, so the forehead which we call serene, gives, through the eye, peace to the soul of those who gaze upon it. As it is now with me, gazing on that of Madonna Lampiada, which, having all the qualities I have enumerated, will do well to place beneath Verdespina's hair. And that serenity of which I speak is the greater for the lustre of the eyes, they being without the confines of the forehead indeed, and yet appearing as the two chief luminaries in the sky; and we will first speak of the eyebrows.

Now, to speak of these, we will take as an example those of Verdespina, who hath them in color like ebony; fine, and of short, soft hairs, as though they were of the finest silk; and from the middle to the ends they gently diminish, on one side towards the hollow or socket of the eye, by the nose, and on the other toward that part which is near the ear, and where they end.

Next we come to the eye, which in every part of the visible globe, or eyeball, excepting the pupil, must be white, slightly tinged with the hue of flax, but so little as to be scarce perceptible. The pupil, save only the circle which lies in the centre, should not be perfectly black, albeit all the Greek and Latin poets, and our own likewise, praise black eyes as with one voice, and all are agreed that the goddess of beauty had them. Nevertheless, those are not wanting who praise eyes which are of the color of the sky, and that Venus had them so is to be found written in certain trustworthy authors.

Among you there is a lady, reputed exceeding fair by me and by many others, who, having such eyes, gains in grace thereby. Nevertheless, common custom seems to have obtained that dark tan or nut-brown eyes hold the first place among eyes of other colors. Deep black is not much to be commended, since it tends

to a somewhat gloomy and cruel gaze; and nut brown, if dark, gives a soft, bright, clear, and kindly gaze; and it lends to the movement of the eyes I know not what alluring charm,—frank, attractive, and keen, which I cannot better explain than by pointing to those of Madonna Lampiada, to whom none of these qualities are lacking. And besides this that has been said, and again like Madonna Lampiada, the eyes must be large and full, not concave nor hollow, for hollowness makes the gaze over-proud, and fullness makes it sweet and modest. So Homer, desiring to praise the eyes of Juno, tells us that they were like those of an ox, meaning thereby that they were round and full and large. Many have said that they should be long, and others that they should be oval, which pleases me very well.

The eyelids, when they are white, with certain delicate rosy veins, hardly to be seen, are a great aid to the general beauty of the eye; and the lashes should be thin and not over-long and not white, since, besides being ill-favored, they impair the sight. Nor would I have them very black, which makes the gaze fierce. The socket which surrounds the eye is not to be very deep, nor too large, nor different in color from the cheek; and let ladies who paint be on their guard,—those, I would say, who are brown,—since this part is very often unapt to take the paint or the plastering by reason of its hollow shape, or to retain it by reason of the motion of the eyelashes, and thus makes a division which looks very ill. Madonna Theofila's neighbor often falls into this error.

The ears, which should be tinted rather of the hue of pale rubies than of red ones, and which we will paint like the balcony rose, and not the damask, I will borrow from you, Selvaggia. For their perfect beauty, as we see in yours, a middle size is to be desired, with the shell finely turned, and of a livelier hue than the flat part; and the roll which borders them all round must be transparent and of a brilliant hue like the seed of a pomegranate. Above all, if they be soft and thin their beauty is spoiled; hence, as they are seen in her, they should be firm and well set on.

Of the temples there is little to be said save that they must be white and flat, not hollow; not over-full and moist, nor so narrow as to seem to press on the brain, which would signify a weakness of the brain. And they are beautiful when they resemble those of Madonna Amororrisca. And the manner of laying the hair over them, higher or lower, curled or drawn smooth, thicker or thinner, enlarges or diminishes the temples and makes

them wider or narrower, longer or shorter, as we may desire, or as a little flower shall confine it.

Madonna Lampiada—When I was a girl we did not love to dress our heads as many of our maidens do nowadays, putting so many flowers and leaves that they often resemble a jar full of gilliflowers or marjoram; nay, some might be a quarter of kid on the spit, since they will even wear rosemary, which to me seems the most graceless thing in the world. And you, Messer Celso, how seems it to you?

Celso—I like it not, if I am to tell the truth; and this mistake arises from their not knowing for what reason the ancients would wear a flower above the ear. I speak of gentlewomen, since the peasant women, having no other jewels nor pearls, load themselves, as you know, with flowers, without order, fashion, or number; and in them this excess becomes beauty.

Madonna Lampiada—Mescems that even gentle ladies may have worn flowers for their more homely adornment, instead of pearls and gold; inasmuch as not all our peers have wherewithal to attire themselves with the gems of the Orient or the sands of Tagus, and so it was needful to use the riches of the gardens of our own land. But each one having tried to outdo the others, they seem sometimes as if they had a garland or *quintain* about the face. And waters and powders were in those days invented, to remove pimples and moles and other such stains, but to-day they are used to paint and whiten the whole face, just as lime and plaster cover the face of a wall; and peradventure those foolish maids believe that men, whom they seek to please, do not discern this foulness, which I would have them to know wears them out and makes them grow old before their time, and destroys their teeth, while they seem to be wearing a mask all the year through. Look now at Mona Bettola Gagliani; what do you think of her? The more she paints and the more she dresses up the older she seems; nay, she is like a gold ducat that hath lain in aquafortis. And it would not be thus if she had not used washes so much when she was young. I, for my part, if I am still well preserved (which indeed I know not, but it shall suffice that others say so) it is from no cause but that water from the well has ever been my wash, and shall be that of my daughter so long as she tarries with me; afterwards, it must be her husband's care.

Translation of Clara Bell.

OF THE HAND

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

THE hand, which all declare to be perfect in you (to you I say it, Selvaggia, so hide it not), must likewise be white chiefly on the outer side, large enough and somewhat fat, the palm hollow and tinted with rose; the lines must be clear, few, distinct, firmly drawn, not crossing nor entangled, the mounts of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury plainly to be seen, yet not over-high; the line of the intellect and wit should be deep and clear and crossed by no other. The hollow that lies between the thumb and middle finger must be shapely, without wrinkles, and brightly tinted. The fingers are beautiful when they are long, fine, and slender, tapering somewhat towards the tip, yet so little as to be scarce perceptible. The nails transparent, like pale rubies among pink roses and the leaves of the pomegranate flower; not long, not round nor altogether square, but of a fair shape and with a very little boss, uncovered, clean and well kept, so that at the base the little white crescent is visible. Above, beyond the flesh of the finger, an edge should be seen, as wide as a small knife is thick, without the smallest suspicion of a rim of black at the tip. And the whole hand must be of a tender, firm surface, as though it were of fine silk or the softest cotton. And this is all it occurs to me to say of the arms and hands. Now this image will no longer be like that in the piazza; but behold the thing she was compared with! You are indeed one of those sharp thorns which get in between the nail and the flesh, and if green, of the harder heart; and it is well for me that I have a good needle to withdraw it withal.

Selvaggia—Now, meseems, your picture is like those which are wrought by the hands of a good master; and to tell the truth, it is a most beautiful thing, so that if I were a man, whereas I am a woman, I should be constrained like a second Pygmalion to fall in love with her. And do not think that I call her beautiful only to signify that the parts which we have given her are the occasion of it, seeing that the adornments and graces you have bestowed on her might have made even the wife of Jacopo Cavallaccio seem fair. Since I (to speak only of myself), if I had so fair a bosom as you have described, should not yield to Helen nor Venus for beauty.

Celso—You have it indeed, and you know it; there is no need to make so many words about it. Good luck to you, and to him who may some day be worthy to behold it. And of a truth when that friend of mine composed a fine Elegy in its praise, having so fine a thread, it was no great marvel that he filled so fair a cloth. But to give our chimera the crowning perfection, that nothing may be lacking to her, you, Madonna Lampiada, will give her that witchery that sparkles in your eyes and that fine air which pervades the perfect proportion of your person; you, Madonna Amerorrisea, will give her the queenly majesty of your person and the cheerfulness of your honest and modest gaze, that serious gait, that dignified countenance, and that gentle graciousness which delight all who behold them. Selvaggia will lend her a calm seemliness, an inviting charm, an honest yet bewitching, a severe yet sweet attractiveness, with that pitying cruelty which all are constrained to praise albeit none desire it. You, Verdespina, shall bestow the grace which makes you so dear; that readiness and sweetness of gay speech, subtle, honest, and gracious. Wit and the other gifts and virtues of the mind we do not need, inasmuch as we have described only the beauties of the body and not those of the spirit, for which a better painter than I am is needed, better colors and a better brush than those of my poor wit, albeit your example is no less sufficient for that kind of beauty than for the other.

And thus without more words their discourse ended, and each one returned to his own home.

Translation of Clara Bell.

KUNO FISCHER

(1824–)

BY RICHARD JONES

KUNO FISCHER of Heidelberg, one of the most brilliant and stimulating of living university professors, the great historian and interpreter of modern philosophy, is distinguished likewise as an expositor and interpreter of some of the greater literature of the modern world. Indeed, his first published work, 'Diotima, oder die Idee des Schönen,' was an excursion into the realm of æsthetics; and his poetic sympathies, oratorical fervor and eloquence, and the literary charm of his interpretations, have contributed no less than his profound philosophic insight toward drawing to him university students from all parts of the world, from the beginning of his distinguished university career.

KUNO FISCHER

The son of a country pastor, he was born July 23d, 1824, at Sandewalde in the province of Silesia. He attended the Gymnasium of Posen, and began in 1844 his university studies, philology, theology, and philosophy; first at Leipsic, then at Halle, where he received the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1847. In the Michaelmas semester of 1850 he began his instruction in philosophy as *privatdocent* in the University of Heidelberg. His lectures were from the first exceptionally successful, but in 1853 he was forbidden by a ministerial edict from continuing his university instruction. No reason was assigned for this arbitrary act, which aroused deep indignation in university circles throughout Germany as a serious infringement of the "Lehrfreiheit," the unrestricted freedom of thought and of teaching so dear to the German university professor's heart. He remained amid the beautiful surroundings of Heidelberg, enjoying the friendship of Strauss and of Gervinus, improving his enforced leisure by working on his history of philosophy,—the volume which appeared in 1856, and which serves as an Introduction to the history proper; viz., 'Francis Bacon und seine Nachfolger' (Francis Bacon and his Successors), receiving the compliment of an immediate translation

into English. In the autumn of 1855 Fischer requested permission to lecture in the University of Berlin, but on account of the Heidelberg proscription this request was refused by the Prussian Minister of Education. However, in response to a petition of the faculty of the University of Berlin, an order was issued by the King in September 1856, granting their request that Fischer be permitted to lecture. But in the mean time he had received a call to the chair of philosophy at Jena, made famous by Fichte and Schelling and Hegel. This call he accepted. Here his lectures were again extraordinarily successful. Students flocked to Jena as they had not done since the days of Schiller, Schelling, and Fichte. He was made Privy Councilor of the Duke, and was the recipient of many honors. In 1870 he declined a call to the University of Vienna, but in 1872 he accepted a call to the University of Heidelberg as Zeller's successor, where he has since remained, the brightest ornament of the oldest university within the present limits of Germany.

His literary work has been done in the two fields of philosophic and literary exposition and interpretation. His 'Geschichte der Neuern Philosophie' (History of Modern Philosophy) is now become, after successive enlargements in several editions, a monumental work, famous for the clearness and beauty of its literary style no less than for its philosophic insight and sympathetic interpretation. Kuno Fischer's method is not to give in brief the essence of a philosophic system,—the substance of Kant, for example. He gives, on the contrary, Kant amplified, interpreted, illustrated. He states lucidly that which Kant himself stated obscurely, and illumines the Cimmerian darkness of the 'Critique of Pure Reason' by a remarkably clear and successful interpretation, which has influenced profoundly philosophic thought during the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

His treatment of philosophic systems is colored with life by sympathetic recitals of the lives and characters of the men who founded these systems. As an introduction, for example, to the philosophy of Leibnitz, there is given a full account of the life and times of Leibnitz, closing with a description of his death, alone and friendless. This great many-sided genius, until Kant came the greatest mind since Aristotle, world-renowned, who had served his king for forty years, died neglected and solitary, practically imprisoned, set to a task, yearning for the green fields, a change of scene, and liberty, and no one knows to this day the spot where he lies buried,—a striking theme for a philosopher-poet, who is by nature an orator, «musical as is Apollo's lute.» To hearers or readers who have learned thus to know the man Leibnitz, the system of thought of the philosopher Leibnitz can never be thereafter a mere lifeless abstraction.

Even the distinctively philosophical works of Kuno Fischer are full of literary charm. They are clear and lucid statements of momentous truths, warm with emotion and glowing with life through his vivid appreciation of the greatness of the theme. Since, as Disraeli has said, "Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius," so Kuno Fischer's readers, and especially his hearers, yield ready assent to Milton's lines:—

> "How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Kuno Fischer's expositions and interpretations of literature relate largely to the works of Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. His method has been described in detail by Hugo Falkenheim in his volume 'Kuno Fischer und die Litterarhistorische Methode.' As an interpreter of literature, Fischer does not evolve his interpretations out of his inner consciousness; but as a philosopher and a historian of thought, he is able to distinguish from unessential details the ruling idea which is at the basis of a poem, and to illustrate the use which has been made of this idea by other poets, elsewhere and in other times.

The first volume of his 'Goethe's Faust' (Vol. i., 'Faust Literature before Goethe'; Vol. ii., 'Goethe's Faust, its Origin, Idea, and Composition') has been translated into English by Harry Riggs Wolcott, of the University of Heidelberg. 'Die Erklärungsarten des Goetheschen Faust' (Goethe's Faust; Methods of Exposition) has been translated by Professor Richard Jones, of the University of the State of New York, for the publications of the English Goethe Society. His commentary on Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' was translated and edited by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of the University of Dublin, in 1866. His 'Critique of Kant' has been translated by Professor W. S. Hough for the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, edited by Dr. William T. Harris. Professor J. P. Gordy of Ohio University has translated the first two volumes of the 'History of Modern Philosophy,' including Descartes and his school, and also the Introduction, which gives an outline of Grecian philosophy and of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation. 'Francis Bacon and his Successors' is a translation of his work on Bacon by John Oxenford (London, 1857). Other translations are in preparation.

Richard Jones

THE MOTIVE TO PHILOSOPHY

From the 'History of Modern Philosophy'

PHILOSOPHY is a love for wisdom, a striving after truth. Even this striving is philosophy. A progressive culture-process can be comprehended only by a progressive knowledge-process. The human spirit is this progressive culture-process; philosophy is this progressive knowledge-process, the self-knowledge of the human spirit. This self-knowledge of the human spirit is the fundamental theme of all systems of philosophy. The problem of philosophy is to see the meaning of the forms of culture, to grasp their inner motives, and to make clear what they are and what is their aim. The problem is the more difficult, the richer and more manifold the world of culture becomes. The animating principles of men are so various that conflicting systems of philosophy arise, each of which expresses one phase of these animating principles. This phase must be co-ordinated, in order to solve the philosophical problem of the age. But there are *ruling* tendencies of the time; so there arise in philosophy ruling systems.

Moreover, this explanation of the spirit of history, which is the province of philosophy, is always more than a mere exposition. Philosophy bears the same relation to the history of the human spirit as does our self-knowledge to our life. In what consists the act of self-observation? We withdraw from the outer world which has occupied us, and busy ourselves with ourselves. We make our own life a subject of observation, just as the artist views the work arising under his hand. He lays down his tools, and steps back from his work, and from a suitable point of view surveys the whole. The eye of the critical artist sees otherwise than the eye of the artist lost in his work. He now discovers faults which were before unseen. He sees want of proportion in the parts; there a limb is too prominent for a symmetrical whole. By this opportune examination he sees now wherein one harmonizes with all, and what destroys the harmony. What shall the artist do? Abandon the work because many faults appear? Shall he not rather again grasp the tools, and in accordance with the right idea which he in a moment of criticism conceived, now correctly and better labor?

Let us apply the illustration: The artists are ourselves; the artistic work is our lives; the critical look which judges the work

is the self-observation which interrupts the process of living. We withdraw from the life which we have until that moment lived; and as the artist makes his work, we make our lives our subject of observation and win thereby a better knowledge of ourselves. We thereby separate ourselves from our past life-conditions, and shall never again return to the same. So self-observation determines the moment when one life-period closes and a new one begins. It makes a crisis in our development, a turning-point or epoch in our lives. We free ourselves from our passions as soon as we think. We cease to feel them so soon as we begin to observe them. In this lies the whole importance of self-knowledge, the crisis which it works in our lives. We are no more ruled by our previous life-conditions; we are no more what we were. So an earnest observation of self is always a fundamental freeing and renewal of our lives, a crisis which separates the present from the past and prepares for the future. The act of self-observation is in our own life what the monologue is in the drama. The action withdraws from the confusing stage of the outer world into the innermost soul, and here in silence, in deliberation with self, the problem is considered and solved.

Such moments are wanting in the life of no spiritually active being, and every one finds them in his own experience. It is impossible that we shall always continue in the conditions of life and culture which have hitherto ruled us; our interest in them ceases to satisfy us. A feeling of satiety, of dissatisfaction, makes itself always more actively and painfully felt, and at last we remain alone with ourselves. We are estranged from our previous life-conditions; we begin to reflect concerning ourselves, concerning the problem of our being, concerning the problem of the world; we begin to philosophize,—so far as we are able, so far as our culture permits.

I have portrayed out of the experience and development of a single life, the soul-condition in which the will is inclined to reflection and self-observation, and which germinates the first motive to philosophy. It is the moment when, in fervid souls, a passionate longing awakens to know philosophy and to receive from her the satisfaction which life, mere activity, no more provides.

To that important part which, in the development of the individual, self-observation plays, there correspond in the life of the race the dominant systems of philosophy. They not merely

accompany the progress of the human spirit, they influence this progress by making subjects of observation out of hitherto ruling life-conditions. They free the world from this rule. They perfect the present form of culture and prepare for the new. They work as world-historical factors, through which the great systems of culture live out their life and great culture crises are brought about.

We see the history of philosophy in its true light, when we recognize in it the course of development in which the necessary problems of humanity are with all distinctness defined, and so solved that out of every solution there arise in progressive order ever new and deeper problems.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Professor Richard Jones

FROM 'GOETHE'S FAUST: THE METHODS OF EXPOSITION'

I. The Age When the Poem was Written

In 1813 Goethe, wishing to express anew and more comprehensively than ever before, his appreciation of the poet to whom his highest admiration was ever devoted, took for his theme the words "Shakespeare without end." "So much has already been said concerning Shakespeare that it might appear as though there were nothing more to say, and yet it is the nature of his mind that he always arouses mental activity in others." The same is also true of Goethe himself and of his 'Faust.' The world will never cease to read Dante's world-poem, for the subject of which it treats is a theme of eternal moment,—the guilt, the purification, and the salvation of man. The same is true of the importance and abiding influence of Goethe's 'Faust.' It would betray an ignorance of world-literature and of its worth should one in a tone of irritation exclaim, "Goethe's 'Faust' without end."

This poem roots itself deep in the past, and is not of less worth because it grew out of the 'Volksbücher' and popular plays; for in the realm of poetry the worth of a popular origin is fully recognized. The age in which it was written, the stamp of which the poem bears, was one of the richest in ideas and in deeds which man has ever seen; and never before has such an

age developed in so short a time. When the 'Fragment' of our 'Faust' appeared, the French Revolution had just begun, it had run its course and had given birth to a Cæsar, who was already the ruler of the world when the First Part of 'Faust' saw the light of day. In the same year Napoleon appeared in Erfurt, where he called to him the author of 'Werther' and advised him to compose a 'Cæsar,' since the destiny of the world now lay in politics.

When Goethe was asked which one among modern philosophers he considered the greatest, he answered, "Kant, unquestionably; for he is the one whose doctrine proves permanent and has penetrated most deeply into our German culture." Contemporaneous with the origin of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' was the origin of Goethe's 'Faust.' Contemporaneous with the 'Critique of the Judgment,' Kant's last great work, appeared the 'Fragment.' The Königsberg philosopher stood at that time at the summit of his mental activity. The philosophers Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel had followed him and had filled the world with their ideas, when Goethe published in 1808 the First Part of his 'Faust.' Some seventy poems have dared to vie with it, but in the light of the great star have quickly paled. No one of these had the power so to express and reveal the spiritual fullness of this age, rich in thought and events, as did Goethe's 'Faust.' All influential thinkers of the time compared their ideas with this work, and endeavored to show their spiritual relationship with the same, in order thereby to establish their own worth and import. . . .

It is impossible that a poem which rules so great a past and present, and which has so great a following, should be so short-lived that scarcely two generations after its completion it has lived out its life, its fundamental thought exhausted. Indeed, the vast and always growing number of expositions of Goethe's 'Faust' proves to us that the world desires an interpretation of this work, and that the attempts hitherto made have either failed in their purpose or have not solved the problem completely and fundamentally enough. It may, I trust, be permitted me in the present discourse, so far as the time permits, to examine into the nature of these attempts and to pass judgment upon them.

II. The Philosophical Method of Interpretation

The kernel of all Faust literature is a religious fable. A nobly striving and highly gifted man, impelled by thirst for truth and also for the pleasures of the world, becomes untrue to the service of God, strives after the powers of magic, calls up the Devil and subscribes to him his soul, which shall remain forever in hell after he has enjoyed a proud and wanton world-career. This fable contains, even in its rudest form, momentous thoughts concerning the struggle between good and evil in the heart of man, concerning the motives to guilt and destruction,—clearly the profoundest themes both of religion and of philosophy.

In the course of the sixteenth century, the age of the German new birth of Christianity and of ancient art, there arose under the influence of the religious and philosophical ideas of that time the myth of Doctor Faust, whose religious tendency stamped itself clearly in the 'Volksbücher.' In the years from 1771–1831,—an age deeply moved by religious and philosophical ideas, the greatest age of German philosophy, reaching from the beginning of the epoch of Kant to the death of Hegel,—there arose, developed, and was completed, Goethe's 'Faust.' The old fable of the German magician of the sixteenth century, and the new ideas of German philosophy which stirred the last generation of the eighteenth century and the first generation of the nineteenth,—these are the elements our poem must needs take up and unite; for it could deny neither its inheritance nor its birth. Therefore this work is by virtue of its origin a religious and philosophical poem, which cannot be thoroughly comprehended without a knowledge of the ideas contained therein. The meaning of this poem was and still is, therefore, a *philosophical* problem.

Therefore the first attempts at interpretation, which followed immediately upon the publication of the poem, took this direction. Their problem was to explain the fable of our 'Faust' and to find its moral. This was considered as the fundamental idea, which was intended to be allegorically portrayed in the persons and events of the poem. So the philosophical interpretation became allegorical interpretation, and then forced and absurd interpretations. The entire poem appeared at last like a magic sphere, wherein one could no more trust his senses, but must look upon the most natural things as something entirely

different from what they seemed to be. One was taught the recondite signification of the pedestrians before the gate, of the dance under the linden tree, of the rat which gnawed the pentagram, of the revelers in Auerbach's cellar, of the wine which flowed from the table, of the jewel casket in Gretchen's press, of the bunch of keys and the night lamp with which Faust entered Gretchen's prison, and of various other similar riddles. It was even asked, What is the meaning of Gretchen?

The fundamental error of all these interpretations was that they assumed as the basis of the poem a wholly invented, entirely original, not partly inherited fundamental idea; in accordance with which, it was said, the poem grew,—*i. e.*, the fable grew out of the moral. However, concerning this fundamental idea the interpreters were by no means agreed. But they interpreted the poem as though Goethe had himself wholly invented his Faust legend, and had then completed the poem in accordance with the requirements of the invented legend, according to *one* plan and in a white heat of composition; whereas in truth the Faust legend was already two centuries old when Goethe appropriated it, and Goethe's 'Faust' was two generations old when it was brought to completion.

The problem could not be solved by these methods of interpretation, because of the underlying false conceptions of the origin and production of the poem.

IV. The Extreme Positions Taken by Both Schools

Over against the earlier philosophical — *i. e.*, allegorical — interpretations I have placed the historical investigations of to-day, and shown how widely the latter method has extended its questions and subdivided into so many individual investigations.

Opposed as are their tendencies, so also are the byways into which both methods of interpretation get astray. If the allegorists consult tradition not at all, or too little at least, and prefer to ascribe everything to the assumed inventions of the poet, so on the other hand, many of the historical expositors of to-day are inclined to exaggerate tradition to such an extent that they would leave nothing to the ideas and power of invention of the poet. The former would, if possible, make everything invented; the latter make everything borrowed. We find that the former ascribed to the poet of 'Faust' ideas,— the latter borrowings,— of which he never thought. Here extremes meet.

VIII. The Religious Idea of the Poem

I have attempted to show the directions which the expositions of Goethe's 'Faust' have taken, by the philosophic methods of exposition as well as by the historical and the philological. The poem needs an explanation of the entire circumference of its ideas, as well as of its origin, which can succeed only when both methods of exposition — the philosophical as well as the historical, which includes also the philological — are united. Separated from each other, neither takes the right way. The philosophical consideration which to-day deserves this name is itself of a historical nature. It must recognize, through the course of development of the poet, the ideas which have in truth inspired and filled his work. Where the poem itself takes the form of allegory, the philosophical interpretation must proceed allegorically. It must ask, for example, What means the Witches' Kitchen, the Witches' Sabbath, the Mothers, the Homunculus, the classical Walpurgis Night?

The legend of Faust was a religious fable, and its theme was the guilt and condemnation of a nobly striving man entangled in the pleasures of the world. Goethe's 'Faust' is a religious poem, and its theme is the guilt and purification of a high-minded man, whom the pleasures of the world entice and sweep along but never satisfy. Were this non-satisfaction the final theme of the 'Faust,' as is commonly held, I should not call the poem a religious poem. It would then be merely pessimistic, as are the poems of Byron. There is a religious view of the misery in the world and a pessimistic view; the latter finds the world evil because it is not rich enough in enjoyment. This pessimism, which in our day is the fashion, is at bottom nothing but unsatisfied pleasure-seeking.

This was not the view of Goethe, not that of his 'Faust.' In his second monologue he portrays the wretchedness of human existence in a manner which can be compared only with the famous monologue of Hamlet. To Faust also, death appears to be a goal to be desired most fervently. He wishes to shuffle off the mortal coil of life as a burden. Then the Easter song moves him with admonition. Life is no burden; it is a test,—a painful but a wholesome one!

"Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested him,—

Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!»

Life has the importance of a trial which is to be endured by continued purification: this is the fundamental *religious* thought which Goethe introduces into his 'Faust' tragedy in the 'Prologue in Heaven,' and makes it the theme of the same. He permits his 'Faust' to strive upward, and reach a height where the enjoyments of the world and the evil of the world touch him no more.

Upon this height he answers the tempter who places before his eyes the glories and enjoyments of the world:—«Base and modern Sardanapalus! Enjoyment makes common!»

From this height he says to Care, who paints to him again the misery of the world, «I will not recognize you.» The energy of endeavor and striving is not to be dispirited by the misery of life's cares. There is a genuine and real non-satisfaction; it springs not from the misery of the world, but from the wants and weakness of one's own powers:—

«Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
This World means something to the Capable.
In marching onwards, bliss and torment find,
Though every moment with unsated mind!»

However, it is not the province of this address to go into the course of development of the poem itself, since I only wished to present and to criticize the methods of exposition. The work progressed with the poet and with his views of life, and it was two generations of men in coming into being. In order to appreciate it correctly, and to apprehend the ideas which this world-poem presents, let us take as a prototype that view of the world, full of love, which the Lord in the Prologue commends to his own:—

«But ye, God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wavering apparition gleams
Fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!»

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Professor Richard Jones

JOHN FISKE

(1842–1901)

JOHN FISKE was born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 30th, 1842, the son of Edmund Brewster Green, of Smyrna, Delaware. The son's name was originally Edmund Fiske Green; but in 1855 he took the name of his maternal great-grandfather John Fiske. His father had died, and his mother had been married to Edwin W. Stoughton, a distinguished lawyer, since known as United States Minister to Russia. An authentic account shows him to have been a boy of extraordinary industry and acquisition. Thus, at thirteen, he had read a great deal of the best Latin literature. He could read Plato and Herodotus at sight when fifteen years old. A little later he took up in rapid succession French, Italian, Portuguese, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. His studies in science and mathematics were as extensive as in the languages. During his college course the young man is said to have averaged throughout the year fifteen hours of study daily. He was graduated at Harvard in 1863, and at the Harvard Law School in 1865. Mr. Fiske never practiced law, however, his preferences for literary life having declared themselves early. He had married while in the law school, and was even then using his pen for the support of his family.

JOHN FISKE

John Fiske's career as an author began with the publication, when he was nineteen years of age, of an article on Buckle, in which he made an exposition of the fallacies of that writer; which is as good to-day as at the time it was written. For two years, from 1869 to 1871, he was a lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. He was afterwards assistant librarian of that university, and he later served as a member of the board of overseers. The most serious work of his earlier years was his 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy,' in which he appeared as an expounder of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. It was written with that attractive lucidity which characterizes all his books. Darwin wrote him, "I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are." This work claims only

to be a representation of Spencer; but in the course of it Mr. Fiske made one original contribution in support of the Darwinian theory, which is now recognized to be of high importance. This concerns the subject of infancy. The idea is that actions which in the case of the simpler animals are matured before birth, must in the higher and more complex animals be acquired after birth. Hence the necessity of a period of infancy, to be prolonged in proportion to the degree of elevation of the animal in the scale of existence.

After the publication of his 'Cosmic Philosophy,' Mr. Fiske's labors were devoted almost entirely to history. That his attention was directed to American history seems to have been due to chance. If it had been left to him to select a subject, he would probably have chosen the conflicts of Christianity and Mohammedanism on the shores of the Mediterranean — a theme that had always had a special attraction for him. But this was not to be. In the late seventies an effort, which proved to be successful, was made to save the Old South Meeting-House in Boston. Had the attempt been made earlier it would probably have failed. But the fate of John Hancock's house had served as an example, and by 1879 people were beginning to feel that this country had a history that deserved attention. Mr. Fiske was invited to deliver a course of lectures on American political ideas at the Old South Meeting-House. From that time he continued to write American history. He wrote 'The Beginnings of New England,' 'The American Revolution,' 'The Critical Period of American History,' etc. The book which perhaps has had the widest attention is 'The Discovery of America.' The first part of this work is taken up with a description of the aboriginal society which Columbus and his successors found on this continent. This subject is closely connected with that of prehistoric society in Europe, which attracted the writer very early in his career.

In 1869 he had sketched out a work on the early Aryans, when he was turned aside for five years to write his 'Cosmic Philosophy.' During that period he also wrote 'Myths and Myth-Makers,' as a side work to his projected book on the Aryans. He again took up his task in 1874, but laid it aside after he had reached the conclusion that the subject could not be rightly treated without widening the field of study. It was necessary to know more of the barbaric world. With this view he set about the study of aboriginal American society, with which, he contends, no other field can be compared for fruitfulness. The part of the 'Discovery of America' which treats of this subject has great interest; but it is less generally attractive than his narration of the romantic incidents and characters of the period of discovery. Here we have at its best the writer's talent for clear exposition and attractive narration. There is no better example of

his literary powers than his account of the first voyage of Columbus. It is worthy of the possibilities of the story. Of all stories with a good ending, that, to an American mind at any rate, is perhaps the best. If there is a piece of American literature which has taken a strong hold of the popular mind, it is that chapter on the voyage of Columbus in 'Peter Parley' now known to have been written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is high praise of Mr. Fiske, to say that his more elaborate version of the ever-delightful story is worthy of the ideal of dramatic interest left by that youthful reading.

Besides his investigations upon history and politics, science and philosophy, Mr. Fiske has also been an inquirer upon religious themes. Perhaps none of his writings have attracted more attention or been read with a livelier interest than two little books which set forth his views on this subject. They were first delivered as addresses before the Concord School of Philosophy. The aim of 'The Destiny of Man' is to show that the theory of natural selection consists perfectly with the highest conception that can be formed of the dignity of human nature. It is true that the Darwinian theory made some such alteration in the position of man in the creation as had been done by the Copernican theory. With the establishment of the Copernican theory, man ceased to be the center of the universe. Darwin's theory taught him that even on this planet he had not a separate origin from the rest of animal existence. This view was at first regarded as a great derogation from human dignity. But Mr. Fiske claims that it accords with the highest conception of man's position in the universe. Man, and especially his spiritual part, is by this view made the goal to which nature has been all the while tending. The origin of man is fixed at that moment when psychical variations become of more use than physical ones. With this period is connected consciousness, the great increase of brain surface, and the necessity of a period of infancy. To the length of infancy of the human being Mr. Fiske attributes the rise of the family. Then comes the rise of the clan. Then comes the period when during some time of peace, the clan learns to obtain food by agriculture instead of by hunting; and we have the beginnings of the State.

Again, the gentler sentiments which we recognize in men, the altruistic feelings, are due to the existence of infancy. These sentiments can have, however, only a very feeble and narrow existence during the period when man is a nomad and hunter, and when the strife for life is necessarily ferocious. Agriculture, on the other hand, has been a great educator of the milder qualities of mankind. So long as strife raged over food already in existence, such as game, the supply of which was limited, the battle must necessarily be to the uttermost. But from the soil mankind could get food without strife,

War, however, still does not cease. The strife which formerly raged among families and clans continues between nations. But strife is nevertheless on the wane. This sentence of Mr. Fiske, written twelve years ago, is of especial interest in view of recent discussions:— «Sooner or later it [strife] must come to an end, and the pacific principle of federacy, whereby the questions between States are settled like questions between individuals, by due process of law, must reign supreme over all the earth.» Original sin is, according to Mr. Fiske, that brute inheritance which we have received from our warring and selfish ancestors. The disciple of Darwin finds new meanings in the beatitude «Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.» A concluding chapter asserts a belief in a future life, while admitting that it cannot be proved from the facts of nature. The creation of man, and of the perfected man, is thus the goal towards which, during all these ages, nature has been tending through natural selection.

When asked to make a second address before the Concord School of Philosophy, he took for his subject 'The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge.' In this address he contends that science is not atheistic, that there is no conflict between science and religion, and that the notion that science substitutes force for the idea of a God is a mistake. There has been, he says, a metaphysical misconception of the term «force.»

This brief reference to Mr. Fiske's philosophy is necessary to acquaint the reader to whom the works of this able writer may not be well known with the scope of his inquiries and the range of his sympathies. The field of his investigations embraces the history of the material universe, of organic life and of the mind of man. Man's course he follows from the moment of dawning intelligence, studies him in his prehistoric stage, and lastly, as a member of highly civilized communities on this continent, at the same time throwing a strong glance forward upon his individual and social destiny.

Mr. Fiske's death occurred at Gloucester, Mass., July 4, 1901. He was domestic in his tastes, being fond of his home, his books, and his music; his life was that of a true scholar, and it must be measured by his high aims and tireless industry. He was an extremely brilliant man; a scholar rather of the receptive than the creative type, and his style was one of remarkable lucidity and attractiveness. Endowed with greater powers than most of his contemporaries, he worked but the more diligently to accomplish the tremendous tasks which he had set for himself.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

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FERDINAND MAGELLAN, as we call him in English, was a Portuguese nobleman of the fourth grade, but of family as old and blood as blue as any in the peninsula. He was born at Sabrosa, near Chaves, in one of the wildest and gloomiest nooks of Tras-os-Montes, in or about the year 1480. The people of that province have always been distinguished for a rugged fidelity, combined with unconquerable toughness of fibre, that reminds one of the Scotch; and from those lonely mountains there never came forth a sturdier character than Ferdinand Magellan. Difficulty and danger fit to baffle the keenest mind and daunt the strongest heart only incited this man to efforts well-nigh superhuman. In his portrait, as given in Navarrete, with the great arching brows, the fiery black eyes, the firm-set lips and mastiff jaw, covered but not concealed by the shaggy beard, the strength is almost appalling. Yet in all this power there was nothing cruel. Magellan was kind-hearted and unselfish, and on more than one occasion we see him risking his life in behalf of others with generosity worthy of a paladin.

Nothing is known of his childhood and youth except that at an early age he went to Lisbon and was brought up in the royal household. In 1505 he embarked as a volunteer in the armada which the brilliant and high-souled Almeida, first Portuguese viceroy of India, was taking to the East. There followed seven years of service under this commander and his successor Albuquerque. Seven years of anxious sailing over strange waters, checkered with wild fights against Arabs and Malays, trained Magellan for the supreme work that was to come. He was in Sequeira's expedition to Malacca in 1508–9, the first time that European ships had ventured east of Ceylon. While they were preparing to take in a cargo of pepper and ginger, the astute Malay king was plotting their destruction. His friendly overtures deceived the frank and somewhat too unsuspicious Sequeira. Malay sailors and traders were allowed to come on board the four ships, and all but one of the boats were sent to the beach, under command of Francisco Serrano, to hasten the bringing of the cargo. Upon the quarter-deck of his flagship Sequeira sat

absorbed in a game of chess, with half a dozen dark faces intently watching him, their deadly purpose veiled with polite words and smiles. Ashore the houses rose terrace-like upon the hillside, while in the foreground the tall tower of the citadel — square with pyramidal apex, like an Italian bell-tower — glistened in the September sunshine. The parties of Malays on the ships and down on the bustling beach cast furtive glances at this summit, from which a puff of smoke was presently to announce the fatal moment. The captains and principal officers on shipboard were at once to be stabbed and their vessels seized, while the white men ashore were to be massacred. But a Persian woman in love with one of the officers had given tardy warning, so that just before the firing of the signal the Portuguese sailors began chasing the squads of Malays from their decks, while Magellan, in the only boat, rowed for the flag-ship, and his stentorian shout of "Treason!" came just in time to save Sequeira. Then in wild confusion, as wreaths of white smoke curled about the fatal tower, Serrano and a few of his party sprang upon their boats and pushed out to sea. Most of their comrades, less fortunate, were surrounded and slaughtered on the beach. Nimble Malay skiffs pursued and engaged Serrano, and while he was struggling against overwhelming odds, Magellan rowed up and joined battle with such desperate fury that Serrano was saved. No sooner were all the surviving Portuguese brought together on shipboard than the Malays attacked in full force; but European guns were too much for them, and after several of their craft had been sent to the bottom they withdrew.

This affair was the beginning of a devoted friendship between Magellan and Serrano, sealed by many touching and romantic incidents, like the friendship between Gerard and Denys in 'The Cloister and the Hearth'; and it was out of this friendship that in great measure grew the most wonderful voyage recorded in history. After Albuquerque had taken Malacca in 1511, Serrano commanded one of the ships that made the first voyage to the Moluccas. On his return course his vessel, loaded with spices, was wrecked upon a lonely island which had long served as a lair for pirates. Fragments of wreckage strewn upon the beach lured ashore a passing gang of such ruffians; and while they were intent upon delving and searching, Serrano's men, who had hidden among the rocks, crept forth and seized the pirate ship. The nearest place of retreat was the island of Amboina, and this

accident led Serrano back to the Moluccas, where he established himself as an ally or quasi-protector of the king of Ternate, and remained for the rest of his short life. Letters from Serrano aroused in Magellan a strong desire to follow his friend to that "new world" in the Indian waves, the goal so long dreamed of, so eagerly sought by Columbus and many another, but now for the first time actually reached and grasped. But circumstances came in to modify most curiously this aim of Magellan's. He had come to learn something about the great ocean intervening between the Malay seas and Mundus Novus, but failed to form any conception of its width at all approaching the reality. It therefore seemed to him that the line of demarcation antipodal to Borgia's meridian must fall to the west of the Moluccas, and that his friend Serrano had ventured into a region which must ultimately be resigned to Spain. In this opinion he was wrong, for the meridian which cuts through the site of Adelaide in Australia would have come near the line that on that side of the globe marked the end of the Portuguese half and the beginning of the Spanish half; but the mistake was easy to make and hard to correct.

About this time some cause unknown took Magellan back to Lisbon, where we find him in the midsummer of 1512. His hope of a speedy return to India was disappointed. Whether on account of a slight disagreement he had once had with Albuquerque, or for some other reason, he found himself out of favor with the King. A year or more of service in Morocco followed, in the course of which a Moorish lance wounded Magellan in the knee and lamed him for life. After his return to Portugal in 1514, it became evident that King Emanuel had no further employment for him. He became absorbed in the study of navigation and cosmography, in which he had always felt an interest. It would have been strange if an inquiring mind, trained in the court of Lisbon in those days, had not been stirred by the fascination of such studies. How early in life Magellan had begun to breathe in the art of seamanship with the salt breezes from the Atlantic, we do not know; but at some time the results of scientific study were combined with his long experience in East-Indian waters to make him a consummate master. He conceived the vast scheme of circumnavigating the globe. Somewhere upon that long coast of Mundus Novus, explored by Vespucius and Coelho, Jaques and Solis, there was doubtless a passage through

which he could sail westward and greet his friend Serrano in the Moluccas!

Upon both of Schöner's globes, of 1515 and 1520, such a strait is depicted, connecting the southern Atlantic with an ocean to the west of Mundus Novus. This has raised the question whether any one had ever discovered it before Magellan. That there was in many minds a belief in the existence of such a passage seems certain; whether because the wish was father to the thought, or because the mouth of La Plata had been reported as the mouth of a strait, or because Jaques had perhaps looked into the strait of Magellan, is by no means clear. But without threading that blind and tortuous labyrinth, as Magellan did, for more than 300 geographical miles, successfully avoiding its treacherous bays and channels with no outlet, no one could prove that there was a practicable passage there; and there is no good reason for supposing that any one had accomplished such a feat of navigation before Magellan.

The scheme of thus reaching the Moluccas by the westward voyage was first submitted to King Emanuel. To him was offered the first opportunity for ascertaining whether these islands lay within his half of the heathen world or not. He did not smile upon the scheme, though he may have laughed at it. The papal bulls and the treaty of Tordesillas prohibited the Spaniards from sailing to the Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and unless they could get through the barrier of Mundus Novus there was no danger of their coming by a westerly route. Why not let well enough alone? Apparently Emanuel did not put much faith in the strait. We are told by Gaspar Correa that Magellan then asked the royal permission to go and offer his services to some other master. "The King said he might do what he pleased. Upon this Magellan desired to kiss his hand at parting, but the King would not offer it."

The alternative was thus offered to Magellan of abandoning his scheme of discovery or entering the service of Spain, and he chose the latter course. For this he has been roundly abused, not only by Portuguese writers from that day to this, but by others who seem to forget that a man has as clear a right to change his country and his allegiance as to move his home from one town to another. In the relations between State and individual the duty is not all on one side. As Faria y Sousa, more sensible than many of his countrymen, observes, the great

navigator did all that honor demanded, when by a special clause in his agreement with Spain, he pledged himself to do nothing prejudicial to the interests of Portugal.

It was in October 1517 that Magellan arrived in Seville and became the guest of Diego Barbosa, alcaide of the arsenal there, a Portuguese gentleman who had for several years been in the Spanish service. Before Christmas of that year he was married to his host's daughter Beatriz de Barbosa, who accompanied him to the court. Magellan found favor in the eyes of the boy king Charles V., and even obtained active support from Bishop Fonseca, in spite of that prelate's ingrained hostility to noble schemes and honorable men. It was decided to fit out an expedition to pursue the search in which Solis had lately lost his life. More than a year was consumed in the needful preparations; and it was not until September 20th, 1519, that the little fleet cleared the mouth of the Guadalquivir and stood out to sea.

There were five small ships, commanded as follows:—

1. Trinidad, 110 tons, captain-general Ferdinand Magellan, pilot Estevan Gomez.
2. San Antonio, 120 tons, captain Juan de Cartagena.
3. Concepcion, 90 tons, captain Gaspar Quesada.
4. Victoria, 85 tons, captain Luis de Mendoza.
5. Santiago, 75 tons, captain Juan Serrano.

It is a striking illustration of the shiftlessness with which things were apt to be done by the government, and the difficulties under which great navigators accomplished their arduous work, that these five ships were all old and decidedly the worse for wear. All seem to have been decked, with castles at the stern and fore. About 280 men were on board, a motley crew of Spaniards and Portuguese, Genoese and Sicilians, Flemings and French, Germans and Greeks, with one Englishman from Bristol, and a few negroes and Malays. Of Portuguese there were at least seven-and-thirty, for the most part men attached to Magellan and who had left their country with him. It was fortunate that he had so many such, for the wiles of King Emanuel had pursued him into Spain and out upon the ocean. When that sovereign learned that the voyage was really to be made, he determined that it must not be allowed to succeed. Hired ruffians lurked about street corners in Seville, waiting for a chance that never came for rushing forth and stabbing the wary navigator; orders were sent to captains in the East Indies—

among them the gallant Sequeira whom Magellan had saved—to intercept and arrest the fleet if it should ever reach those waters; and worst of all, the seeds of mutiny were busily and but too successfully sown in Magellan's own ships. Of the four subordinate captains only one was faithful. Upon Juan Serrano, the brother of his dearest friend, Magellan could absolutely rely. The others, Cartagena, Mendoza, and Quesada, sailed out from port with treason in their hearts. A few days after their start a small caravel overtook the Trinidad, with an anxious message to Magellan from his wife's father, Barbosa, begging him to be watchful, "since it had come to his knowledge that his captains had told their friends and relations that if they had any trouble with him they would kill him." For reply the commander counseled Barbosa to be of good cheer, for be they true men or false he feared them not, and would do his appointed work all the same. For Beatriz, left with her little son Rodrigo, six months old, the outlook must have been anxious enough.

Our chief source of information for the events of the voyage is the journal kept by a gentleman from Vicenza, the Chevalier Antonio Pigafetta, who obtained permission to accompany the expedition, "for to see the marvels of the ocean." After leaving the Canaries on the 3d of October the armada ran down toward Sierra Leone and was becalmed, making only three leagues in three weeks. Then "the upper air burst into life" and the frail ships were driven along under bare poles, now and then dipping their yard-arms. During a month of this dreadful weather, the food and water grew scarce, and the rations were diminished. The spirit of mutiny began to show itself. The Spanish captains whispered among the crews that this man from Portugal had not their interests at heart and was not loyal to the Emperor. Toward the captain-general their demeanor grew more and more insubordinate; and Cartagena one day, having come on board the flag-ship, faced him with threats and insults. To his astonishment Magellan promptly collared him, and sent him, a prisoner in irons, on board the Victoria (whose captain was unfortunately also one of the traitors), while the command of the San Antonio was given to another officer. This example made things quiet for the moment.

On the 29th of November they reached the Brazilian coast near Pernambuco; and on the 11th of January they arrived at the mouth of La Plata, which they investigated sufficiently to

convince them that it was a river's mouth and not a strait. Three weeks were consumed in this work. Their course through February and March along the coast of Patagonia was marked by incessant and violent storms; and the cold became so intense that, finding a sheltered harbor with plenty of fish at Port St. Julian, they chose it for winter quarters and anchored there on the last day of March. On the next day, which was Easter Sunday, the mutiny that so long had smoldered broke out in all its fury.

The hardships of the voyage had thus far been what stanch seamen called unusually severe, and it was felt that they had done enough. No one except Vespucius and Jaques had ever approached so near to the South Pole; and if they had not yet found a strait, it was doubtless because there was none to find. The rations of bread and wine were becoming very short, and common prudence demanded that they should return to Spain. If their voyage was practically a failure, it was not their fault; there was ample excuse in the frightful storms they had suffered and the dangerous strains that had been put upon their worn-out ships. Such was the general feeling, but when expressed to Magellan it fell upon deaf ears. No excuses, nothing but performance, would serve his turn; for him hardships were made only to be despised and dangers to be laughed at: and in short, go on they must, until a strait was found or the end of that continent reached. Then they would doubtless find an open way to the Moluccas; and while he held out hopes of rich rewards for all, he appealed to their pride as Castilians. For the inflexible determination of this man was not embittered by harshness, and he could wield as well as any one the language that soothes and persuades.

So long as all were busy in the fight against wind and wave, the captain-general's arguments were of avail. But the deliberate halt to face the hardships of an antarctic winter, with no prospect of stirring until toward September, was too much. Patience under enforced inactivity was a virtue higher than these sailors had yet been called upon to exhibit. The treacherous captains had found their opportunity, and sowed distrust broadcast by hinting that a Portuguese commander could not better serve his king than by leading a Spanish armada to destruction. They had evidently secured their men and prepared their blow before the fleet came to anchor. The ringleaders of the mutiny

were the captains Quesada of the Concepcion and Mendoza of the Victoria, with Juan de Cartagena, the deposed captain of the San Antonio, which was now commanded by Magellan's cousin Alvaro de Mesquita. On the night of Easter Sunday, Cartagena and Quesada, with thirty men, boarded the San Antonio, seized Mesquita and put him in irons; in the brief affray the mate of the San Antonio was mortally wounded. One of the mutineers, Sebastian Elcano, was put in command of the ship, such of the surprised and bewildered crew as were likely to be loyal were disarmed, and food and wine were handed about in token of the more generous policy now to be adopted. All was done so quickly and quietly that no suspicion of it reached the captain-general or anybody on board the Trinidad.

On Monday morning the traitor captains felt themselves masters of the situation. Three of the five ships were in their hands, and if they chose to go back to Spain, who could stop them? If they should decide to capture the flag-ship and murder their commander, they had a fair chance of success; for the faithful Serrano in his little ship Santiago was no match for any one of the three. Defiance seemed quite safe; and in the forenoon, when a boat from the flag-ship happened to approach the San Antonio she was insolently told to keep away, since Magellan no longer had command over that ship. When this challenge was carried to Magellan he sent the boat from ship to ship as a test, and soon learned that only the Santiago remained loyal. Presently Quesada sent a message to the Trinidad requesting a conference between the chief commander and the revolted captains. Very well, said Magellan, only the conference must of course be held on board the Trinidad; but for Quesada and his accomplices thus to venture in the lion's jaws was out of the question, and they impudently insisted that the captain-general should come on board the San Antonio.

Little did they realize with what a man they were dealing. Magellan knew how to make them come to him. He had reason to believe that the crew of the Victoria was less disloyal than the others, and selected that ship for the scene of his first *coup de main*. While he kept a boat in readiness, with a score of trusty men armed to the teeth and led by his wife's brother Barbosa, he sent another boat ahead to the Victoria, with his alguazil or constable Espinosa, and five other men. Luis de Mendoza, captain of the Victoria, suffered this small party to come

on board. Espinosa then served on Mendoza a formal summons to come to the flag-ship; and upon his refusal, quick as lightning sprang upon him and plunged a dagger into his throat. As the corpse of the rebellious captain dropped upon the deck, Barbosa's party rushed over the ship's side with drawn cutlasses, the dazed crew at once surrendered, and Barbosa took command.

The tables were now turned, and with three ships in loyal hands Magellan blockaded the other two in the harbor. At night he opened fire upon the San Antonio, and strong parties from the Trinidad and the Victoria boarding her on both sides at once, Quesada and his accomplices were captured. The Concepcion thereupon, overawed and crestfallen, lost no time in surrendering; and so the formidable mutiny was completely quelled in less than four-and-twenty hours. Quesada was beheaded; Cartagena and a guilty priest, Pero Sanchez, were kept in irons until the fleet sailed, when they were set ashore and left to their fate; all the rest were pardoned, and open defiance of the captain-generar was no more dreamed of. In the course of the winter the Santiago was wrecked while on a reconnoissance, but her men were rescued after dreadful sufferings, and Serrano was placed in command of the Concepcion.

At length on the 24th of August, with the earliest symptoms of spring weather, the ships, which had been carefully overhauled and repaired, proceeded on their way. Violent storms harassed them, and it was not until the 21st of October (St. Ursula's day) that they reached the headland still known as Cape Virgins. Passing beyond Dungeness they entered a large open bay, which some hailed as the long-sought strait, while others averred that no passage would be found there. It was, says Pigafetta, in Eden's version, "the straight now cauled the straight of Magellanus, beinge in sum place C. x. leaques in length: and in breadth sumwhere very large and in other places lyttle more than halfe a leaque in bredth. On both the sydes of this strayght are great and hygh mountaynes couered with snowe, beyonde the whiche is the enteraunce into the sea of Sur. . . . Here one of the shyppes stole away priuilie and returned into Spayne." More than five weeks were consumed in passing through the strait, and among its labyrinthine twists and half-hidden bays there was ample opportunity for desertion. As advanced reconnoissances kept reporting the water as deep and salt, the conviction grew that the strait was found, and then the question once

more arose whether it would not be best to go back to Spain, satisfied with this discovery, since with all these wretched delays the provisions were again running short. Magellan's answer, uttered in measured and quiet tones, was simply that he would go on and do his work "if he had to eat the leather off the ship's yards." Upon the San Antonio there had always been a large proportion of the malcontents, and the chief pilot, Estevan Gomez, having been detailed for duty on that ship, lent himself to their purposes. The captain, Mesquita, was again seized and put in irons, a new captain was chosen by the mutineers, and Gomez piloted the ship back to Spain, where they arrived after a voyage of six months, and screened themselves for a while by lying about Magellan.

As for that commander, in Richard Eden's words, "when the capitayne Magalianes was past the straygh and sawe the way open to the other mayne sea, he was so gladde therof that for ioy the teares fell from his eyes, and named the poynt of the lande from whense he fyrst sawe that sea *Capo Desiderato.* Supposing that the shyp which stole away had byn loste, they erected a crosse uppon the top of a hyghe hyll to direct their course in the straight yf it were theyr chaunce to coome that way." The broad expanse of waters before him seemed so pleasant to Magellan, after the heavy storms through which he had passed, that he called it by the name it still bears, Pacific. But the worst hardships were still before him. Once more a Sea of Darkness must be crossed by brave hearts sickening with hope deferred. If the mid-Atlantic waters had been strange to Columbus and his men, here before Magellan's people all was thrice unknown.

"They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea;"

and as they sailed month after month over the waste of waters, the huge size of our planet began to make itself felt. Until after the middle of December they kept a northward course, near the coast of the continent, running away from the antarctic cold. Then northwesterly and westerly courses were taken, and on the 24th of January, 1521, a small wooded islet was found in water where the longest plummet-lines failed to reach bottom. Already the voyage since issuing from the strait was nearly twice as long as that of Columbus in 1492 from the Canaries to Guanahani.

From the useless island, which they called San Pablo, a further run of eleven days brought them to another uninhabited rock, which they called Tiburones, from the quantity of sharks observed in the neighborhood. There was neither food nor water to be had there, and a voyage of unknown duration, in reality not less than 5,000 English miles, was yet to be accomplished before a trace of land was again to greet their yearning gaze. Their sufferings may best be told in the quaint and touching words in which Shakespeare read them:—"And hauynge in this tyme consumed all theyr bysket and other vyttayles, they fell into such necessitie that they were inforced to eate the pouder that remayned therof beinge now full of woormes. . . . Theyre freshe water was also putrifyed and become yelow. They dyd eate skynnes and pieces of lether which were foulded abowt certeyne great ropes of the shyps. [Thus did the captain-general's words come true.] But these skynnes being made verye harde by reason of the soonne, rayne, and wynde, they hunge them by a corde in the sea for the space of foure or fiue dayse to mollifie them, and sodde them, and eate them. By reason of this famen and vnclene feedynge, summe of theyr gummes grewe so ouer theyr teethe [a symptom of scurvy], that they dyed miserably for hunger. And by this occasion dyed xix. men, and . . . besyde these that dyed, xxv. or xxx. were so sicke that they were not able to doo any seruice with theyr handes or arms for feeblenesse: So that was in maner none without sum disease. In three monethes and xx. dayes, they sayled foure thousande leaques in one goulfe by the sayde sea cauled Pacificum (that is) peaceable, whiche may well bee so cauled forasmuch as in all this tyme hauyng no syght of any lande, they had no misfortune of wynde or any other tempest. . . . So that in fine, if god of his mercy had not gyuen them good wether, it was necessary that in this soo greate a sea they shuld all haue dyed for hunger. Whiche neuertheless they escaped soo hardely, that it may bee doubted whether euer the like viage may be attempted with so goode successe."

One would gladly know—albeit Pigafetta's journal and the still more laconic pilot's log-book leave us in the dark on this point—how the ignorant and suffering crews interpreted this everlasting stretch of sea, vaster, said Maximilian Transylvanus, "than the human mind could conceive." To them it may well have seemed that the theory of a round and limited earth was

wrong after all, and that their infatuated commander was leading them out into the fathomless abysses of space, with no welcoming shore beyond. But that heart of triple bronze, we may be sure, did not flinch. The situation had got beyond the point where mutiny could be suggested as a remedy. The very desperateness of it was all in Magellan's favor; for so far away had they come from the known world that retreat meant certain death. The only chance of escape lay in pressing forward. At last, on the 6th of March, they came upon islands inhabited by savages ignorant of the bow and arrow, but expert in handling their peculiar light boats. Here the dreadful sufferings were ended, for they found plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables, besides meat. The people were such eager and pertinacious thieves that their islands received the name by which they are still known, the Islas de Ladrones, or isles of robbers.

On the 16th of March the three ships arrived at the islands which some years afterward were named Philippines, after Philip II. of Spain. Though these were islands unvisited by Europeans, yet Asiatic traders from Siam and Sumatra, as well as from China, were to be met there, and it was thus not long before Magellan became aware of the greatness of his triumph. He had passed the meridian of the Moluccas, and knew that these islands lay to the southward within an easy sail. He had accomplished the circumnavigation of the earth through its unknown portion, and the remainder of his route lay through seas already traversed. An erroneous calculation of longitudes confirmed him in the belief that the Moluccas, as well as the Philippines, properly belonged to Spain. Meanwhile in these Philippines of themselves he had discovered a region of no small commercial importance. But his brief tarry in these interesting islands had fatal results; and in the very hour of victory the conqueror perished, slain in a fight with the natives, the reason of which we can understand only by considering the close complication of commercial and political interests with religious notions so common in that age.

As the typical Spaniard or Portuguese was then a persecutor of heresy at home, so he was always more or less of a missionary abroad, and the missionary spirit was in his case intimately allied with the crusading spirit. If the heathen resisted the gospel, it was quite right to slay and despoil them. Magellan's nature was devoutly religious, and exhibited itself in the points

of strength and weakness most characteristic of his age. After he had made a treaty of alliance with the king of the island of Sebu, in which, among other things, the exclusive privilege of trading there was reserved to the Spaniards, Magellan made the unexpected discovery that the king and his people were ready and even eager to embrace Christianity! They had conceived an exalted idea of the powers and accomplishments of these white strangers, and apparently wished to imitate them in all things. So in less than a week's time a huge bonfire had been made of the idols, a cross was set up in the market, and all the people on the island were baptized! Now, the king of Sebu claimed allegiance from chieftains on neighboring islands, who were slow to render it; and having adopted the white man's "medicine," he naturally wished to test its efficacy. What was Christianity good for, if not to help you to humble your vassals? So the Christian king of Sebu demanded homage from the pagan king of Matan; and when the latter potentate scornfully refused, there was a clear case for a crusade! The steadfast commander, the ally and protector of his new convert, the peerless navigator, the knight without fear and without reproach, now turned crusader as quickly as he had turned missionary. Indeed, there was no turning. These various aspects of life's work were all one to him; he would have summed up the whole thing as "serving God and doing his duty." So Magellan crossed over to the island of Matan on the 27th of April, 1521, and was encountered by the natives in overwhelming force. After a desperate fight the Spaniards were obliged to retreat to their boats; and their commander, who years before had been the last man to leave a sinking ship, now lingered on the brink of danger, screening his men, till his helmet was knocked off and his right arm disabled by a spear thrust. A sudden blow brought him to the ground; and then, says the Chevalier Pigafetta, "the Indians threw themselves upon him with iron-pointed bamboo spears and scimitars, and every weapon they had, and ran him through — our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide — until they killed him."

In these scenes, as so often in life, the grotesque and the tragic were strangely mixed. The defeat of the white men convinced the king of Sebu that he had overestimated the blessings of Christianity; and so, by way of atonement for the slight he had cast upon the gods of his fathers, he invited some thirty of the leading Spaniards to a banquet and massacred them. Among

the men thus cruelly slain were the faithful captains Barbosa and Serrano. As the ships sailed hastily away, the natives were seen chopping down the cross and conducting ceremonies in expiation of their brief apostasy. The blow was a sad one. Of the 280 men who had sailed out from the Guadalquivir, only 115 remained. At the same time the Concepcion, being adjudged no longer seaworthy, was dismantled and burned to the water's edge. The constable Espinosa was elected captain of the Victoria; and the pilot Carvalho was made captain-general, but proving incompetent, was presently superseded by that Sebastian Elcano who had been one of the mutineers at Port St. Julian. When the Trinidad and Victoria, after visiting Borneo, reached the Moluccas, they found that Francisco Serrano had been murdered by order of the king of Tidor at about the same time that his friend Magellan had fallen at Matan. The Spaniards spent some time in these islands, trading. When they were ready to start, on the 18th of December, the Trinidad sprang a leak. It was thereupon decided that the Victoria should make for the Cape of Good Hope without delay, in order not to lose the favorable east monsoon. The Trinidad was to be thoroughly repaired, and then take advantage of the reversal of monsoon to sail for Panama. Apparently it was thought that the easterly breeze which had wafted them so steadily across the Pacific was a monsoon and would change like the Indian winds,—a most disastrous error. Of the 101 men still surviving, 54 were assigned to the Trinidad and 47 to the Victoria. The former ship was commanded by Espinosa, the latter by Elcano.

When the Trinidad set sail, April 6, 1522, she had the westerly monsoon in her favor; but as she worked up into the northern Pacific she encountered the northeast trade-wind, and in trying to escape it groped her way up to the fortieth parallel and beyond. By that time, overcome with famine and scurvy, she faced about and ran back to the Moluccas. When she arrived, it was without her mainmast. Of her 54 men, all but 19 had found a watery grave; and now the survivors were seized by a party of Portuguese, and a new chapter of misery was begun. Only the captain Espinosa and three of the crew lived to see Spain again.

Meanwhile on the 16th of May the little Victoria, with starvation and scurvy already thinning the ranks, with foretopmast gone by the board and fore-yard badly sprung, cleared the Cape

of Good Hope, and thence was borne on the strong and friendly current up to the equator, which she crossed on the 8th of June. Only fifty years since Santarem and Escobar, first of Europeans, had crept down that coast and crossed it. Into that glorious half-century what a world of suffering and achievement had been crowded! Dire necessity compelled the Victoria to stop at the Cape Verde Islands. Her people sought safety in deceiving the Portuguese with the story that they were returning from a voyage in Atlantic waters only, and thus they succeeded in buying food. But while this was going on, as a boat-load of thirteen men had been sent ashore for rice, some silly tongue, loosened by wine in the head of a sailor who had cloves to sell, babbled the perilous secret of Magellan and the Moluccas. The thirteen were at once arrested, and a boat called upon the Victoria, with direful threats, to surrender; but she quickly stretched every inch of her canvas and got away. This was on the 13th of July, and eight weeks of ocean remained. At last, on the 6th of September — the thirtieth anniversary of the day when Columbus weighed anchor for Cipango — the Victoria sailed into the Guadalquivir, with eighteen gaunt and haggard survivors to tell the proud story of the first circumnavigation of the earth.

The voyage thus ended was doubtless the greatest feat of navigation that has ever been performed, and nothing can be imagined that would surpass it except a journey to some other planet. It has not the unique historic position of the first voyage of Columbus, which brought together two streams of human life that had been disjoined since the Glacial Period. But as an achievement in ocean navigation that voyage of Columbus sinks into insignificance by the side of it; and when the earth was a second time encompassed by the greatest English sailor of his age, the advance in knowledge, as well as the different route chosen, had much reduced the difficulty of the performance. When we consider the frailness of the ships, the immeasurable extent of the unknown, the mutinies that were prevented or quelled, and the hardships that were endured, we can have no hesitation in speaking of Magellan as the prince of navigators. Nor can we ever fail to admire the simplicity and purity of that devoted life, in which there is nothing that seeks to be hidden or explained away.

It would have been fitting that the proudest crest ever granted by a sovereign — a terrestrial globe belted with the legend *Primus*

circumdedisti me (Thou first encompassed me) — should have been bestowed upon the son and representative of the hero; but when the Victoria returned there was none to receive such recognition. In September 1521, Magellan's son, the little Rodrigo, died; and by March 1522 the gentle mother Beatriz had heard, by way of the Portuguese Indies, of the fate of her husband and her brother. In that same month — "grievously sorrowing," as we are told — she died. The coat-of-arms with the crest just mentioned, along with a pension of five hundred ducats, was granted to Elcano, a weak man who had ill deserved such honor. Espinosa was also, with more justice, pensioned and ennobled.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809–1883)

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

EDWARD FITZGERALD was the third son of John Purcell, and Mary Frances Fitzgerald his cousin. He was born March 31st, 1809, at Bredfield House near Suffolk. When the boy was five years old, Mr. Purcell took his family to France. In Paris they occupied the house in which Robespierre had once lived. The following year Mrs. Purcell's father died, and her husband assumed the name and arms of the Fitzgeralds. Edward frequently referred to his Irish blood: he called himself "a scatter-brained Paddy!" In 1821 he was sent to King Edward VI.'s School at Bury St. Edmunds, where his two brothers were. He was there five years, and then went to Trinity College. Fitzgerald obtained his degree somewhat to his own surprise, for he had taken his course in a characteristically comfortable manner; as Mr. Wright says, "amusing himself with music and drawing and poetry." After a brief visit at Paris, he returned to England and began to carry out the experiment of his semi-misanthropic retreat from the world; he became a vegetarian: "The great secret of it all," he said, "is not eating meat!" He wrote his friend Allen:—"I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles. You must know I am going to become a great bear, and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society." As he lived, he grew shyer and shyer even with his friends.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

He went to live near Naseby, where his father had an estate which included a large part of the celebrated battle-field. It was there in 1831 that he wrote his earliest known poem; it was printed in Hone's Year Book, and shortly afterwards in the Athenæum.

The dates of his letters to Frederic Tennyson and other friends show the pleasant rounds of his residences: now at Southampton, now in London, where his mother kept up great style, driving her four horses; now at Geldestone, now at Wherstead Lodge near Ipswich, where his parents lived for ten years; then at Boulge Hall, Woodbridge. At Boulge he lived in a one-story thatched cottage,

just outside his father's park. The Rev. George Crabbe gives this picture of him:—

«He used to walk by himself, slowly, with a Skye terrier. I was rather afraid of him. He seemed a proud and very punctilious man. . . . He seemed to me when I first saw him as he was when he died, only not stooping: always like a grave middle-aged man; never seemed very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes.»

In 1847 he contributed a number of notes and illustrations to Singer's edition of Selden's 'Table Talk,' but refused to allow his services to be acknowledged. He also wrote what he calls «a little dapper memoir» as a preface to the posthumously published 'Poems and Letters' of Bernard Barton the Quaker, whose daughter he married. In 1851 he published anonymously a little volume of less than a hundred pages, called 'Euphranor.' Couched in exquisite English, it appealed to a small but cultured audience. A second edition was called for, and then the demand for it ceased.

Under the stimulating friendship of the learned Professor E. B. Cowell, he took up the study of Spanish, and in 1863 published a translation of 'Six Dramas from Calderon.' This was the only book to which he ever put his name. The same year he was amusing himself «with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate [inoculate?] him with.» He did not agree with Cowell in regard to the mystical interpretation of the wine-cup and cup-bearer. In 1855 he was «stilting into too Miltonic verse the ingenuous prattle of Jámí.» «It is an amusement to me,» he wrote, «to take what liberties I like with these Persians; who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them.» Omar Khayyám he considered the best and most satisfying of them all, but he called his version «very one-sided; . . . what I do, comes up as a bubble to the surface and breaks.»

In 1857 he took up the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus and began to make a very free translation of it, «not for scholars but for those who are ignorant of Greek.» He had no scruple about adding splendid passages to the 'Agamemnon,' such as Æschylus might have written had he lived in the nineteenth century. In the same way he raised the poetic level of Omar, as can be seen by reading the various versions of the 'Rubáiyát.'

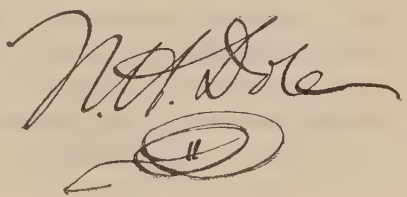
Besides the works already mentioned, Fitzgerald made very free translations or paraphrases of several others of Calderon's metrical dramas; of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' and 'Œdipus Coloneus' of Sophocles; and of masterpieces of two Persian poets—'Salámán and Absál' of Jami, and 'The Bird-Parliament' or 'Bird-Confab' of Attar. These, together with a few fragments of verse, original or translated,

form the bulk of the life work of a man who cared nothing for fame; who on the contrary avoided it with as much solicitude as most ambitious men seek to win it.

The critics, not understanding his views, attacked him so severely for his versions of Calderon that he withdrew the volume from sale; but he kept on for his own amusement. "He jotted down materials for a vocabulary of rustic or rural English." He also made for Notes and Queries (1870) a similar vocabulary of East-Anglican sea terms. These were collected with the aid of Captain West, his viking-captain of a herring-lugger which he built as an experiment in altruism. His edition of the 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám was published anonymously by Bernard Quaritch in 1859, after it had lain neglected for two years in the office of Fraser's Magazine. It was equally neglected by the public; and the publisher, to whom he made a gift of the work, exposed the pamphlets for sale at a penny each. They were gradually picked up, and the germs of the Omar Khayyám cult were planted. It was almost ten years before a second edition was called for; in this the number of quatrains was increased from seventy-five to one hundred and ten. Professor Norton, in a private letter which we are privileged to quote, says, "Fitzgerald's 'Omar' illustrates the miracle of trans-substantiation of the bare elements into the very blood and body of poetry." Fitzgerald himself said, "A translation must be a paraphrase to be readable." In 1864 Fitzgerald bought a small farm-house on the outskirts of Woodbridge, and enlarged it into a mansion which he called "Little Grange." Here this "peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man," as Carlyle called him, lived his "innocent, *far niente* life." In June 1883 he went to visit his old friend Mr. Crabbe at Merton Rectory. In the morning he was found "as if sleeping peacefully, but quite dead." Mr. Crabbe wrote, "A very noble character has passed away." He was buried in the little churchyard at Boulge, which has since become a shrine of pious pilgrimage.

He left his friend William Aldis Wright a tin box, which was found to contain such of his papers and books as he thought might possibly bear to be published; and Mr. Wright issued them in two volumes, together with another containing his letters.

Since then, Fitzgerald's fame has been continually growing, and the world recognizes that he added at least one classic to universal literature.



CHIVALRY

From 'Euphranor'

We sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of Home-brew'd, Lycion took up the volume of Digby which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would have put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had to-day."

"Chivalry,—" said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the leaves. "Don't you remember"—addressing me—"what an absurd thing that Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne—Lady Seymour—who alone of all the whole affair was *not* a sham—and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armour on their horses—they had been practicing for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances and put up their umbrellas."

I laugh'd, and said I remembered something like it had occurr'd, though not to that umbrella-point, which I thought was a theatrical or Louis Philippe Burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor "what he had to say in defense of the Tournament?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It *was* a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* a sham, as Lycion says. As Digby himself tells us," he went on, taking the Book and rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is"—and he read:—"'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that Tournaments, and steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas these are in fact only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I suppose," said Lycion, "your man—whatever his name is—would carry us back to the days of King Arthur and the Seven Champions—whenever they were—that one used to read

about when a Child? I thought Don Quixote had put an end to all that long ago."

"Well, *he* at any rate," said Euphranor, "did not depend on fine Accoutrement for his Chivalry."

"Nay," said I; "but did he *not* believe in his rusty armour—perhaps even the pasteboard Visor he fitted to it—as impregnable as the Cause—"

"And some old Barber's bason as the Helmet of Mambrino," interposed Lycion—

"And his poor Rocinante not to be surpass'd by the Bavieca of the Cid—believed in all this, I say, as really as in the Windmills and Wine-skins being the Giants and Sorcerers he was to annihilate?"

"To be sure he did," said Lycion; "but Euphranor's Round-table men—many of them great rascals, I believe—knew a real Dragon or Giant—when they met him—better than Don Quixote."

"Perhaps, however," said I, who saw Euphranor's colour rising, "he and Digby would tell us that all such Giants and Dragons may be taken for Symbols of certain Forms of Evil, which his Knights went about to encounter and exterminate."

"Of course," said Euphranor with an indignant snort, "every Child knows that: then as now to be met with and put down in whatsoever shapes they appear as long as Tyranny and Oppression exist."

"Till finally extinguisht, as they crop up, by Euphranor and his Successors," said Lycion.

"Does not Carlyle somewhere talk to us of a 'Chivalry of Labour'?" said I; "that henceforward not '*Arms* and the Man,' but '*Tools* and the Man,' are to furnish the Epic of the world."

"Oh well, said Lycion, "if the 'Table-Round' turn into a Tailor's Board—'Charge, Chester, charge!' say I—only not exorbitantly for the Coat you provide for us—which indeed, like true Knights, I believe you should provide for us gratis."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I laughing, "but then *You* must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but as your Ancestors led on mail'd troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself, shears in hand, at the head of this Host, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like Carlyle, nor relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will never want a good Cause to maintain, whether private or public. As Tennyson says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, returns to us in the shape of a 'modern Gentleman' who may be challenged, even in these later days, to no mock Tournament, Lycion, in his Country's defense, and with something other than the Doctor's shears at his side."

To this Lycion, however, only turn'd his cigar in his mouth by way of reply, and look'd somewhat superciliously at his Antagonist. And I, who had been looking into the leaves of the Book that Euphranor had left open, said:—

"Here we are as usual, discussing without having yet agreed on the terms we are using. Euphranor has told us on the word of his Hero what Chivalry is *not:* let him read what it is that we are talking about."

I then handed him the Book to read to us, while Lycion, lying down on the grass, with his hat over his eyes, composed himself to inattention. And Euphranor read:— . . .

Here Lycion, who had endured the reading with an occasional yawn, said he wish'd "those fellows up-stairs would finish their pool."

"And see again," continued I, taking the book from Euphranor's hands—"after telling us that Chivalry is mainly but another name for Youth, Digby proceeds to define more particularly what *that* is. . . . So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book and tapping on the top of his hat, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"I did not try to understand your English any more than your Greek," said Lycion; "but if I can't help being the very fine Fellow whom I think you were reading about, why, I want to know what is the use of writing books about it for my edification."

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I; "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even fling away, in your march to Manhood—which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when gotten there; for I see Digby goes on—

'What is termed *Entering the World*'—which Manhood of course must do—'assuming its Principles and Maxims'—which usually follows—'is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing.'" . . .

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think of so many fine Lads so soon turning into frivolous Members of Parliament'!"

"But why 'frivolous'?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why 'frivolous'?" echoed I, "when entering on the Field where, Euphranor tells us, their Knightly service may be call'd into action."

"Perhaps," said Euphranor, "entering before sufficiently equipp'd for that part of their calling."

"Well," said Lycion, "the Laws of England determine otherwise, and that is enough for me, and I suppose for her, whatever your ancient or modern pedants say to the contrary."

"You mean," said I, "in settling Twenty-one as the Age of 'Discretion,' sufficient to manage not your own affairs only, but those of the Nation also?"

The hat nodded.

"Not yet, perhaps, accepted for a Parliamentary Knight complete," said I, "so much as Squire to some more experienced if not more valiant Leader. Only providing that Neoptolemus do not fall into the hands of a too politic Ulysses, and under him lose that generous Moral, whose Inventory is otherwise apt to get lost among the benches of St. Stephen's—in spite of preliminary Prayer."

"Aristotle's Master, I think," added Euphranor with some mock gravity, "would not allow any to become Judges in his Republic till near to middle life, lest acquaintance with Wrong should harden them into a distrust of Humanity; and acquaintance with Diplomacy is said to be little less dangerous."

"Though, by the way," interposed I, "was not Plato's Master accused of perplexing those simple Affections and Impulses of Youth by his Dialectic, and making premature Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"By Aristophanes, you mean," said Euphranor, with no mock gravity now; "whose gross caricature help'd Anytus and Co. to that Accusation which ended in the murder of the best and wisest man of all Antiquity."

"Well, perhaps," said I, "he had been sufficiently punish'd by that termagant Wife of his—whom, by the way, he may have taught to argue with him instead of to obey. Just as that Son of poor old Strepsiades, in what you call the Aristophanic Caricature, is taught to rebel against parental authority, instead of doing as he was bidden; as he would himself have the Horses to do that he was spending so much of his Father's money upon: and as we would have our own Horses, Dogs, and Children,—and Young Knights."

"You have got your Heroes into fine company, Euphranor," said Lycion, who, while seeming inattentive to all that went against him, was quick enough to catch at any turn in his favour.

"Why, let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—"yes,—'*Ardent of desire*,'—'*Tractable*,'—some of them at least—'*Without comprehending much*'—'*Ambitious*'—'*Despisers of Riches*'—'*Warm friends and hearty Companions*'—really very characteristic of the better breed of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men—*El mas Hidalgo Bruto*, Calderon calls him. He was sometimes buried, I think, along with our heroic Ancestors—just as some favourite wife was buried along with her husband in the East. So the Muse sings of those who believe their faithful Dog will accompany them to the World of Spirits—as even some wise and good Christian men have thought it not impossible he may, not only because of his Moral, but—"

"Well," said Euphranor, "we need not trouble ourselves about carrying the question quite so far." . . .

"Well," said I, "your great Schools might condescend to take another hint from abroad where some one—Fellenberg again, I think—had a Riding-house in his much poorer School, where you might learn not only to sit your horse if ever able to provide one for yourself, but also to saddle, bridle, rub him down, with the *ss'ss–ss'ss* which I fancy was heard on the morning of Agincourt—if, by the way, one horse was left in all the host."

"Well, come," said Euphranor; "the Gladiator at any rate is gone—and the Boxer after him—and the Hunter, I think, going after both; perhaps the very Horse he rides gradually to be put away by Steam into some Museum among the extinct Species that Man has no longer room or business for."

"Nevertheless," said I, "war is *not* gone with the Gladiator, and cannon and rifle yet leave room for hand-to-hand conflict, as may one day — which God forbid! — come to proof in our own sea-girt Island. If safe from abroad, some Ruffian may still assault you in some shady lane — nay, in your own parlour — at home, when you have nothing but your own strong arm, and ready soul to direct it. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset; — is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others? no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than helplessly looking on — or turning away? Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; is there no gentleman can saddle Dobbin — much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey. And I do maintain," I continued, "having now gotten 'the bit between my teeth' — maintain against all Comers that, independent of any bodily action on their part, these and the like Accomplishments, as you call them, do carry with them, and I will say, with the Soul incorporate, that habitual Instinct of Courage, Resolution, and Decision, which together with the Good Humour which good animal Condition goes far to ensure, do, I say, prepare and arm the Man not only against the greater but against those minor Trials of Life, which are so far harder to encounter because of perpetually cropping up; and thus do cause him to radiate, if through a narrow circle, yet through that imperceptibly to the whole world, a happier atmosphere about him than could be inspired by Closet-loads of Poetry, Metaphysic, and Divinity. No doubt there is danger, as you say, of the Animal overpowering the Rational, as, I maintain, equally so of the reverse; no doubt the higher-mettled Colt will be likeliest to run riot, as may my Lad, inflamed with Aristotle's 'Wine of Youth,' into excesses which even the virtuous Berkeley says are the more curable as lying in the Passions; whereas, says he, 'the dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment is incorrigible.' But, whatever be the result, VIGOUR of Body, as of Spirit, one must have, subject like all good things to the worst corruption — Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of *Virtus* which Time, if not good Counsel, is pretty sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and incurable Evil, increasing with every year of Life."

APOLOGUES

Freely Translated from the 'Mantik-ut-Tair,' or 'The Bird-Parliament,' of Farídu-ddín Attar

[Mohammed Ibn Ibrahim Farid u'd Dín (Farid-uddín)—called "Attar," the Druggist or Perfumer—was born at Kerken, a village of Khorassan near Naishapur, in the year 1216, and died at the age of one hundred and fifteen in the city of Shad'ach, where he lived for over eighty-five years. His industry was equal to his longevity: he was an indefatigable collector of biographical details, which he employed in his wonderful series of lives of the Moslem Saints—the Teskeret-al-Oulia (or 'Ewha'). He wrote in prose many ascetical and mystical works. Aside from his rhymed couplets he composed over forty thousand distichs, including twelve thousand four-line strophes. His best known work is the 'Mantik-ut-Tair' (Conversations of the Birds, or Bird-Parliament), an enormously long work which Edward Fitzgerald condensed into a few pages; particularly selecting the Apologues or little stories with obvious morals, such as are cited below.]

The Fortune of the Great

One day Shah Mahmúd, riding with the Wind
A-hunting, left his Retinue behind,
And coming to a River, whose swift Course
Doubled back Game and Dog, and Man and Horse,
Beheld upon the Shore a little Lad
A-fishing, very poor, and Tatter-clad
He was, and weeping as his Heart would break.
So the Great Sultan, for good-humour's sake,
Pull'd in his Horse a moment, and drew nigh,
And after making his Salám, ask'd why
He wept—weeping, the Sultan said, so sore
As he had never seen one weep before.
The Boy look'd up, and "O Amír," he said,
"Sev'n of us are at home, and Father dead,
And Mother left with scarce a Bit of Bread:
And now since Sunrise have I fish'd—and see!
Caught nothing for our Supper—Woe is Me!"
The Sultan lighted from his Horse. "Behold,"
Said he, "Good Fortune will not be controll'd:
And, since To-day yours seems to turn from you,
Suppose we try for once what mine will do,
And we will share alike in all I win."
So the Shah took, and flung his Fortune in,

The Net; which, cast by the Great Mahmúd's Hand,
A hundred glittering Fishes brought to Land.
The Lad look'd up in Wonder — Mahmúd smiled
And vaulted into Saddle. But the Child
Ran after — "Nay, Amír, but half the Haul
Is yours by Bargain" — "Nay, To-day take all,"
The Sultan cried, and shook his Bridle free —
"But mind — To-morrow All belongs to Me —"
And so rode off. Next morning at Dívan
The Sultan's Mind upon his Bargain ran,
And being somewhat in a mind for sport
Sent for the Lad: who, carried up to Court,
And marching into Royalty's full Blaze
With such a Catch of Fish as yesterday's,
The Sultan call'd and set him by his side,
And asking him, "What Luck?" The Boy replied,
"*This* is the Luck that follows every Cast,
Since o'er my Net the Sultan's Shadow pass'd."

The Miser

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
One Night his Son saw peering through the House
A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
Watching a crevice in the Wall — and cried —
"My Father?" — "Yes," the *Mus*ulman replied,
"Thy Father!" — "But why watching thus?" — "For fear
Lest any smell my Treasure buried here." —
"But wherefore, Sir, so metamousified?" —
"Because, my Son, such is the true outside
Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died."

The Dread

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
Who had a lovely Slave he doated on,
And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
And never was at Ease were *He* not by,
Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
Which, when observing, one without the Veil
Of Favour ask'd the Favourite — "Why so pale

And sad?» Thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing—
«No Sun that rises sets until the King,
Whose Archery is famous among Men,
Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
Around cry 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'
Then He too laughing asks me 'Why so pale
And sorrow-some? as could the Sultan fail,
Who such a master of the Bow confest,
And aiming by the Head that he loves best.'»

The Proof

A Shah returning to his Capital,
His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
The Sultan superciliously rode by:
Till coming to the public Prison, They
Who dwelt within those grisly Walls, by way
Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
Over the wall chopt Head and Carcase roll'd,
Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
Some wet with Execution that day done.
At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
Drew Bridle: and amid a wild Hurrah
Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew,
And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
One wondering that, while others sued in vain
With costly gifts, which carelessly he passed,
But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last;
The Shah made answer—«All that Pearl and Gold
Of ostentatious Welcome only told:
A little with great Clamour from the Store
Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw—
Save by strict Execution of my Law
They had not parted company; not one
But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done*.»

Compulsory Repentance

Just as another Holy Spirit fled,
The Skies above him burst into a Bed
Of Angels looking down and singing clear,
"Nightingale! Nightingale! thy Rose is here!"
And yet, the Door wide open to that Bliss,
As some hot Lover slights a scanty Kiss,
The Saint cried "All I sigh'd for come to *this?*
I who life-long have struggled, Lord, to be
Not of thy Angels one, but one with Thee!"

Others were sure that all he said was true:
They were extremely wicked, that they knew:
And much they long'd to go at once—but some,
They said, so unexpectedly had come
Leaving their Nests half-built—in bad Repair—
With Children in—Themselves about to pair—
"Might he not choose a better Season—nay,
Better perhaps a Year or Two's Delay,
Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
And strong to carry their Repentance out—
And then"—

"And then, the same or like Excuse,
With harden'd Heart and Resolution loose
With dallying: and old Age itself engaged
Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged;
And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate;
Or some fierce blow compels the Way to choose,
And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose."

As of an aged Indian King they tell
Who, when his Empire with his Army fell
Under young Mahmúd's Sword of Wrath, was sent
At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;
But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
The Ground, was lifted up—with kindly Speech,
And with so holy Mercy re-assured,
That, after due Persuasion, he abjured
His Idols, sate upon Mahmúd's Divan,
And took the Name and Faith of Musulman.
But when the Night fell, in his Tent alone
The poor old King was heard to weep and groan

And smite his Bosom; which when Mahmúd knew,
He went to him and said "Lo, if Thou rue
Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
Of thrice as large a Realm." But the dark King
Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw,
And cried, "Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with *The Volume* in his Hand,
And ask of me 'How was't that, in thy Day
Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
My People; but soon as thy Infidel
Before my True Believers' Army fell
Like Corn before the Reaper — thou didst own
His Sword who scoutedst *Me?*' Of seed so sown
What profitable Harvest should be grown?"

Clogs to the Soul

"Behold, dropt through the Gate of Mortal Birth,
The Knightly Soul alights from Heav'n on Earth;
Begins his Race, but scarce the Saddle feels,
When a foul Imp up from the distance steals,
And, double as he will, about his Heels
Closer and ever closer circling creeps,
Then, half-invited, on the Saddle leaps,
Clings round the Rider, and, once there, in vain
The strongest strives to thrust him off again.
In Childhood just peeps up the Blade of Ill,
That youth to Lust rears, Fury, and Self-will:
And, as Man cools to sensual Desire,
Ambition catches with as fierce a Fire;
Until Old Age sends him with one last Lust
Of Gold, to keep it where he found — in Dust.
Life at both Ends so feeble and constrain'd,
How should that Imp of Sin be slain or chain'd? . . .

"For should the Greyhound whom a Sultan fed,
And by a jewell'd String a-hunting led,
Turn by the Way to gnaw some nasty Thing
And snarl at Him who twitch'd the silken String,
Would not his Lord soon weary of Dispute,
And turn adrift the incorrigible Brute?

"Nay, would one follow, and without a Chain,
The only Master truly worth the Pain,

One must beware lest, growing over-fond
Of even Life's more consecrated Bond,
We clog our Footsteps to the World beyond."

Mortality

One day the Prophet on a River Bank,
Dipping his Lips into the Channel, drank
A Draught as sweet as Honey. Then there came
One who an earthen Pitcher from the same
Drew up, and drank: and after some short stay
Under the Shadow, rose and went his Way,
Leaving his earthen Bowl. In which, anew
Thirsting, the Prophet from the River drew,
And drank from: but the Water that came up
Sweet from the Stream, drank bitter from the Cup.
At which the Prophet in a still Surprise
For Answer turning up to Heav'n his Eyes,
The Vessel's Earthen Lips with Answer ran—
"The Clay that I am made of once was *Man*,
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth from which he came
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever moulded, still the Pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast, and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would turn the sweetest Water into Tears."

The Welcome

One night Shah Mahmúd, who had been of late
Somewhat distempered with Affairs of State,
Stroll'd through the Streets disguised, as wont to do—
And coming to the Baths, there on the Flue
Saw the poor Fellow who the Furnace fed
Sitting beside his Water-jug and Bread.
Mahmúd stept in—sat down—unask'd took up
And tasted of the untasted Loaf and Cup,
Saying within himself, "Grudge but a bit,
And, by the Lord, your Head shall pay for it!"
So having rested, warm'd and satisfied
Himself without a Word on either side,

At last the wayward Sultan rose to go.
And then at last his Host broke silence—"So?—
Art satisfied? Well, Brother, any Day
Or Night, remember, when you come this Way
And want a bit of Provender—why, you
Are welcome, and if not—why, welcome too."—
The Sultan was so tickled with the whim
Of this quaint Entertainment and of him
Who offer'd it, that many a Night again
Stoker and Shah forgather'd in that vein—
Till, the poor Fellow having stood the Test
Of true Good-fellowship, Mahmúd confess'd
One Night the Sultan that had been his Guest:
And in requital of the scanty Dole
The Poor Man offer'd with so large a soul,
Bid him ask any Largess that he would—
A Throne—if he *would* have it, so he *should*.
The Poor Man kiss'd the Dust, and "All," said he,
"I ask is what and where I am to be;
If but the Shah from time to time will come
As now, and see me in the lowly Home
His presence makes a Palace, and my own
Poor Flue more royal than another's Throne."

CHRONOMOROS

In all the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that, for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idlenesse, as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, *The Sunne posteth, and the Sand runnes.* Owen Felltham.

Wearied with hearing folks cry,
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, "I don't see
Why Time should not wait upon me;
I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay:"—
But ere I go on with my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

I said, "I will read, and will write,
And labour all day, and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road;"—

But I found that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill'd, the faster he flies;
And I could not the trial maintain,
Without turning the hour-glass again!

Then said I, "If Time has so flown
When laden, I'll leave him alone;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he's nothing to carry away!"
So I sat, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
As they fell, grain after grain,
Till I turn'd up the hour-glass again!

Then I cried in a rage, "Time *shall* stand!"
The hour-glass I smash'd with my hand,
My watch into atoms I broke
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak!
"Now," I shouted aloud, "Time is done!"
When suddenly, down went the Sun;
And I found to my cost and my pain,
I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake, or we sleep,
Whether we carol, or weep,
The Sun, with his Planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him:
One link in an infinite chain,
Is this turning the hour-glass again!

The robes of the Day and the Night,
Are not wove of mere darkness and light;
We read that, at Joshua's will,
The Sun for a Time once stood still!
So that Time by his measure to try,
Is Petitio Principii!
Time's Scythe is going amain,
Though he turn not his hour-glass again!

And yet, after all, what is Time?
Renowned in Reason, and Rhyme,
A Phantom, a Name, a Notion,
That measures Duration or Motion?

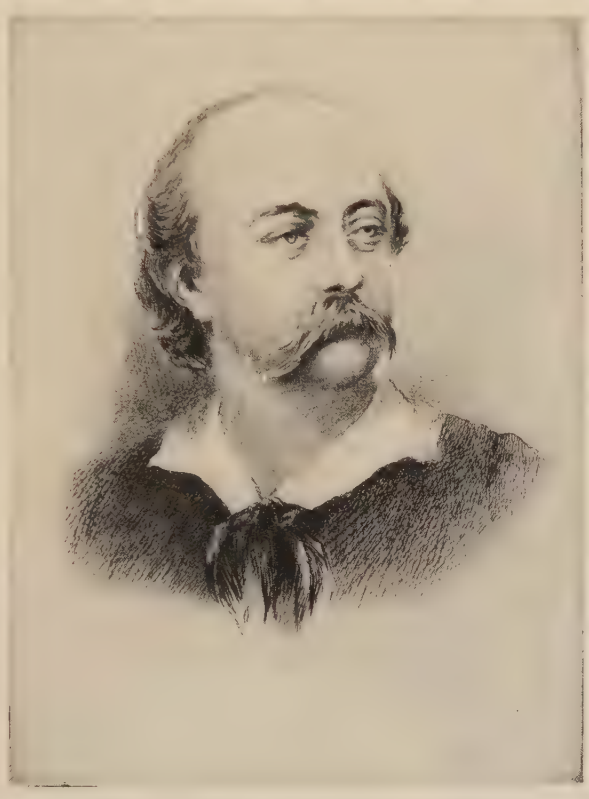
Or but an apt term in the lease
Of Beings, who know they must cease?
The hand utters more than the brain,
When turning the hour-glass again!

The King in a carriage may ride,
And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
But, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same pace,
And houses, and trees, and highway,
Are in the same gallop as they:
We mark our steps in the train,
When turning the hour-glass again!

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly Chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St. Dunstan's Steeple,
Telling them under the vane,
To turn their hour-glasses again!

MORAL

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;
We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside;
But whithersoever we go,
The River will flow, flow, flow!
And now, that I've ended my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

(1821–1880)

BY PAUL BOURGET

FANCY that when 'Madame Bovary' appeared in 1856, even the most alert of French critics, like Sainte-Beuve or J. J. Weiss, would have been thoroughly astonished if some one had said to him:—"Do not deceive yourself; this novel of passion, which everybody is reading and which has suddenly made its author the fashion; this picture of morals, so boldly brushed that it disquiets the governing powers and summons the painter before the censors of morals; this study of style, so brilliantly executed that the most determined revolutionists marvel at it,—in forty years will have become part of the classical tradition of France. Among all the names of the century, that of Gustave Flaubert will be linked with that of Courier alone, in the list of the prose writers of the great Latin line after La Bruyère, Pascal, and Montesquieu. This little book is not an accident. It is an event, and its author is the master whom hundreds of other artists in France and abroad will follow; the man, perhaps, whose ideas will modify most deeply the æsthetics of the century." Yes, I can see Sainte-Beuve smile at this prophecy, although his valiant essay in the 'Lundis' shows how deeply he was impressed by Flaubert's début. I see witty Weiss shrug his shoulders, although his criticism written at that time shows a stirring of extreme curiosity concerning the new-comer. It is not given to any one to construct the orbit of contemporary works, or to foresee their place with posterity. In certain books and in certain kinds of genius there inheres a hidden force, a latent virtue, which does not at once develop. In the case of Flaubert, for example, we hardly yet see clearly all that he put in his novels, which in reality he himself did not quite comprehend. For if an artist's contemporaries cannot measure him with exactness, neither can he measure himself. Would it not have amazed Voltaire to learn that he would live only through 'Candide,' and Diderot that his work would reduce itself to the 'Neveu de Rameau,'—two pamphlets scribbled in a few days, the second not even published by its author?

I

In seeking to discover why a book or a writer grows greater as the years pass, instead of dwindling away with the first successes, one finds that this book and this writer strikingly disclose a *moral unity*.

Nothing that is not typical endures in human memory. The posthumous fame and the influence of Flaubert confirm this great law of literary history. Few writers have more deeply impressed this moral unity upon more diverse works. From that youthful day when he read to his friend Maxime Du Camp his great unpublished novel 'Novembre,' to the eve of his death, when he traced the last lines of 'Bouvard and Pécuchet,' he developed without pause or modification one changeless system and expressed one changeless conclusion concerning human life. One metaphysical conviction lightens the pages of his youth and those of his approaching age, as the same sun irradiates morning and evening of the same day with universal light. This doctrine, born with Flaubert, as I shall try to show, is the old doctrine of pessimism, but of a verified, studied-out, hopeless pessimism, as atomically established as that of Schopenhauer in Germany and of old Heraclitus in Greece. From the point of view of the novelist, as from that of the two philosophers, the evil of life does not arise from circumstances, but is inherent in the very fact of humanity. Whether barbarian or civilized, whether belonging to the antique world or to modern society, to an age of faith or to an epoch of skepticism, whether artist or artisan, simple or complex, the human being lives to see the failure of his ambition, be it noble or base, narrow or boundless. The mocking hand of Fate seems to have written a negative sign before the colossal sum of human efforts, and the total always shows a loss; the greatness of these efforts augmenting the greatness of the predetermined ruin. Such is the idea permeating from end to end all the books composed by this admirable artist, the thesis he struggled to demonstrate by examples not far-fetched and abstract, but concrete and living, and of such extraordinary intensity that the series of six volumes really constitutes the most absolute, the most uncompromising manual of nihilism ever composed.

To comprehend the doctrine back of the accident and the theory behind the fact, one must consider the chief characters of these books successively. By a process quite opposed to that of authors who are simply misanthropic, Flaubert does not make the final miseries of his characters result from their faults, but from their qualities. At the same time he is careful to select ordinary and not exceptional types, and to surround them with ordinary circumstances. Thus constituted, they cease to be individual and become representative, and their symbolic failure becomes the failure of their whole class. Take as examples Madame Bovary in the novel of that name, and Frédéric Moreau in 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' Both are results of the legitimate and indeed very noble effort which pushes the lower classes toward culture and refinement. Emma Bovary is the daughter of a farmer who wished her to become a "lady," and Frédéric is

the son of a middle-class father who has resolved that his boy shall have a «liberal» profession. She has been sent to a convent. He has been put in school. In their class of society this is the accepted educational process, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both pupils respond to the instruction they receive. Ah, well! if the first descends, step by step, the ladder which leads to vice, to crime, to suicide, it is simply because, played upon by the religious and poetical emotions of the convent which was so long her home, she has formed too exquisite, too complex, too sequestered a dream of existence, and has felt too acutely the meagreness of her environment. She is perverted by the noblest characteristics of her nature; and in that experience she resembles the sentimental Frédéric, her brother in delicacy as in weakness. If the man of society, young, rich, intelligent, spoils his hours one by one, as a child who cannot draw, uncleanly and foolishly spoils his sheets of fair white paper, he does so because he has surrendered himself too freely to the charm of the books and dreams which enchanted his youth, and has longed too eagerly for higher emotions, for romantic affections, and glorious adventures.

Again, if the two grotesque protagonists of 'Bouvard et Pécuchet' make the most imbecile use of their late-coming independence, of their will and energy, it is because the hearts of these bureau clerks suddenly released from servitude beat with the noblest zeal for the Ideal,—in that form, however, «which deceives the least; that is, science»: and do not say that singleness of heart is lacking in these more than in the others.

Again, it is the romantic novelist who wrote the story of 'Un Cœur Simple,' the pathetically foolish adventure of an old maid who adores with religious fervor a stuffed paroquet. And again, do not say that the decadence of contemporary society is responsible for these failures. Would it have been better for these men and women to take root in the soil of a world still new, and to share the heroic youth of civilization? The sinister brutality, staining red the landscapes of 'Salammbô,' answers the question. Matthô, like Frédéric, like the daughter of Hamilcar, like the child of Farmer Ronault, struggles painfully in the heavy nightmare of existence; the gloomy frenzy of the savage has no more appreciable result than the shrinking trepidation of the civilized man. Nor will it suffice to say that these civilized folk and these barbarians were alike wanting in that great supernatural strength, faith. St. Anthony the hermit of the Thebaid, after years of maceration, cries, like Emma, like Frédéric, «Of old I was not so wretched!»* The depth of his penitence has but intensified his power to feel and suffer. A cataleptic, haunted

*'The Temptation of St. Anthony.'

by visions, terrified at night by the howling of the jackal, by the desert winds, by the shadow of a cross upon the sand, at last he bows down like a slave before the stupid and inert Thing, shapeless and multiform Matter. «I would,» he sighs, «that I were Matter!» Supreme aspiration, containing the drama, at once tragic and farcical, of our poor humanity! An appeal which recalls Goya's picture of a skeleton straining to lift up the stone of his tomb to write upon it the terrible word *Nada*,—«Nothing!» There is nothing! «Who knows?» wrote Flaubert himself in one of his letters: «doubtless death has nothing more to tell than life.»

II

For the source and principle of this pessimism, one must search through the four volumes of correspondence recently published. It is easy to see that this way of feeling and of judging life is not with the author of 'Madame Bovary,' as with so many others, an amusement of dilettantism. It is the deep and personal moral of these frank letters that the convincing force of a work of art is always proportionate to its sincerity. If to Flaubert's readers his creations have this authenticity of authority, it is because they are struck out of his own life and spirit. I mean that they express what was essential in his life, and most personal, least incidental, in his spirit. The whole difference between objective artists, among whom Flaubert enrolled himself, and the subjective school, is that the first exclude all anecdote, all petty individual and local circumstance, from their written confessions. They can give expression to their genius only when they reveal the inmost depths of their nature. From the first, Flaubert's letters show that his heart, as another great unquiet spirit declared, was «born with a wound.»* To-day we know that his mental structure was sustained by an organism prematurely touched at the very centre of life. Epilepsy was destroying Flaubert. The 'Souvenirs' of Maxime Du Camp contain a very touching account of the first attack of this fatal nervous malady. But long before that attack, a hypersensitiveness, strange alternations of exaltation and repression, of enthusiasm and disgust, indicated that a secret malady was preying upon this robust fellow. From his twentieth year he contended with those humiliating fatalities against which human energy, however ambitious, is doomed to dash itself. Moreover, he was environed by contradictions.

His prose astonishes the reader by the lyric amplitude of his least sentence. A poet quivers in the prose writer with all the passion, all the ardor, of a Shakespeare or a Byron. Now, this poet was the son

* Lamennais of himself.

of a surgeon. His early life, from 1821 when he was born, to 1839 when he came to Paris to study law, was passed in a hospital. His room overlooked a court where the invalids walked, and an amphitheatre where his father's pupils dissected bodies. The dreams of his childhood and youth moved side by side with horrible impressions of physical decay. He speaks somewhere of his nature as "drolly bitter." This sinister humor was doubtless born in that hospital room where by turns he read his favorite authors,—Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, Victor Hugo,—and saw the rollicking students smoke and jest over the cadavers. The contrast was not less sharp between his precocious taste for imaginative literature and the employment his father wished him to undertake. He has drawn in 'Madame Bovary' under the name of Doctor Larivière a slight but vigorous portrait of this father, whom he deeply admired. But it is nevertheless true that the rough practitioner, with his grim professional aspect and his habit of working on living matter, could not comprehend his second son's vocation for authorship. All the letters of this period bear traces of this cruel misunderstanding. As a mere lad, Flaubert lived in a state of constant rebellion against the paternal ideas and discipline. Nor was he more in harmony with the ideas and discipline of his time. When only fifteen he began to be fascinated by romanticism and its poets, at the very moment when public taste was ready to find fault with that school of 1830, which should rather be called the school of 1820. Finally, as his correspondence clearly shows, this romantic youth, whose ideal was incarnated in the adorable figure of Madame Arnouse,—an only love, never realized, always dreamed,—suffered the precocious disenchantment of a French school. What strange collisions of alien elements! How fate delights to entangle us in those irresistible impulses which set us forever in disharmony with life and with ourselves!

For Gustave Flaubert, played upon by such discordant influences, life soon became one long suffering. Soon too he perceived that this suffering was caused by no one mitigable chance, but that it grew out of the very fact of existence. In the long correspondence which extends from his precocious childhood to his premature old age, which shows us his student's cell, his traveler's tent, his Parisian abode of the famous author, he never varies his complaint. Whether writing to Le Portevin, his schoolfellow; to Du Camp, the comrade of his youth; to Louis Bouilhet, the associate of his maturity; to Louise Colet, the confidante of his critical days of apprenticeship; or to George Sand, the glorious *alter ego* of his years of achievement, everywhere and always he proclaims the narrowness of human destiny; the misery and sadness of existence; his distaste for his contemporary world; his horror of the future; the weariness of enduring; the

woefulness of yielding; the falsehood of desire; and the vanity of hope.

The persistence of these lamentations is the more striking in that this pessimist is never disheartened. His fearless agnosticism has nothing in common with the languid negations of a Werther or an Obermann. No coward soul utters his accusation. His complaint, almost from the beginning, is more intellectual than sentimental. All the sweet poisonous melancholy on which he fed himself may be referred to the understanding rather than to the moral nature; and therein appears the characteristic which distinguishes him absolutely from authors who, like Byron, Châteaubriand, Musset, and Baudelaire, have expressed under very different forms what has been called the malady of the age.

In Flaubert, the contemporary of Taine, Renan, Berthelot, Pasteur, there is a scientific turn of mind. He is like the physiologist who from the symptoms of his own specific malady reasons to the general disease, and who finds in his own personality the opportunity to verify and to register a vaster hypothesis. Here we touch the explanation of the typical character of the work and the man.

Because of this scientific turn of mind, united to a sensibility both complex and passionately sad, Gustave Flaubert stands as one of the newest of the psychological oddities of our age. There is no denying the fact, however we dislike it, that in this nineteenth century science has been the all-powerful controller of human activity. Not only has it modified the material conditions under which this activity works, but still more has it changed our point of view and altered our mental methods. It has accustomed us to an idea which seems at first sight simple, yet which involves an immense revolution,—the contemplation of everything as conditional, including even the most spontaneous creations of the mind. Thus we come to acknowledge, with Taine and Sainte-Beuve, that fixed laws control the production of literary work, and that a tragedy, a novel, a poem, are born under conditions as absolute as those which accompany the blooming of a flower. Laws govern the production of political systems and religious hypotheses,—laws regulate the decadence and prosperity of races, of countries, of families,—laws, finally, dominate our own intellect and our own affections.

It must not be forgotten, however, that this conception leaves room for personal responsibility. Our free will is simply set to choose among these conditions those which will or which will not produce certain effects. But whether the will choose freely or not, these conditions always imply the same result. They share, and we share with them, in that universal and immeasurable order which science declares to exist, and which, fragment by fragment, detail by

detail, she aims to discover. Thus considered, our individuality both diminishes and is increased. It diminishes because we see with too implacable clearness the limitations of our power, thus hedged about by laws which are independent of our volition. It increases, because outside our puny selves we catch glimpses of, we grasp at, those imperishable laws which were before we were, which will be when we are not. Beyond our own lives we thus touch and outlive all life; beyond our own joy, all joy; beyond our own suffering, all suffering. Such amplitudes of feeling do we gain with this new attitude of mind! As it was constant with Flaubert, many men of our generation have loved in him that profound accent in which they heard a magnificent echo of the inarticulate speech hidden in their own hearts.

III

Pessimism, however original and however sincere, yet remains a disease; and had Flaubert brought only this message of despair he would not occupy his high place in our respect. Happily he brings another doctrine, that of heroism, and I had almost said of religion. Flaubert himself employs this word, when speaking in one of his letters of Alfred de Musset:—"He lacked religion," he says; "and religion is indispensable." What he meant was that in this life, so wretched in his eyes and so foredoomed to failure, a man perceives nobility, finds comfort, only upon condition of devoting all his powers to something apart from himself and his interests, from his passions and his person. Perhaps this creed of the most exalted renunciation following on the completest pessimism is less contradictory than it appears; for the Christian faith, itself the most luminously hopeful which has ever appeared upon earth, rests also upon a pessimistic vision of man and of fate.

And if Flaubert were inconsistent in his beliefs, let us applaud the lack of logic which produced his masterpieces. His personal religion was that of literature. He loved it with the most unrestrained, the most untiring love. I do not know in the intellectual order a more pathetic drama than that which fills his letters to the friend of his youth, her whom he called his "Muse." Housed in his small abode at Croisset near the gates of Rouen, and scarcely going out except to pace his garden on the bank of the Seine, this man of thirty undertook to write a book with which he should be,—not satisfied, for what author worthy the name is ever satisfied? but which should come as near perfection as possible. That book is 'Madame Bovary.' The very ideal of the literary artist is here evoked before our inward gaze: the absolute, the irremediable scorn of contemporary success, the contempt for vanity, the complete absence of all desire for gain, — these elementary virtues of the great author are

naturally found there, as well as the scrupulous conscience which no difficulty discourages, and the invincible patience which no beginning over again wearies; and especially and everywhere the flame, the sacred fever of creative intellect. In these pages — usually scratched off at morning after the nightly task was finished — there stirs a sublime breath which draws tears. One seems to see, one sees, the genius of one of those immortal works which, like 'Tartuffe,' like the 'Pensées,' like the 'Caractères,' will endure as long as the French language. Never was human brain possessed by more passionate frenzy for art; and in saying that all Flaubert's great works were composed in the same way, with this prodigious care in detail, this implacable search for truth and beauty, this zeal and tenacity, it is plain why in thirty years of this exhausting work he composed so few volumes, and these of such virile composition, of such sovereign mastery of style, that all other modern works seem slight, cowardly, and incomplete beside them.

It is difficult to explain in what Flaubert's style — his great title to glory — exactly consists. No term is oftener employed, indeed, than this term «style.» None more easily defies a definition. In saying that an author has style, some writers praise his elegant correctness, while others mean to affirm his original incorrectness. According to the first sense, the masters of style in France would be Fénelon, Buffon, Rousseau. According to the second sense, they would be Rabelais and Saint-Simon. The citation of these names suffices to prove both points of view legitimate. The complexity of things imposes the complexity of points of view. To write is indeed to translate ideas into words. But what must we understand by this formula, *ideas?* I have the idea of a straight line, I have the idea of the feeling I experience, I have the idea of the room where I am. Are these three kinds of ideas of the same order, and are the trains of accessory impressions which each entails equally diverse?

The phrases which serve as the external form of these three kinds of ideas must then be so different that certain French writers of the seventeenth century considered literature incapable of rendering those of the third group. Again, in our own time, Stendhal and Merimée absolutely denied that sensations of the eyes are reducible to words. Flaubert was of the contrary opinion. To his mind the thing had been proved, since Châteaubriand; and the men who failed to reproduce an actual contour or color in a phrase seemed to him as incompetent as did they whose prose failed to express an abstract idea or to convey an emotion. He maintained that Merimée did not understand his profession, and this he would demonstrate book in hand!

In what, then, did his conception of his profession consist? In the first place, in a special development of intellectual sensibility; and here Flaubert was certainly right. An isolated word taken by itself

should have its value of tone for the author, as the color on a palette has its value of tone to the painter. Considered in the dictionary, this word has a physical and moral existence perceived by the artist. Take at random one which is typical. Does not the word *frêle* (frail), which nevertheless comes from the same Latin word (*fragilis*) as fragile, differ from the latter as a flower differs from an object of human industry? Are there not words of race whose presence at the end of a pen or on the tip of the tongue betrays a patrician manner of feeling and thinking, while others reek of bad company and soil the paper on which the pen traces them? It is not their meaning which gives them this elegant or brutal, this ignoble or aristocratic character. It is the trace, visible or not, of their Latin origin, their tonic accent, their sonority, and still other elements which cannot be analyzed and which the artist discerns through practice. For Flaubert, the profession of authorship consisted in developing in himself this sense of the physiognomy of words to the point of always finding the exact, and as he maintained, the only, term to express a truth, a form, a feeling. «For there is only one,» he said to his favorite pupil Maupassant; and as to himself, his rigor was unsparing. Another of his friends, and his fervent admirer, M. Taine, told me that he had seen him spend three weeks hunting for a single word, and that was the word *secouer*, to shake. He was very proud of finishing his story of 'Hérodias' with the adverb *alternativement*, «alternately.» This word, whose two accents on *ter* and *ti* give it a loose swing, seemed to him to render concrete and almost perceptible the march of the two slaves who in turn carried the head of St. John the Baptist.

The choice of words resembles the choice of colors in painting. The value of a tone changes with the value of the tone placed next it. Therefore the second step in authorship consists, once the words are chosen, in putting them together and in constructing sentences. Flaubert's theories on sentence structure have become legendary. All his biographers have told us how he passed nights declaiming his own prose, crying his sentences with all his might, trying them, as he said in his common but expressive phrase, «with his own muzzle.» There was something of mania and something of paradox in this method. There was also a theory. He set it forth himself in his very curious preface to the 'Dernières Chansons' of Louis Bouilhet. Flaubert thought that a well-constructed phrase adapts itself to the rhythm of the respiration. He reasoned a little like this: In presence of such or such an idea we experience such or such an impression. This impression has its rebound in our organism. It leaves it colder or warmer; our blood beats quicker or slower; our breath is hurried or stopped. The phrase which translates this idea

should accord with this state of our organs; and how better ascertain this than by trying it with the register of our chest? «Badly constructed sentences,» said he, «never resist this test.» Now follow the consequences of this principle. They are infinite, and the art of writing, thus conceived, becomes difficult enough to terrify the most patient. If sentences are made to be read aloud, harmony is their ruling quality; and from that spring these two laws: constant renewal of forms, and suppression of all rhyme, of all hiatus, and of all repetitions. Goncourt recounts in his journal that he saw Flaubert unhappy because he had left the following expression in Madame Bovary: «d'une couronne de fleurs d'orange» (with a wreath of orange-blossoms). The three *d's*, governed each by the other, made him despair. He strove furiously to reduce the words which serve as setting to the others: the conjunctions, the prepositions, the auxiliary verbs. He fought for hours and days against *que*, *de*, *faire*, *avoir*, *être*. Dumas, who scarcely liked him, mocked this formidable labor, so disproportioned to the result: «He is a giant,» said he, «who strikes down a forest in order to make a box.» This witty epigram only proves that the author of the 'Demi-Monde' was a moralist, a mind preoccupied from the beginning with the service rendered; while Flaubert was an artist, the most careful and uncompromising of artists. Somewhere in his correspondence he speaks of a bit of wall on the Acropolis, the memory of which exalted him like a vision of perfect beauty. This comparison completely illustrates his ideal of style: a prose holding itself erect by virtue of essential words, and so finely and strongly constructed that these essential words — correct, exact, and precise, resting upon each other without parasitic attachments — are beautiful both in themselves and for their mathematical relation, — a prose which is such an integral substitute for the object that it becomes the object itself. «The author in his work,» he said with curious eloquence, «should be like God in the universe: everywhere present and nowhere visible. Art being only second to nature, its creator should exercise analogous methods, so that one feels in every atom, every aspect, a hidden, a limitless insusceptibility of injury from external things.» Was I wrong to speak of religion as influencing a man who found these solemn accents to define his dream of art?

Paul Bourget

THE SACRED PARROT

From 'Un Cœur Simple'

The sighs which Madame Aubain uttered while knitting beside her window, reached Félicité at her spinning in the kitchen. They often walked up and down together under the trellis, talking of Virginie, and wondering if such and such a thing would have pleased her, or what she would have said upon such an occasion.

All her little belongings were kept in a cupboard in the room with two beds, and Madame Aubain looked them over very seldom. But one day she resigned herself to the task, and moths flew out of the wardrobe.

Virginie's dresses hung in a row under a shelf, upon which were three dolls, some hoops, a little housekeeping set, and the wash-bowl. They drew out all the skirts, the stockings, the handkerchiefs, and spread them on the two beds before refolding them. The sun shone on all these poor things, and brought out the spots and the creases made by the movements of the body. The air was warm and blue, a blackbird was warbling, everything seemed to live in profound calm. They came across a little brown plush hat with long hairs, all worm-eaten. This Félicité took for her own. Their eyes, meeting each other, filled with tears; at last the mistress opened her arms, the servant threw herself in them, and they clung to each other, satisfying their sorrow in a kiss which made them equal.

It was their first embrace, for Madame Aubain was not of an expansive nature. Félicité felt grateful to her as for a benefit, and cherished her with religious veneration and the devotion of a faithful animal.

Her kindness of heart increased.

When she heard the drums of a regiment in the street, she stepped outside the door with a pitcher of cider and offered the soldiers a drink. When they were ill she cared for them. She was kind to the Poles, and there was one who even wanted to marry her. But this made trouble; for coming back from church one morning, she found that he had gone into her kitchen and made himself a vinegar stew, which he was tranquilly eating.

After the Poles she devoted herself to Father Colmiche, an old man who was said to have taken part in the horrors of '93. He

lived on the river-side in the rubbish of a pig-sty. The street urchins watched him through chinks in the wall, and threw stones which fell on the wretched bed where he lay groaning, shaken by catarrh; with his hair very long, his eyelids inflamed, and on his arm a tumor larger than his head. She took him linen, tried to clean the squalid hole, dreamed of establishing him in her bake-house in some way that would not trouble Madame. When the cancer had gathered, she bandaged it every day. Sometimes she brought him cake, or placed him in the sun on a bunch of straw; and the poor old man, driveling and trembling, thanked her with his dying voice, feared to lose her, and stretched out his hands to her when he saw her going away. He died, and she ordered a mass for the repose of his soul.

That very day a great joy came to her. Just at dinner-time Madame de Larsonnière's colored man arrived, with the parrot in his cage, and perch, chain, and padlock. A note from the Baroness informed Madame Aubain that her husband had been promoted to a prefecture. They were going away that evening, and she begged Madame Aubain to accept the bird as a remembrance and with her respects.

He had long busied the imagination of Félicité, for he came from America and thus recalled Victor; so she had often asked the negro about the bird. Once she had said, "How happy Madame would be to have him!"

The negro had repeated this speech to his mistress, and as she could not take the parrot with her, she thus disposed of it.

He was called Loulou. His body was green, the ends of his wings pink, his forehead blue, and his throat gilded.

But he had a tiresome mania for biting his perch, pulling out his feathers, and scattering water from his bath, so that he annoyed Madame Aubain, and she gave him to Félicité.

She attempted to teach him, and soon he was able to repeat, "Fine fellow! Your servant, sir! I salute you, Mary!" He was placed near the door, and several people expressed surprise that he did not answer to the name of Jacquot, like other parrots. They called him a ninny and a blockhead, which names were like dagger-thrusts to Félicité! Strange obstinacy of Loulou, who would not speak when any one was looking!

Nevertheless, he was fond of company; for on Sunday when the Mademoiselles Rochefeuille, M. De Houppeville, and some new-comers — Onfroy the apothecary, M. Varin, and Captain

Mathieu — had their game of cards, he beat the window-panes with his wings and chattered so furiously that it was impossible to speak.

Bourais's face seemed to amuse him greatly. As soon as he saw it, he began to laugh, to laugh with all his might. The outbursts of his voice escaped into the court, echo repeated them, the neighbors coming to their windows laughed too; so that to avoid being seen by the parrot, M. Bourais used to creep along the wall, holding up his hat to screen his profile until he reached the river and entered by the garden door. His glances at the bird lacked affection.

Once Loulou, having buried his head in the butcher-boy's basket, received a fillip, after which he always tried to pinch him through his shirt. Fabu threatened to wring his neck, although he was not a cruel fellow, in spite of his great whiskers and the tattooing on his arms. On the contrary, he had rather a liking for the parrot, so that in his jovial humor he wanted to teach him to swear. Félicité, frightened at this behavior, placed Loulou in the kitchen. His little chain was taken off, and he wandered about the house.

When he went down-stairs he rested the curve of his beak on the step and raised first his right claw and then the left, and she feared these gymnastics would make him dizzy. He fell ill, and could not speak or eat. There was a thick spot under his tongue such as chickens sometimes have, and she cured him by tearing this out with her nails. One day M. Paul was rash enough to blow the smoke of a cigar in his nostrils. Another time, when Madame Lormeau was teasing him with the end of her parasol, he snatched off the ferule. At last he lost himself.

She had placed him on the grass to refresh him, left him a moment, and when she returned,— no parrot! At first she looked for him in the bushes, on the bank of the stream, on the roofs, without heeding her mistress, who was calling, "Be careful! You are mad!" Finally she visited all the gardens of Pont l'Évegne; and she stopped the passers. "Perhaps you have seen my parrot somewhere?" and to those who did not know him she gave a description. All at once she thought she saw something green flying low down behind the mills. But when she reached the top of the bank, it was gone. A peddler assured her that he had just seen him in Mother Simonne's shop at Saint Mélaine. She

hurried there, but they did not know what she was talking about. At last she went home, exhausted, her shoes in rags, sick at heart; and seated near Madame in the middle of the bench, she was telling all her adventures, when a light weight fell on her shoulder,—Loulou! Where the mischief had he been? Promenading in the suburbs, perhaps.

She found this hard to get over; or rather, she never did get over it.

In consequence of a chill she had a sore throat, and soon after an ear-ache. Three years later she was deaf, and talked very loud even in church. Although her sins might have been proclaimed to all the corners of the diocese without disgrace to her or harm to the world, still the priest judged it advisable to hear her confession only in the vestry.

Illusory murmurings began to trouble her. Her mistress often said to her, "Good Heavens! how stupid you are!" and she answered, "Yes, Madame," looking around her as if for something.

The little circle of her ideas kept on narrowing; and the chiming of the bells, the lowing of the cattle, no longer existed for her. All the beings about her worked with the silence of phantoms. One sound only now reached her ears,—the voice of the parrot.

As if to divert her, he mimicked the tic-tac of the turnspit, the shrill cry of the fish-man, the saw of the carpenter who lived opposite; and when the bell rang he imitated Madame Aubain,—"Félicité! the door! the door!"

They held dialogues together, he uttering to satiety the three sentences of his repertory, and she answering with words as meaningless, but in which her heart overflowed. In her isolation Loulou was almost a son, a lover. He scaled her fingers, nibbled her lips, clung to her fichu; and as she bent her forehead toward him, shaking her head as nurses do, the broad flaps of her cap and his wings vibrated together.

When the clouds gathered and the thunder rumbled, he uttered cries, remembering perhaps the showers of his native forests. The dripping of water excited his frenzy; he flew madly about, went up to the ceiling, upset everything, and flew through the window to dabble in the garden. Then he returned quickly to one of the andirons, and hopping to dry his feathers, showed now his tail and now his beak.

One morning of the terrible winter of 1837, when she had placed him before the fireplace on account of the cold, she found him dead in the middle of his cage, his head down, and his claws in the iron bars. Doubtless a congestion had killed him. She believed that he had been poisoned with parsley, and without the slightest proof she suspected Fabu.

She wept so much that her mistress said, "Well! have him stuffed."

She consulted the apothecary, who had always been kind to the bird. He wrote to Havre: a certain Fellacher undertook the task. But as packages were sometimes lost from the stage, she decided to carry the bird herself as far as Honfleur.

Leafless apple-trees were ranged along the way. Ice covered the ditches. Dogs barked about the farms; and her hands under her mantle, with her little black sabots and her light basket, she hurried along in the middle of the street.

She crossed the forest, passed Haut-Chêne, and reached Saint-Gatien. Behind her in a cloud of dust and precipitated upon her by the descent, a mail-coach came flashing along on a gallop. Seeing this woman who did not trouble herself to get out of the way, the driver stood up under the hood, and the postilion called too, while the four horses, whom he could not hold in, increased their speed. The first two grazed her; with a pull at the reins the driver jerked them to one side, but furious, he raised his arm with his great whip, and as he flew past he dealt her such a blow that she fell on her back.

Her first movement, when she had regained consciousness, was to open her basket. Happily Loulou had not been hurt. She felt her right cheek burning, and when she put her hand to it she found that blood was flowing.

She sat down on a stone and mopped her face with her handkerchief. Then she ate a crust of bread which she had taken the precaution to put in her basket, and comforted herself by looking at her bird.

When she reached the height of Ecquemauville she saw the lights of Honfleur sparkling in the night like a quantity of stars; farther off the sea stretched confusedly. Then a weakness seized her; and all the misery of her childhood, the deception of her first love, her nephew's departure, Virginie's death, came back to her one after another, like the waves of the tide, mounting to her throat and stifling her.

Then she wished to see the captain of the boat; and without telling him what she was sending, she commended it to his care.

Fellacher kept the parrot for a long time. He always promised it for the next week, but after six months he announced that he had sent a case, and thus put an end to the uncertainty. It began to seem as if Loulou would never return. "They must have stolen him!" she was beginning to think.

At last he arrived,—magnificent, erect on the branch of a tree which was screwed into a mahogany base, one foot in the air, his head on one side, and biting a nut, which in his love of effect the taxidermist had gilded.

She shut him in her room. This place, to which she did not often admit people, looked like both a chapel and a bazar, it was so full of religious objects and of oddities. In fault of a stand, Loulou was established on a part of the chimney-piece which protruded into the room. Every morning when she woke up she saw him in the early light, and without sorrow and full of tranquillity she recalled his vanished days and insignificant actions to their least details.

Not communicating with any one, she lived in the torpor of a somnambulist. The processions of Corpus Christi reanimated her. Then she went to the neighbors to beg candlesticks and straw mats for the altar which was raised in the street.

In church she always looked at the picture of the Holy Ghost, and thought it like her parrot. This resemblance impressed her all the more in an image by Épinal, representing the baptism of our Lord. With his purple wings and emerald body, it was a true portrait of Loulou. She bought it and hung it instead of the Count D'Artois, so that in the same glance she could see both. They were associated in her thoughts; the parrot seemed sanctified by this connection to the Holy Ghost, who thus became more living and intelligible to her. The Father could not have chosen a dove to announce him, since that bird has no voice, but rather one of Loulou's ancestors. And as Félicité prayed she looked at the image, but from time to time she turned a little toward her bird.

She wanted to join the Sisters of the Virgin, but Madame Aubain dissuaded her.

In the month of March 1853 Madame Aubain had a sudden pain in her breast; her tongue seemed covered with smoke;

leeches could not calm the oppression, and on the ninth evening she died at exactly the age of seventy-two.

Félicité wept for her as masters are not wept. That Madame should die before her, troubled her mind and seemed contrary to the order of things,—inadmissible and monstrous.

Ten days later (the time to come from Besançon) the heirs arrived. The daughter-in-law searched the drawers, chose some furniture, and sold the remainder. Then they returned to the registry office.

Madame's arm-chair, her centre-table, her foot-stove, the eight chairs, were gone. The places where the engravings had hung showed in yellow squares on the walls. They had carried off the two beds with their mattresses, and none of Virginie's belongings remained in the cupboard! Félicité climbed up-stairs, drunk with grief.

The next day there was a sign on the door, and the apothecary cried in her ear that the house was for sale.

She tottered and had to sit down.

What troubled her most was the thought of leaving her room, so convenient for poor Loulou. Covering him with an anguished look, she implored the Holy Ghost, and fell into the idolatrous habit of kneeling before the parrot while she said her prayers. Sometimes the sun, coming in at the dormer window, fell on his glass eye, and it sparkled with a luminous ray which threw her into ecstasy.

Her mistress had left her an income of three hundred and eighty francs. The garden supplied her with vegetables. As to clothes, she had enough for the rest of her life, and she economized lights by going to bed with the dark.

In order to avoid the broker's shop, where some of Madame's old furniture was displayed, she scarcely ever went out. After her dizzy turn she dragged one leg, and as her strength grew less, Mother Simonne, who was bankrupt in her little grocery, came every morning to cut wood and draw water.

Her eyes grew weaker. She no longer opened the blinds. Thus many years passed, and the house was neither rented nor sold. In the fear that she might be sent away, Félicité never asked for any repairs. The shingles were rotting on the roof. All one winter her bolster was wet. After Easter she spit blood.

Then Mother Simonne brought a doctor. Félicité wanted to know what she had. But in her deafness only one word came

to her—"pneumonia." It was familiar to her, and she answered gently:—

"Ah! like Madame," finding it natural to follow her mistress.

The time for the street altars was drawing near.

One was always placed on the shore, a second before the post-office, the third near the middle of the street. There were rivalries as to the position of this last, and finally the parishioners selected the court of Madame Aubain.

The fever and oppression increased. Félicité mourned that she could not do anything for the altar. If she only had something to put on it! Then she thought of the parrot. The neighbors objected that it was not fitting. But the priest gave her permission, and this made her so happy that she begged him to accept Loulou, her one treasure, after her death.

From Tuesday to Saturday, the eve of Corpus Christi, she coughed oftener. That evening her face was drawn, her lips stuck to her gums, she vomited; and the next day, feeling herself very low, she summoned a priest.

Three kind women were with her when she received extreme unction. Then she declared that she must speak to Fabu.

He came in his Sunday clothes, ill at ease in this mournful atmosphere.

"Forgive me," she said, trying to hold out her arm. "I thought you killed him."

What did she mean by such nonsense? To suspect a man like him of murder!—and he grew angry and was going to storm. "She has lost her mind, that's plain enough."

From time to time Félicité talked to visions. The good women went away. Mother Simonne breakfasted.

A little later she took Loulou and carried him to Félicité.

"Come, say good-by to him!"

He was no longer a body: the worms were eating him; one of his wings was broken, the tow was bursting out of his breast. But blind now, she kissed his head and held him against her cheek. Then Mother Simonne took him back to the altar.

The odor of summer came from the pastures; flies were buzzing. The sun made the river sparkle and warmed the slates.

Mother Simonne, who had returned, was calmly sleeping.

The church bells woke her. Félicité's delirium left her. As she thought about the procession, she saw it as clearly as if she had followed it.

All the school-children, the choristers, and the firemen were walking on the sidewalks, while in the middle of the street the Swiss with his halberd came first, then the beadle with a great cross, the schoolmaster watching the boys, the nun anxious about her little girls; three of the prettiest looking like angels with their curled hair, throwing rose-leaves in the air; the deacon with outstretched arms leading the music; and two censer-swingers turning toward the Holy Sacrament at every step, as four vestrymen carried it along under a red velvet canopy; then the priest in his fine chasuble. A crowd of people pressed on behind between the white cloths hung along the houses, and thus they reached the shore.

Félicité's temples were damp with a cold sweat. Mother Simonne wiped it off with a linen cloth, telling herself that some day she too must go through this.

The murmur of the crowd grew plainer, was very strong for a moment, and then began to die away.

A discharge of guns shook the windows. The postilions were saluting the Host. Félicité rolled her eyes and said in the lowest possible tone: —

"Is he all right?" — troubled about the parrot.

Her final agony began. A death-rattle shook her more and more. There were bubbles of foam in the corners of her mouth, and her whole body trembled.

Soon they could hear the music again, the clear voices of the children and the deep voices of men. At intervals all were quiet, and the sound of footsteps, deadened by the flowers, seemed like cattle on the turf.

The clergy entered the court, and Mother Simonne climbed on a chair, so that she could look down upon the altar from the little round window.

Green wreaths were hung on the altar, which was adorned with English lace. In the middle was a little box containing relics; two orange-trees stood in the corners; and along the front were ranged silver candlesticks and china vases with sunflowers, lilies, peonies, foxgloves, and bunches of hydrangea. This mass of sparkling color sloped down from the highest stage to the carpet, and was prolonged on the pavement; and there were curiosities to attract the attention. A bird in silver-gilt had a crown of violets; pendants of Alençon gems sparkled from the moss; two Chinese screens displayed their landscapes. Loulou,

hidden behind the roses, showed only his blue crest like a bit of lapis lazuli.

The vestrymen, the choristers, and the children ranged themselves along three sides of the court. The priest slowly mounted the steps and set upon the lace his large golden sun, which sparkled as he did so. All knelt down. There was a solemn silence. And the censers, swinging freely, slipped up and down their slender chains.

A blue vapor mounted to Félicité's room. She breathed it in with a mystical sensuality, and then closed her eyelids. Her lips were smiling. Her heart beat more and more slowly, more gently and uncertainly like a spring which is growing exhausted, like an echo which is sinking away; and as she breathed for the last time, she seemed to see in the opening heavens a gigantic parrot hovering above her head.

SALAMMBÔ PREPARES FOR HER JOURNEY

From 'Salammbô'

It was the season when the doves of Carthage migrated to the mountain of Eryx in Sicily, there nesting about the temple of Venus. Previous to their departure, during many days, they sought each other, and cooed to reunite themselves; finally one evening they flew, driven by the wind, and this large white cloud glided in the heaven, very high above the sea.

The horizon was crimson. They seemed gradually to descend to the waves, then disappear as though swallowed up, and falling of their own accord into the jaws of the sun. Salammbô, who watched them disappear, lowered her head. Taanach, believing that she surmised her mistress's grief, tenderly said:—

"But mistress, they will return."

"Yes, I know it."

"And you will see them again."

"Perhaps!" Salammbô said, as she sighed.

She had not confided to any one her resolution, and for its discreet accomplishment she sent Taanach to purchase in the suburbs of Kinisdo (instead of requiring them of the stewards) all the articles it was necessary she should have: vermilion, aromatics, a linen girdle, and new garments. The old slave was

amazed by these preparations, without daring to ask any questions; and so the day arrived, fixed by Schahabarim, when Salammbô must depart.

Toward the twelfth hour she perceived at the end of the sycamores an old blind man, whose hand rested on the shoulder of a child who walked before him, and in the other hand he held against his hip a species of cithara made of black wood.

The eunuchs, the slaves, the women, had been scrupulously sent away; no one could possibly know the mystery that was being prepared.

Taanach lighted in the corners of the room four tripods full of *strobus* and cardamom; then she spread out great Babylonian tapestries and hung them on cords all round the room,—for Salammbô did not wish to be seen even by the walls. The player of the kinnor waited crouching behind the door, and the young boy, standing up, applied his lips to a reed flute. In the distance the street clamor faded, the violet shadows lengthened before the peristyles of the temples, and on the other side of the gulf the base of the mountain, the olive-fields, and the waste yellow ground indefinitely undulated till finally lost in a bluish vapor; not a single sound could be heard, and an indescribable oppression pervaded the air.

Salammbô crouched on the onyx step on the edge of the porphyry basin; she lifted her wide sleeves and fastened them behind her shoulders, and began her ablutions in a methodical manner, according to the sacred rites.

Next Taanach brought to her an alabaster phial containing something liquid, yet coagulated; it was the blood of a black dog, strangled by barren women on a winter's night in the ruins of a sepulchre. She rubbed it on her ears, her heels, and the thumb of her right hand; and even the nail remained tinged a trifle red, as if she had crushed a berry.

The moon rose; then, both at once, the cithara and the flute commenced to play. Salammbô took off her earrings, laid aside her necklace, bracelets, and her long white simarra; unknotted the fillet from her hair, and for some minutes shook her tresses gently over her shoulders to refresh and disentangle them. The music outside continued; there were always the same three notes, precipitous and furious; the strings grated, the flute was high-sounding and sonorous. Taanach marked the cadence by striking her hands; Salammbô, swaying her entire body, chanted

her prayers, and one by one her garments fell around her on the floor.

The heavy tapestry trembled, and above the cord that sustained it the head of the Python appeared. He descended slowly, like a drop of water trickling along a wall, and glided between the stuffs spread out, then poised himself on his tail; he lifted himself perfectly straight up, and darted his eyes, more brilliant than carbuncles, upon Salammbô.

A shudder of cold, or her modesty perhaps, at first made her hesitate. But she recalled the order of Schahabarim, so she went forward; the Python lowered himself, alighting upon the nape of her neck in the middle of his body, allowing his head and tail to hang down like a broken necklace, and the two ends trailed on the floor. Salammbô rolled them around her sides, under her arms, between her knees; then taking him by the jaw, she drew his little triangular mouth close to her teeth; and with half-closed eyes she bent back under the moon's rays. The white light seemed to enshroud her in a silvery fog; the tracks of her wet feet shone on the stones; stars twinkled in the depths of the water; the Python tightened against her his black coils speckled with spots of gold. Salammbô panted under this too heavy weight; her loins gave way, she felt that she was dying; the Python patted her thighs softly with his tail: then the music ceased, and he fell down.

Taanach drew near to Salammbô, and after arranging two candelabra, of which the lights burned in two crystal globes filled with water, she tinted with henna the inside of the hands of her mistress, put vermilion on her cheeks, antimony on her eyelids, and lengthened her eyebrows with a mixture of gum, musk, ebony, and crushed flies' feet.

Salammbô, sitting in a chair mounted with ivory, abandoned herself to the care of her slave. But the soothing touches, the odor of the aromatics, and the fasts she had kept, enervated her; she became so pale that Taanach paused.

"Continue!" said Salammbô; and as she drew herself up in spite of herself, she felt all at once reanimated. Then an impatience seized her; she urged Taanach to hasten, and the old slave growled:—

"Well, well, mistress! . . . You have no one waiting for you elsewhere!"

"Yes!" responded Salammbô: "some one waits for me."

Taanach started with surprise, and in order to know more she said:—

"What do you order me to do, mistress, if you should remain away?" . . .

But Salammbô sobbed, and the slave exclaimed:—

"You suffer! What is the matter with you? Do not go! Take me! When you were a little one and wept, I held you to my heart and suckled you, and made you laugh. Now I am old! I can do nothing for you! You do not love me any more! You hide your troubles from me; you disdain your nurse!" With fondness and vexation the tears coursed down her face, in the scars of her tattooing.

"No!" said Salammbô; "no: I love you; be comforted!"

Taanach, with a smile like the grimace of an old monkey, recommenced her task. Following the directions of the priest, Salammbô ordered her slave to make her magnificent. Taanach complied, with a barbaric taste full of elaboration and ingenuity.

Over a first fine wine-colored tunic she placed a second one, embroidered with birds' plumes. Golden scales were fastened to her hips; from her wide girdle flowed the folds of her blue, silver-starred petticoat-trousers. Then Taanach adjusted an ample robe of rare stuff from the land of the Seres, white, variegated with green stripes. She attached over Salammbô's shoulders a square of purple, made heavy at the hem with beads of *sandastrum;* and on the top of all these vestments she arranged a black mantle with a long train. Then she contemplated her, and proud of her work, she could not keep from saying:—

"You will not be more beautiful on the day of your nuptials!"

"My nuptials!" repeated Salammbô in a reverie, as she leaned her elbow on the ivory chair.

Taanach held up before her mistress a copper mirror, wide and long enough for her to view herself completely. She stood up, and with a light touch of one finger put back a curl that dropped too low on her forehead. Her hair was powdered with gold, crimped in front, hanging down her back in long twists, terminating in pearls. The light from the candelabra heightened the color on her cheeks, the gold throughout her garments, and the whiteness of her skin. She wore around her waist, on her arms, hands, and feet, such a profusion of jewels that the mirror, reflecting like a sun, flashed back prismatic rays upon her; and

Salammbô stood beside Taanach, leaning and turning around on all sides to view herself, smiling at the dazzling effect.

She walked to and fro, embarrassed by the time that she needs must tarry.

Suddenly the crow of a cock was heard. She quickly pinned over her hair a long yellow veil, passed a scarf around her neck, and buried her feet in blue leather buskins, saying to Taanach:

"Go, see under the myrtles if there is not a man with two horses."

Taanach had scarcely re-entered before Salammbô descended the stairway of the galleys.

"Mistress!" called out the slave. Salammbô turned around and placed one finger on her lips, in sign of discretion and silence.

Taanach crept quietly the length of the prows as far as the base of the terrace, and in the distance by the moonlight she distinguished in the cypress avenue a gigantic shadow, moving obliquely to the left of Salammbô: this was a foreboding of death.

Taanach went back to her room, threw herself on the floor, tore her face with her finger-nails, pulled out her hair, and uttered shrill yells at the top of her voice.

Finally the thought came to her that some one might hear; then she was quiet, and sobbed very low, with her head between her hands and her face laid flat on the stones.

THE SACRIFICE TO MOLOCH

From 'Salammbô'

A section of the wall of the temple of Moloch was removed, in order to pull the brazen god through without disturbing the ashes on the altar. As soon as the sun rose, the sacred slaves of the temple pushed him to the square of Khamoûn.

He moved backwards, sliding over cylinders; his shoulders overtopped the walls; from the farthest point the Carthaginians who perceived him fled with speed, for it was impossible to contemplate the Baal with impunity, save in the exercise of his wrath.

An odor of aromatics was wafted through the streets. All the temples were thrown open simultaneously, and tabernacles upon

chariots, or on litters which pontiffs carried, issued forth. Great plumes of feathers nodded at their corners, and rays flashed from their pointed spires, terminated by globes of crystal, gold, silver, or copper.

These were the Canaanite Baalim, reproductions of the supreme Baal, returning towards their essence to humble themselves before his power, and be lost in his splendor. The canopy of Melkarth, of fine purple, sheltered a flame of bitumen oil; while upon that of Khamoûn, which was of hyacinth color, was erected an ivory phallus bordered with a circle of gems: between the curtains of Eschmoûn, blue as the ether, a Python slept, describing a circle as it bit its tail; and the *Dii-Patæci*, held in the arms of their priests, their heels dragging on the ground, resembled large babies in swaddling-clothes. . . .

The brazen statue continued to move towards the square of Khamoûn. The Rich, carrying sceptres with emerald apples, started from the far end of Megara; the Elders, crowned with diadems, assembled in Kinisdo; and the masters of finance, the governors of provinces, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and the numerous horde employed at funerals, all displaying the insignia of their magistracy or the instruments of their vocations, converged towards the tabernacles that descended from the Acropolis between the colleges of pontiffs.

In deference to Moloch, they were all bedecked with their most splendid jewels. Diamonds sparkled over their black apparel; but their rings, now too wide, loosely fell from their emaciated hands, and nothing could be more lugubrious than that silent concourse, where brilliant earrings struck against pallid faces, and where gold tiaras encircled foreheads wrinkled by an atrocious despair.

Finally the Baal attained the centre of the square. His pontiffs made an inclosure with trellises to keep back the multitude, and remained themselves at his feet, surrounding him.

The priests of Khamoûn, in reddish woolen robes, aligned before their temple under the columns of the portico; those of Eschmoûn, in white linen mantles, with collars of the heads of hoopoes, wearing conical tiaras, established themselves on the steps of the Acropolis; the priests of Melkarth, in violet tunics, took their position on the western side; the priests of the Abaddirs, swathed in bands of Phrygian stuffs, placed themselves on the eastern side; and ranged on the southern side with the

necromancers, all covered with tattooings, were the howlers in patched mantles, the priests of the *Dii-Patæci*, and the Yidonim, who divined the future by placing a bone of a dead body in their mouths. The priests of Ceres, habited in blue robes, had prudently stopped in Satheb Street, intoning in a low voice a thesmophorion in Megarian dialect. . . .

Meantime a fire of aloe, cedar, and laurel wood burned between the legs of the Colossus. His long wings buried their points in the flame; the unguents with which he had been rubbed now trickled like sweat over his brazen limbs. About the round stone upon which his feet rested, children, enveloped in black veils, formed a motionless circle; and his inordinately long arms allowed the palms of his hands to reach down to them, as if to seize this crown and convey it to the sky.

The Rich, the Elders, the women, and in fact the entire multitude, thronged behind the priests and on the terraces of the houses. The large painted stars revolved no longer; the tabernacles were placed on the ground, and the smoke from the censers rose on high perpendicularly, like gigantic trees spreading their bluish boughs to the centre of the azure. Many of the spectators fainted; others became inert and petrified in their ecstasy; an infinite agony pressed heavily upon their hearts. The clamors one by one died out, and the people of Carthage panted in silence, absorbed in the terror of their desire.

At last the high priest of Moloch passed his right hand beneath the children's veils, and pulled out a lock of hair from each of their foreheads, which he threw into the flames. Then the men in red mantles intoned a sacred hymn:—

"Homage to thee, O Sun! King of the two Zones! Creator, self-begotten! Father and Mother! Father and Son! God and Goddess! Goddess and God!" and their voices were lost in the explosion of countless instruments, sounding all together to smother the cries of the victims. The scheminith with eight strings, the kinnor with ten, and the nebel with twelve, all twanged, whistled, and thundered forth. Enormous leather bottles stuck full of tubes emitted a sharp rolling noise; the tambourines, beaten with all possible force, resounded with heavy, rapid blows; and despite the fury of the clarions, the salsalim clicked like the wings of locusts.

The sacred slaves with a long hook opened the seven compartments ranged in the body of the Baal. Into the highest

division farina was introduced; into the second, two turtle-doves; into the third, an ape; into the fourth, a ram; into the fifth, a lamb; and into the sixth, as they did not possess an ox, a tanned hide from the sanctuary was substituted; the seventh aperture remained gaping.

Before a human victim should be offered, it was deemed best to test the arms of the god. Slender chainlets, passing from the fingers over his shoulders, descended at the back, which men pulled downward, raising to the height of his elbows his two open hands, that in approaching each other came opposite his belly. They worked them several times successively with little jerks. Then the musical instruments were hushed, and the fire roared fiercely.

The pontiffs of Moloch walked to and fro on the large stone slab, examining the multitude.

The first offering must be an individual sacrifice, an oblation perfectly voluntary, which would be effectual to incite others. But no one came forward, and the seven alleys leading from the barrier to the Colossus remained completely empty. To stimulate the people, the priests pulled from their girdles little stilettos, with which they slashed their faces. The Devotees, who had been stretched on the ground outside, were introduced into the inclosure, and a packet of horrible irons was thrown to them: each one chose his torture. They passed spits through their breasts, slit their cheeks, put upon their heads crowns of thorns; then they enlaced their arms together, and surrounding the children, they formed another great circle, ever contracting and expanding. Having reached the balustrade, they threw themselves back, only to eddy outwards again, continually attracting to them the crowd, by the vertigo of their movements, full of blood and cries.

Gradually the people, thus incited, came into the end of the alleys, and threw into the flames pearls, gold vases, cups, all their treasures, and flambeaux.

These offerings became more and more splendid, and kept multiplying. Presently a man who staggered, a man pale and hideous from terror, pushed forward a child; then could be distinguished between the hands of the Colossus a little black mass—it sank into the dark opening. The priests leaned over the edge of the large slab, and a new chant burst out, celebrating the joys of death and the renascence of eternity.

The children mounted up slowly, and as the smoke rose in lofty whirling masses, they seemed from afar to disappear in a cloud. Not one moved. All had been securely bound hand and foot, and the dark drapery prevented them from seeing anything, and from being recognized.

Hamilcar, in a red mantle like that of the priests of Moloch, remained near the Baal, standing before the great toe of his right foot. When the fourteenth child was put in, all the people saw that he made a demonstrative gesture of horror, but quickly resuming his attitude of composure, he crossed his arms, and gazed on the ground. On the other side of the Colossus the grand pontiff likewise remained motionless, bowing his head, upon which was an Assyrian mitre, and observing on his breast the gold plaque covered with prophetic stones, which threw out iridescent lights as the flames struck across them. He grew pale and abstracted.

Hamilcar inclined his head, and they were both so near the pyre that the hem of their robes in rising from time to time swept it.

Moloch's brazen arms moved more rapidly; they no longer paused. Each time a child was placed upon them, the priests of Moloch extended their hands over the victim to charge upon it the sins of the people, vociferating:—

"These are not men, but oxen!" and the multitude around repeated, "Oxen! Oxen!" The Devotees screamed out, "Lord! eat!" and the priests of Proserpine, conforming in terror to Carthage's need, mumbled their Eleusinian formula: "Pour forth rain! conceive!" No sooner were the victims placed on the verge of the aperture than they vanished, like a drop of water on a red-hot plate, and whiffs of white smoke curled up through the scarlet glow.

Yet the appetite of the god was not appeased; he still wanted more. In order to supply him, the children were piled on his hands, and were retained there by a great chain.

In the beginning, Devotees tried to count them, in order to note if the total number corresponded to the days of the solar year; but now so many were piled on that it was impossible to distinguish them during the dizzy movements of those horrible arms. All this lasted a long time, until nightfall. Then the interior divisions gave a most sombre glare. For the first time, the burning flesh was visible. Some people even fancied that they recognized hair, limbs, and entire bodies.

The day fell; clouds gathered over the head of the Baal. The pyre, now flameless, made a pyramid of glowing embers that reached to his knees; and all crimson, like a giant covered with blood, with head bent backward, he seemed to reel under the weight of his intoxication. According as the priests urged haste, the frenzy of the people augmented; as the number of victims decreased, some cried out to spare them, others that Moloch must have more. It seemed as though the walls, with their masses of spectators, would crumble beneath the yells of horror and of mystic voluptuousness. Then came into the alleys some faithful ones, dragging their children, who clung to them; and they beat the little hands to make them loose their hold, that they might deliver them to the red men.

Occasionally the musicians paused from sheer exhaustion; and in the lull could be heard the screams of mothers and the crackling of the grease spattering on the coals. The mandrake-drinkers crept on all-fours around the Colossus, roaring like tigers. The Yidonim prophesied; the Devotees chanted with their cleft lips. The railings were broken, for now all wanted to participate in the sacrifice; and fathers whose children were deceased cast into the yawning furnace their effigies, toys, and preserved bones. Those who possessed knives rushed upon the others; they cut each other's throats in their voracious rage, maddened by the holocaust. The sacred slaves, with bronze winnowing-baskets, took from the edge of the stone slab the fallen cinders, which they tossed high in the air, that the sacrifice should be dispersed over the entire city, and attain to the region of the stars.

The tumultuous noise and vast illumination had attracted the Barbarians to the very foot of the walls. Climbing upon the ruins of the *helepolis*, they looked on, gaping with horror.

PAUL FLEMING

(1609–1640)

Few names in that sterile period of German history which followed the century of the Reformation have won a lasting place in literature. In Gryphius the most gifted dramatist, in Opitz the greatest literary influence, and in Fleming the most genuine lyric poet of his time, the spirit of German letters still flickered; and Fleming, though humbly subordinating himself to the domination of Opitz, was nevertheless the genius in whom the spirit shone brightest.

Paul Fleming was born on October 5th, 1609, and the years of his brief life were those of universal disaster, when Germany was made the battle-ground of the contending nations. Fleming studied medicine in Leipsic, but meanwhile devoted himself so ardently to the development of his poetic gifts, that while still a student he received the Imperial crown of poetry. In 1630 he met Opitz, who, with a group of new German poets in his train, held the leadership of what is known to students as the First Silesian School. Fleming's reverence for this skillful but mechanical versifier was unbounded. It was not until three days before his early death that Fleming seemed to catch a glimpse of his own superiority; in the touching lines which he composed as his own epitaph, he wrote, "No countryman of mine sang like me;" and certain it is that in his work is displayed more spontaneity and greater depth of feeling than in that of the more famous leader. There is a strain of lofty pathos in Fleming's poetry that reminds of Schiller; and if it sometimes has a hollow sound, that lay in the character of the unreal time when the nations were fighting for moribund ideas, and when thought was sicklied o'er with the cast of pseudo-classical affectation. Brave men were exalted as gods and faithful officials as heroes, with the entire apparatus of mythological metaphor. And yet in Fleming's verse is revealed a deep and genuine piety, a broad humanity, and a healthy patriotism. His religious poems, through which he strove to keep his mind fixed

Paul Fleming

above the strife of parties and the demoralizing cruelty of that time of incessant war, are still favorites in the German hymnals of to-day. His love lyrics and sonnets, not always free from the affectations of his school, are yet the expression of true feeling and delicate fancy.

The destruction of Meissen and the death of Gustavus Adolphus were among the saddening experiences of Fleming's early life, but it was not to escape the disquieting events at home that sent him on distant travels: it was rather passion for travel and a love of the exotic. This passion found gratification in the appointment he received as a member of a Holstein embassy to Russia and Persia, in the service of which nearly six years of his life were passed. It was a life full of adventure by land and sea; there were bloody encounters in Persia, and twice the party suffered shipwreck. It was an experience that greatly widened the scope of his poetic material, as the Oriental coloring of the poems written during those six years shows.

Fleming's love life had its sorrows: the woman of his choice, during his long absence in the East, married another; he thereupon became engaged to a younger sister, who had in the mean time ripened into womanhood. They were to be married in Hamburg; but while he was awaiting her arrival, he fell sick and died, on April 2d, 1640, in his thirty-first year.

Fleming never won the high place in the estimation of the great contemporary public to which his genius entitled him; formalism prevailed, Opitz overshadowed him, the war crushed all but martial genius. Many of Fleming's poems have been lost, but enough remain to justify the claim that he was the one genuinely inspired lyric poet of the period of the Thirty Years' War.

TO MYSELF

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

Translation of Catherine Winkworth.

ON A LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY TO RUSSIA AND PERSIA, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR AS PHYSICIAN TO THE EMBASSY FROM HOLSTEIN

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can;
Unless He give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all must fail,
Unless my God is there;
Then let him order all for me
As he in wisdom shall decree;
On him I cast my care.

For naught can come, as naught hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good;
Whate'er he gives me I will take,
Whate'er he chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon his mighty arm,—
It shields me well from every harm,
All evil shall avert;
If by his precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful he will give,
And naught shall do me hurt.

But only may he of his grace
The record of my guilt efface
And wipe out all my debt;

Though I have sinned, he will not straight
Pronounce his judgment,—he will wait,
Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
Which he hath bade me fill;
And he will bless me with his light,
That I may serve his world aright,
And make me know his will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
And Christ himself is near;
In all our dangers he will come,
And he who kept me safe at home
Can keep me safely here.

Yes, he will speed us on our way,
And point us where to go and stay,
And help us still and lead;
Let us in health and safety live,
And time and wind and weather give,
And whatsoe'er we need.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fears my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by him,
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing naught can wait me there
Too hard for me through him to bear;
I yet shall overcome.

To him myself I wholly give,
At his command I die or live,
I trust his love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,—
He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Be whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will he be near,
With his consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs;
And he will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid;
On Him who thee and all things made
With calm reliance rest;
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

TO MY RING

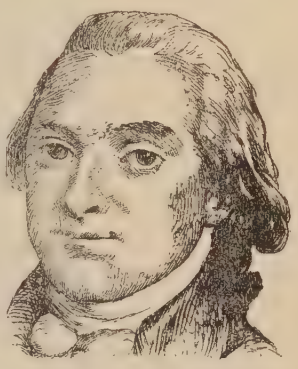
So go, fair emerald; my loving message take
To her who has my heart, and rest thou well content
That henceforth thou art hers to whom I have thee sent;
Thy purity her hand will only purer make.
Be with her if she sleep; be with her if she wake;
She'll ask thee oft of me and what thy message meant.
Be thou like other gems: within thy brightness pent,
Keep what thou seest hid, for her and my sweet sake.
And if it come to pass that she, in thoughts half lost,
Should press her lips to thee, then save the kiss for me
Until the evening come. Unless the zephyrs see
The imprint of her kiss, and, enviously crossed,
Demand to bring it me, ere I to claim it go,
Then send it me by them, and let no mortal know.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN

(1755–1794)

Jean Pierre Claris de Florian was born of an impoverished family at the Château de Florian in Languedoc, 1755. His education, conducted by the best of masters, was begun in his own home and continued under the guidance of Voltaire, who was his kinsman and who admired his intelligence and abilities. The great master obtained for the young poet a place in the household of the Duc de Penthièvre, who granted him a commission of captain in one of his own regiments. It was after several years of attention to his military duties that Florian produced his pastoral romance 'Galatea' (1782), composed during the leisure hours of his service. It seems worthy of remark that Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' of which Florian was later on to render so acceptable a version to his compatriots, should have produced as an early work (if it was not his first) a pastoral bearing the same title.



Jean P. C. de Florian

The 'Galatea' was followed by two volumes of dramatic pieces, and by another of short novels of the sentimental type; his next work, called 'Estelle,' enjoyed great popularity, and together with his 'Numa Pompilius' (1786) placed him in the front rank of contemporary literature. He was enrolled as a member of the Academies of Lyons, Florence, and Madrid, and on the death of the Cardinal de Luynes he was admitted into the Academy of Paris, the honor which he had most coveted.

During the tyranny of Robespierre, Florian was thrown into prison, his position with the Duc de Penthièvre and some verses in honor of Marie Antoinette serving as pretexts for his detention; and in spite of the ceaseless efforts of Boissy D'Anglas and Mercier he would doubtless have been sent to the guillotine, had not the downfall of the tyrant procured his release.

He left his prison with shattered health, and retired to the Parc de Scéaux, the estates of the Duc de Penthièvre, where he expired of a fever, September 13th, 1794.

Florian's style is typical of his times, although he showed an element of conservatism. His works were carefully written, and bear the marks of an elegant and delicate fancy without the impression of strength. His 'Numa Pompilius' seems to have been modeled on the 'Telemachus' of Fénelon. 'Gonzalve de Cordoue,' another of his romances, is in a more modern manner, although it opens with an invocation to the "Chaste nymphs of the Guadalquivir." Florian, in fine, is best known to-day by his fables, which have become classic side by side with those of La Fontaine.

The following translations of Florian were made for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Thomas Walsh

THE CONNOISSEUR

A FAT and pompous paroquet,
Free from his cage by hazard set,
Established him as *connoisseur*
Within a grove, when he, like those
Our critics false, began to slur
At everything with stuck-up nose:
The nightingale should trim her song—
Her cadences seemed rather poor:
The linnet he could not endure;
The thrush, perhaps, would get along
Could he but teach her for a while,—
That is, if she would aim at style.
Thus, none of all could please him — none;
And when their morning songs awoke,
The paroquet whistled, for a joke,
And kept it up till day was done.
Outraged at this unruly fate,
A deputation came in state,
Requesting him with curtsies low:—
"Good sir, who always whistle so,
Inform us, pray, where we offend:
We wish to have a song from you:
Come, show us how we may amend."
The paroquet, abashed, replied,
Scratching his head on either side,—
"Whistling, my friends, is all I do."

THE COURTIERS

A Persian king went out one day
To hunt with all his courtiers gay;
And growing thirsty, looked around
To see could any spring be found.
In vain; but near, an orchard stood
With ripened fruits in multitude.
"Now Lord forbid," exclaimed the King,
"That I should take a single thing;
For if my courtiers see me do't,
It means good-by to *all* the fruit."

THE DYING ROSE-TREE

O rose-tree, rose-tree, thou wert fair
When to thy cool retreat I came,
To hear and give the promise there
Our love should ever be the same.

How fair, oh then how fair, thy flowers
When his dear lap they rested on:
The buds that used to deck thy bowers
Are faded and forever gone.

'Twas sweet with water from the stream
To cool thy boughs with tender fears;
Now parched and dying do they seem,
For they are watered but with tears.

O rose-tree, rose-tree, thou wilt die;
And yet my heart thirsts more than thine:
I languish — would like thee could I,
Sweet rose-tree, this sad life resign!

SERENADE

Withdraw thy beams, thou moon unkind:—
Sweet night, my tender secret keep;
Bear thou my sorrows, gentle wind,
And whisper them where she doth sleep.
All else beside, who would not know
The pain her heavenly glances make,
Sleep on, sleep on; for if you wake
You must be rivals in my woe!

SONG

LOVELY Idol of my soul,
Victim of a wounded heart,—
See my grief beyond control;
Live, sweet one, do not depart!
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more!

Thou hast told me o'er and o'er
That thy heart was mine alone;
Thou art all my earthly store,
And thou desirest to be gone.
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more.

My destiny is bound with thine,
But yet I cannot stay thy fate;
Oh, what a bitter lot is mine
That I must live—disconsolate!
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more!

FOLK-SONG

BY F. B. GUMMERE

As in the case of ballads, or narrative songs, it was important to sunder not only the popular from the artistic, but also the ballad of the people from the ballad for the people; precisely so in the article of communal lyric one must distinguish songs of the folk — songs made by the folk — from those verses of the street or the music hall which are often caught up and sung by the crowd until they pass as genuine folk-song. For true folk-song, as for the genuine ballad, the tests are simplicity, sincerity, mainly oral tradition, and origin in a homogeneous community. The style of such a poem is not only simple, but free from individual stamp; the metaphors, employed sparingly at the best, are like the phrases which constantly occur in narrative ballads, and belong to tradition. The metre is not so uniform as in ballads, but must betray its origin in song. An unsung folk-song is more than a contradiction,—it is an impossibility. Moreover, it is to be assumed that primitive folk-songs were an outcome of the dance, for which originally there was no music save the singing of the dancers. A German critic declares outright that for early times there was "no dance without singing, *and no song without a dance;* songs for the dance were the earliest of all songs, and melodies for the dance the oldest music of every race." Add to this the undoubted fact that dancing by pairs is a comparatively modern invention, and that primitive dances involved the whole able-bodied primitive community (Jeanroy's assertion that in the early Middle Ages only women danced, is a libel on human nature), and one begins to see what is meant by folk-song; primarily it was made by the singing and dancing throng, at a time when no distinction of lettered and unlettered classes divided the community. Few, if any, of these primitive folk-songs have come down to us; but they exist in survival, with more or less trace of individual and artistic influences. As we cannot apply directly the test of such a communal origin, we must cast about for other and more modern conditions.

When Mr. George Saintsbury deplores "the lack, notorious to this day, of one single original English folk-song of really great beauty," he leaves his readers to their own devices by way of defining this species of poetry. Probably, however, he means the communal lyric in survival, not the ballad, not what Germans would include under *volkslied* and Frenchmen under *chanson populaire.* This distinction, so

often forgotten by our critics, was laid down for English usage a century ago by no less a person than Joseph Ritson. "With us," he said, "songs of sentiment, expression, or even description, are properly called Songs, in contradistinction to mere narrative compositions, which now denominate Ballads."

Notwithstanding this lucid statement, we have failed to clear the field of all possible causes for error. The song of the folk is differentiated from the song of the individual poet; popular lyric is set over against the artistic, personal lyric. But lyric is commonly assumed to be the expression of individual emotion, and seems in its very essence to exclude all that is not single, personal, and conscious emotion. Professor Barrett Wendell, however, is fain to abandon this time-honored notion of lyric as the subjective element in poetry, the expression of individual emotion, and proposes a definition based upon the essentially musical character of these songs. If we adhere strictly to the older idea, communal lyric, or folk-song, is a contradiction in terms; but as a musical expression, direct and unreflective, of communal emotion, and as offspring of the enthusiasm felt by a festal, dancing multitude, the term is to be allowed. It means the lyric of a throng. Unless one feels this objective note in a lyric, it is certainly no folk-song, but merely an anonymous product of the schools. The artistic and individual lyric, however sincere it may be, is fairly sure to be blended with reflection; but such a subjective tone is foreign to communal verse — whether narrative or purely lyrical. In other words, to study the lyric of the people, one must banish that notion of individuality, of reflection and sentiment, which one is accustomed to associate with all lyrics. To illustrate the matter, it is evident that Shelley's 'O World, O Life, O Time,' and Wordsworth's 'My Heart Leaps Up,' however widely sundered may be the points of view, however varied the character of the emotion, are of the same individual and reflective class. Contrast now with these a third lyric, an English song of the thirteenth century, preserved by some happy chance from the oblivion which claimed most of its fellows; the casual reader would unhesitatingly put it into the same class with Wordsworth's verses as a lyric of "nature," of "joy," or what not, — an outburst of simple and natural emotion. But if this 'Cuckoo Song' be regarded critically, it will be seen that precisely those qualities of the individual and the subjective are wanting. The music of it is fairly clamorous; the refrain counts for as much as the verses; while the emotion seems to spring from the crowd and to represent a community. Written down — no one can say when it was actually composed — not later than the middle of the thirteenth century, along with the music and a Latin hymn interlined in red ink, this song is justly regarded by critics as communal rather

than artistic in its character; and while it is set to music in what Chappell calls "the earliest secular composition, in parts, known to exist in any country," yet even this elaborate music was probably "a national song and tune, selected according to the custom of the times as a basis for harmony," and was "not entirely a scholastic composition." It runs in the original:—

Sumer is icumen in.
Lhude sing cuccu.
Groweth sed
And bloweth med
And springth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth,
Bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu.
Cuccu, cuccu.

Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.

Burden

Sing cuccu nu. Sing cuccu.
Sing cuccu. Sing cuccu nu.[1]

The monk, whose passion for music led him to rescue this charming song, probably regretted the rustic quality of the words, and did his best to hide the origin of the air; but behind the complicated music is a tune of the country-side, and if the refrain is here a burden, to be sung throughout the piece by certain voices while others sing the words of the song, we have every right to think of an earlier refrain which almost absorbed the poem and was sung by

[1] For facsimile of the MS., music, and valuable remarks, see Chappell, 'Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time,' Vol. i., frontispiece, and pages 21 ff. For pronunciation, see A. J. Ellis, 'Early English Pronunciation,' ii., 419 ff. The translation given by Mr. Ellis is:—

"Summer has come in; loudly sing, cuckoo! Grows seed and blossoms mead and springs the wood now. Sing, cuckoo! Ewe bleats after lamb, lows after (its) calf the cow; bullock leaps, buck verts (seeks the green); merrily sing, cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo; cease thou not never now. *Burden.*— Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo! Sing, cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now."— *Lhude*, *wde* (= *wude*), *awe*, *calve*, *bucke*, are dissyllabic. Mr. Ellis's translation of *verteth* is very doubtful.

a dancing multitude. This is a most important consideration. In all parts of Europe, songs for the dance still abound in the shape of a welcome to spring; and a lyrical outburst in praise of the jocund season often occurs by way of prelude to the narrative ballad: witness the beautiful opening of 'Robin Hood and the Monk.' The troubadour of Provence, like the minnesinger of Germany, imitated these invocations to spring. A charming *balada* of Provence probably takes us beyond the troubadour to the domain of actual folk-song.[1] "At the entrance of the bright season," it runs, "in order to begin joy and to tease the jealous, the queen will show that she is fain to love. As far as to the sea, no maid nor youth but must join the lusty dance which she devises. On the other hand comes the king to break up the dancing, fearful lest some one will rob him of his April queen. Little, however, cares she for the graybeard; a gay young 'bachelor' is there to pleasure her. Whoso might see her as she dances, swaying her fair body, he could say in sooth that nothing in all the world peers the joyous queen!" Then, as after each stanza, for conclusion the wild refrain — like a *procul este, profani!* — "Away, ye jealous ones, away! Let us dance together, together let us dance!" The interjectional refrain, "eya," a mere cry of joy, is common in French and German songs for the dance, and gives a very echo of the lusty singers. Repetition, refrain, the infectious pace and merriment of this old song, stamp it as a genuine product of the people.[2] The brief but emphatic praise of spring with which it opens is doubtless a survival of those older pagan hymns and songs which greeted the return of summer and were sung by the community in chorus to the dance, now as a religious rite, now merely as

[1] The first stanza in the original will show the structure of this true "ballad" in the primitive sense of a dance-song. There are five of these stanzas, carrying the same rhymes throughout: —

A l'entrada del temps clar,— eya,—
Per joja recomençar,— eya,—
E per jelos irritar,— eya,—
Vol la regina mostrar
Qu' el' est si amoroza.

REFRAIN

Alavi', alavia, jelos,
laissaz nos, laissaz nos
ballar entre nos, entre nos!

[2] Games and songs of children are still to be found which preserve many of the features of these old dance-songs. The dramatic traits met with in the games point back now to the choral poetry of pagan times, when perhaps a bit of myth was enacted, now to the communal dance where the stealing of a bride may have been imitated.

the expression of communal rejoicing. What the people once sang in chorus was repeated by the individual poet. Neidhart the German is famous on account of his rustic songs for the dance, which often begin with this lusty welcome to spring; while the dactyls of Walther von der Vogelweide not only echo the cadence of dancing feet, but so nearly exclude the reflective and artistic element that the "I" of the singer counts for little. "Winter," he sings,—

> Winter has left us no pleasure at all;
> Leafage and heather have fled with the fall,
> Bare is the forest and dumb as a thrall;
> If the girls by the roadside were tossing the ball,
> I could prick up my ears for the singing-birds' call![1]

That is, "if spring were here, and the girls were going to the village dance"; for ball-playing was not only a rival of the dance, but was often combined with it. Walther's dactyls are one in spirit with the fragments of communal lyric which have been preserved for us by song-loving "clerks" or theological students, those intellectual tramps of the Middle Ages, who often wrote down such a merry song of May and then turned it more or less freely into their barbarous but not unattractive Latin. For example:—

> Now is time for holiday!
> Let our singing greet the May;
> Flowers in the breezes play,
> Every holt and heath is gay.
>
> Let us dance and let us spring
> With merry song and crying!
> Joy befits the lusty May:
> Set the ball a-flying!
> If I woo my lady-love,
> Will she be denying?[2]

The steps of the dance are not remote; and the same echo haunts another song of the sort:—

> Dance we now the measure,
> Dance, lady mine!
> May, the month of pleasure,
> Comes with sweet sunshine.

[1] Unless otherwise credited, translations are by the writer.

[2] From 'Carmina Burana,' a collection of these songs in Latin and German preserved in a MS. of the thirteenth century; edited by J. A. Schmeller, Breslau, 1883. This song is page 181 ff., in German, 'Nu Suln Wir Alle Fröude Hân.

Winter vexed the meadow
Many weary hours:
Fled his chill and shadow,—
Lo, the fields are laughing
Red with flowers.[1]

Or the song at the dance may set forth some of the preliminaries, as when a girl is supposed to sing:—

Care and sorrow, fly away!
On the green field let us play,
Playmates gentle, playmates mine,
Where we see the bright flowers shine.
I say to thee, I say to thee,
Playmate mine, O come with me!

Gracious Love, to me incline,
Make for me a garland fine,—
Garland for the man to wear
Who can please a maiden fair.
I say to thee, I say to thee,
Playmate mine, O come with me![2]

The greeting from youth to maiden, from maiden to youth, was doubtless a favorite bit of folk-song, whether at the dance or as independent lyric. Readers of the 'Library' will find such a greeting incorporated in 'Child Maurice'[3]; only there it is from the son to his mother, and with a somewhat eccentric list of comparisons by way of detail, instead of the terse form known to German tradition:—

Soar, Lady Nightingale, soar above!
A hundred thousand times greet my love!

The variations are endless; one of the earliest is found in a charming Latin tale of the eleventh century, 'Rudlieb,' "the oldest known romance in European literature." A few German words are mixed with the Latin; while after the good old ballad way the greeting is first given to the messenger, and repeated when the messenger performs his task:—"I wish thee as much joy as there are leaves on the trees,—and as much delight as birds have, so much love (*minna*), —and as much honor I wish thee as there are flowers and grass!" Competent critics regard this as a current folk-song of greeting inserted in the romance, and therefore as the oldest example of *minnesang* in German literature. Of the less known variations of this

[1] Ibid., page 178: 'Springe wir den Reigen.'
[2] Ibid., page 213: 'Ich wil Trûren Varen lân.'
[3] Article in 'Ballads,' Vol. iii., page 1340.

theme, one may be given from the German of an old song where male singers are supposed to compete for a garland presented by the maidens; the rivals not only sing for the prize but even answer riddles. It is a combination of game and dance, and is evidently of communal origin. The honorable authorities of Freiburg, about 1556, put this practice of "dancing of evenings in the streets, and singing for a garland, and dancing in a throng" under strictest ban. The following is a stanza of greeting in such a song:—

Maiden, thee I fain would greet,
From thy head unto thy feet.
As many times I greet thee even
As there are stars in yonder heaven,
As there shall blossom flowers gay,
From Easter to St. Michael's day![1]

These competitive verses for the dance and the garland were, as we shall presently see, spontaneous: composed in the throng by lad or lassie, they are certainly entitled to the name of communal lyric. Naturally, the greeting could ban as well as bless; and little Kirstin (Christina) in the Danish ballad sends a greeting of double charge:—

To Denmark's King wish as oft good-night
As stars are shining in heaven bright;
To Denmark's Queen as oft bad year
As the linden hath leaves or the hind hath hair![2]

Folk-song in the primitive stage always had a refrain or chorus. The invocation of spring, met in so many songs of later time, is doubtless a survival of an older communal chorus sung to deities of summer and flooding sunshine and fertility. The well-known Latin 'Pervigilium Veneris,' artistic and elaborate as it is in eulogy of spring and love, owes its refrain and the cadence of its trochaic rhythm to some song of the Roman folk in festival; so that Walter Pater is not far from the truth when he gracefully assumes that the whole poem was suggested by this refrain "caught from the lips of the young men, singing because they could not help it, in the streets of Pisa," during that Indian summer of paganism under the Antonines. This haunting refrain, with its throb of the spring and the festal throng, is ruthlessly tortured into a heroic couplet in Parnell's translation:—

Let those love now who never loved before:
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Contrast the original!—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

[1] Uhland, 'Volkslieder,' i. 12.
[2] Grundtvig, 'Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser,' iii. 161.

This is the trochaic rhythm dear to the common people of Rome and the near provinces, who as every one knows spoke a very different speech from the speech of the patrician, and sang their own songs withal; a few specimens of the latter, notably the soldiers' song about Cæsar, have come down to us.[1]

The refrain itself, of whatever metre, was imitated by classical poets like Catullus; and the earliest traditions of Greece tell of these refrains, with gathering verses of lyric or narrative character, sung in the harvest-field and at the dance. In early Assyrian poetry, even, the refrain plays an important part; while an Egyptian folk-song, sung by the reapers, seems to have been little else than a refrain. Towards the end of the Middle Ages, courtly poets took up the refrain, experimented with it, refined it, and so developed those highly artificial forms of verse known as roundel, triolet, and ballade. The refrain, in short, is corner-stone for all poetry of the people, if not of poetry itself; beginning with inarticulate cries of joy or sorrow, like the *eya* noted above, mere emotional utterances or imitations of various sounds, then growing in distinctness and compass, until the separation of choral from artistic poetry, and the increasing importance of the latter, reduced the refrain to a merely ancillary function, and finally did away with it altogether. Many refrains are still used for the dance which are mere exclamations, with just enough coherence of words added to make them pass as poetry. Frequently, as in the French, these have a peculiar beauty. Victor Hugo has imitated them with success; but to render them into English is impossible.

The refrain, moreover, is closely allied to those couplets or quatrains composed spontaneously at the dance or other merry-making of the people. In many parts of Germany, the dances of harvest

[1] We cannot widen our borders so as to include that solitary folk-song rescued from ancient Greek literature, the 'Song of the Swallow,' sung by children of the Island of Rhodes as they went about asking gifts from house to house at the coming of the earliest swallow. The metre is interesting in comparison with the rhythm of later European folk-songs, and there is evident dramatic action. Nor can we include the fragments of communal drama found in the favorite Debates Between Summer and Winter,—from the actual contest, to such lyrical forms as the song at the end of Shakespeare's 'Love's Labor's Lost.' The reader may be reminded of a good specimen of this class in 'Ivy and Holly,' printed by Ritson, 'Ancient Songs and Ballads,' Hazlitt's edition, page 114 ff., with the refrain:—

Nay, Ivy, nay,
  Hyt shal not be, I wys;
Let Holy hafe the maystry,
  As the maner ys.

were until recent days enlivened by the so-called *schnaderhüpfl*, a quatrain sung to a simple air, composed on the spot, and often inclining to the personal and the satiric. In earlier days this power to make a quatrain off-hand seems to have been universal among the peasants of Europe. In Scandinavia such quatrains are known as *stev*. They are related, so far as their spontaneity, their universal character, and their origin are concerned, to the *coplas* of Spain, the *stornelli* of Italy, and the distichs of modern Greece. Of course, the specimens of this poetry which can be found now are rude enough; for the life has gone out of it, and to find it at its best one must go back to conditions which brought the undivided genius of the community into play. What one finds nowadays is such motley as this, — a so-called *rundâ* from Vogtland, answering to the Bavarian *schnaderhüpfl:* —

I and my Hans,
We go to the dance;
And if no one will dance,
Dance I and my Hans!

A *schnaderhüpfl* taken down at Appenzell in 1754, and one of the oldest known, was sung by some lively girl as she danced at the reapers' festival: —

Mine, mine, mine, — O my love is fine,
And my favor shall he plainly see;
Till the clock strike eight, till the clock strike nine,
My door, my door shall open be.

It is evident that the great mass of this poetry died with the occasion that brought it forth, or lingered in oral tradition, exposed to a thousand chances of oblivion. The Church made war upon these songs, partly because of their erotic character, but mainly, one may assume, because of the chain of tradition from heathen times which linked them with feasts in honor of abhorred gods, and with rustic dances at the old pagan harvest-home. A study of all this, however, with material at a minimum, and conjecture or philological combination as the only possible method of investigation, must be relegated to the treatise and the monograph;[1] for present purposes we must confine our exposition and search to songs that shall attract readers as well as students. Yet this can be done only by the admission into our pages of folk-song which already bears witness, more or less, to the touch of an artist working upon material once exclusively communal and popular.

[1] Folk-lore, mythology, sociology even, must share in this work. The reader may consult for indirect but valuable material such books as Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' or that admirable treatise, Tylor's 'Primitive Culture.'

Returning to our English type, the 'Cuckoo Song,' we are now to ask what other communal lyrics with this mark upon them, denoting at once rescue and contamination at the hands of minstrel or wandering clerk, have come down to us from the later Middle Ages. Having answered this question, it will remain to deal with the difficult material accumulated in comparatively recent times. Ballads are far easier to preserve than songs. Ballads have a narrative; and this story in them has proved antiseptic, defying the chances of oral transmission. A good story travels far, and the path which it wanders from people to people is often easy to follow; but the more volatile contents of the popular lyric — we are not speaking of its tune, which is carried in every direction — are easily lost.[1] Such a lyric lives chiefly by its sentiment, and sentiment is a fragile burden. We can however get some notion of this communal song by process of inference, for the earliest lays of the Provençal troubadour, and probably of the German minnesinger, were based upon the older song of the country-side. Again, in England there was little distinction made between the singer who entertained court and castle and the gleeman who sang in the villages and at rural festivals; the latter doubtless taking from the common stock more than he contributed from his own. A certain proof of more aristocratic and distinctly artistic, that is to say, individual origin, and a conclusive reason for refusing the name of folk-song to any one of these lyrics of love, is the fact that it happens to address a married woman. Every one knows that the troubadour and the minnesinger thus addressed their lays; and only the style and general character of their earliest poetry can be considered as borrowed from the popular muse. In other words, however vivacious, objective, vigorous, may be the early lays of the troubadour, however one is tempted to call them mere modifications of an older folk-song, they are excluded by this characteristic from the popular lyric and belong to poetry of the schools. Marriage, says Jeanroy, is always respected in the true folk-song. Moreover, this is only a negative test. In Portugal, many songs which must be referred to the individual and courtly poet are written in praise of the unmarried girl; while in England, whether it be set down to austere morals or to the practical turn of the native mind, one finds little or nothing to match this troubadour and minnesinger poetry in honor of the stately but capricious dame.[2] The folk-song

[1] For early times translation from language to language is out of the question, certainly in the case of lyrics. It is very important to remember that primitive man regarded song as a momentary and spontaneous thing.

[2] Yet even rough Scandinavia took up this brilliant but doubtful love poetry. To one of the Norse kings is attributed a song in which the royal singer informs his «lady» by way of credentials for his wooing,—«I have struck a blow in the Saracen's land; *let thy husband do the same!*»

that we seek found few to record it; it sounded at the dance, it was heard in the harvest-field; what seemed to be everywhere, growing spontaneously like violets in spring, called upon no one to preserve it and to give it that protection demanded by exotic poetry of the schools. What is preserved is due mainly to the clerks and gleemen of older times, or else to the curiosity of modern antiquarians, rescuing here and there a belated survival of the species. Where the clerk or the gleeman is in question, he is sure to add a personal element, and thus to remove the song from its true communal setting. Contrast the wonderful little song, admired by Alceste in Molière's 'Misanthrope,' and as impersonal, even in its first-personal guise as any communal lyric ever made,—with a reckless bit of verse sung by some minstrel about the famous Eleanor of Poitou, wife of Henry II. of England. The song so highly commended by Alceste[1] runs, in desperately inadequate translation:—

If the King had made it mine,
Paris, his city gay,
And I must the love resign
Of my bonnie may,[2]—

To King Henry I would say:
Take your Paris back, I pray;
Better far I love my may,—
O joy!—
Love my bonnie may!

Let us hear the reckless "clerk":—

If the whole wide world were mine,
From the ocean to the Rhine,
All I'd be denying
If the Queen of England once
In my arms were lying![3]

The tone is not directly communal, but it smacks more of the village dance than of the troubadour's harp; for even Bernart of Ventadour did not dare to address Eleanor save in the conventional tone of despair. The clerks and gleemen, however, and even English peasants of modern times,[4] took another view of the matter. The "clerk," that delightful vagabond who made so nice a balance between

[1] 'Le Misanthrope,' i. 2; he calls it a *vielle chanson*. M. Tiersot concedes it to the popular muse, but thinks it is of the city, not of the country.

[2] *May*, a favorite ballad word for "maid," "sweetheart."

[3] 'Carm. Bur.,' page 185: "Wær diu werlt alliu mîn."

[4] See Child's Ballads, vi. 257, and Grandfer Cantle's ballad in Mr. Hardy's 'Return of the Native.' See next page.

church and tavern, between breviary and love songs, has probably done more for the preservation of folk-song than all other agents known to us. In the above verses he protests a trifle or so too much about himself; let us hear him again as mere reporter for the communal lyric, in verses that he may have brought from the dance to turn into his inevitable Latin:—

Come, my darling, come to me,
I am waiting long for thee,—
I am waiting long for thee,
Come, my darling, come to me!

Rose-red mouth, so sweet and fain,
Come and make me well again;—
Come and make me well again,
Rose-red mouth, so sweet and fain.[1]

More graceful yet are the anonymous verses quoted in certain Latin love-letters of a manuscript at Munich; and while a few critics rebel at the notion of a folk-song, the pretty lines surely hint more of field and dance than of the study.

Thou art mine,
I am thine,
Of that may'st certain be,
Locked thou art
Within my heart,
And I have lost the key:
There must thou ever be!

Now it happens that this notion of heart and key recurs in later German folk-song. A highly popular song of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has these stanzas:[2]

For thy dear sake I'm hither come,
Sweetheart, O hear me woo!
My hope rests evermore on thee,
I love thee well and true.
Let me but be thy servant,
Thy dear love let me win;

[1] 'Carm. Bur.,' page 208: «Kume, Kume, geselle min.»

[2] Translated from Böhme 'Altdeutsches Liederbuch,' Leipzig, 1877, page 233. Lovers of folk-song will find this book invaluable on account of the carefully edited musical accompaniments. With it and Chappell, the musician has ample material for English and German songs; for French, see Tiersôt, 'La Chanson Populaire en France.'

Come, ope thy heart, my darling,
And lock me fast within!

. . . . . .

Where my love's head is lying,
There rests a golden shrine;
And in it lies, locked hard and fast,
This fresh young heart of mine:
Oh would to God I had the key,—
I'd throw it in the Rhine;
What place on earth were more to me,
Than with my sweeting fine?

Where my love's feet are lying,
A fountain gushes cold,
And whoso tastes the fountain
Grows young and never old:
Full often at the fountain
I knelt and quenched my drouth,—
Yet tenfold rather would I kiss
My darling's rosy mouth!

And in my darling's garden[1]
Is many a precious flower;
Oh, in this budding season,
Would God 'twere now the hour
To go and pluck the roses
And nevermore to part:
I think full sure to win her
Who lies within my heart!

. . . . . .

Now who this merry roundel
Hath sung with such renown?
That have two lusty woodsmen
At Freiberg in the town,—
Have sung it fresh and fairly,
And drunk the cool red wine:
And who hath sat and listened?—
Landlady's daughter fine!

What with the more modern tone, and the lusty woodsmen, one has deserted the actual dance, the actual communal origin of song;

[1] The garden in these later songs is constantly a symbol of love. To pluck the roses, etc., is conventional for making love.

but one is still amid communal influences. Another little song about the heart and the key, this time from France, recalls one to the dance itself, and to the simpler tone:—

Shut fast within a rose
I ween my heart must be;
No locksmith lives in France
Who can set it free,—
Only my lover Pierre,
Who took away the key![1]

Coming back to England, and the search for her folk-song, it is in order to begin with the refrain. A "clerk," in a somewhat artificial lay to his sweetheart, has preserved as refrain what seems to be a bit of communal verse:—

Ever and aye for my love I am in sorrow sore;
I think of her I see so seldom any more,[2]—

rather a helpless moan, it must be confessed.

Better by far is the song of another *clericus*, with a lusty little refrain as fresh as the wind it invokes, as certainly folk-song as anything left to us:—

Blow, northern wind,
Send thou me my sweeting!
Blow, northern wind,
Blow, blow, blow!

The actual song, though overloaded with alliteration, has a good movement. A stanza may be quoted:—

I know a maid in bower so bright
That handsome is for any sight,
Noble, gracious maid of might,
Precious to discover.

In all this wealth of women fair,
Maid of beauty to compare
With my sweeting found I ne'er
All the country over!

Old too is the lullaby used as a burden or refrain for a religious poem printed by Thomas Wright in his 'Songs and Carols': —

[1] Quoted by Tiersot, page 88, from 'Chansons à Danser en Rond,' gathered before 1704.

[2] Böddeker's 'Old Poems from the Harleian MS. 2253,' with notes, etc., in German; Berlin, 1878, page 179.

Lullay, myn lykyng, my dere sone, myn swetyng,
Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derlyng.[1]

The same English manuscript which has kept the refrain 'Blow, Northern Wind,' offers another song which may be given in modern translation and entire. All these songs were written down about the year 1310, and probably in Herefordshire. As with the *carmina burana*, the lays of German "clerks," so these English lays represent something between actual communal verse and the poetry of the individual artist; they owe more to folk-song than to the traditions of literature and art. Some of the expressions in this song are taken, if we may trust the critical insight of Ten Brink, directly from the poetry of the people.

A MAID as white as ivory bone,
A pearl in gold that golden shone,
A turtle-dove, a love whereon
My heart must cling:
Her blitheness nevermore be gone
While I can sing!

When she is gay,
In all the world no more I pray
Than this: alone with her to stay
Withouten strife.
Could she but know the ills that slay
Her lover's life!

Was never woman nobler wrought;
And when she blithe to sleep is brought,
Well for him who guessed her thought,
Proud maid! Yet O,
Full well I know she will me nought.
My heart is woe.

And how shall I then sweetly sing
That thus am marréd with mourning?
To death, alas, she will me bring
Long ere my day.
Greet her well, the sweetë thing,
With eyen gray!

[1] See also Ritson, 'Ancient Songs and Ballads,' 3d Ed., pages xlviii., 202 ff. The Percy folio MS. preserved a cradle song, 'Balow, my Babe, ly Still and Sleepe,' which was published as a broadside, and finally came to be known as 'Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.' These "balow" lullabies are said by Mr. Ebbsworth to be imitations of a pretty poem first published in 1593, and now printed by Mr. Bullen in his 'Songs from Elizabethan Romances,' page 92.

Her eyes have wounded me, i-wis,
Her arching brows that bring the bliss;
Her comely mouth whoso might kiss,
In mirth he were;
And I would change all mine for his
That is her fere.[1]

Her fere, so worthy might I be,
Her fere, so noble, stout and free,
For this one thing I would give three,
Nor haggle aught.
From hell to heaven, if one could see,
So fine is naught,
[Nor half so free;[2]
All lovers true, now listen unto me.]

Now hearken to me while I tell,
In such a fume I boil and well;
There is no fire so hot in hell
As his, I trow,
Who loves unknown and dares not tell
His hidden woe.

I will her well, she wills me woe;
I am her friend, and she my foe;
Methinks my heart will break in two
For sorrow's might;
In God's own greeting may she go,
That maiden white!

I would I were a throstlecock,
A bunting, or a laverock,[3]
Sweet maid!
Between her kirtle and her smock
I'd then be hid!

The reader will easily note the struggle between our poet's conventional and quite literary despair and the fresh communal tone in such passages as we have ventured, despite Leigh Hunt's direful example, to put in italics. This poet was a clerk, or perhaps not even that,—a gleeman; and he dwells, after the manner of his kind,

[1] *Fere*, companion, lover. «I would give all I have to be her lover.»

[2] Superfluous verses; but the MS. makes no distinction. *Free* means noble, gracious. «If one could see everything between hell and heaven, one would find nothing so fair and noble.»

[3] Lark. The poem is translated from Böddeker, page 161 ff.

upon a despair which springs from difference of station. But it is England, not France; it is a maiden, not countess or queen, whom he loves; and the tone of his verse is sound and communal at heart. True, the metre, afterwards a favorite with Burns, is one used by the oldest known troubadour of Provence, Count William, as well as by the poets of miracle plays and of such romances as the English 'Octavian'; but like Count William himself, who built on a popular basis, our clerk or gleeman is nearer to the people than to the schools. Indeed, Uhland reminds us that Breton *kloer* ("clerks") to this day play a leading part as lovers and singers of love in folk-song; and the English clerks in question were not regular priests, consecrated and in responsible positions, but students or unattached followers of theology. They sang with the people; they felt and suffered with the people — as in the case of a far nobler member of the guild, William Langland; and hence sundry political poems which deal with wrongs and suffering endured by the commons of that day. In the struggle of barons and people against Henry III., indignation made verses; and these, too, we owe to the clerks. Such a burst of indignation is the song against Richard of Cornwall, with a turbulent refrain which sounds like a direct loan from the people. One stanza, with this refrain, will suffice. It opens with the traditional "lithe and listen" of the ballad-singer:—

Sit all now still and list to me:
The German King, by my loyalty!
Thirty thousand pound asked he
To make a peace in this country,—
And so he did and more!

Refrain

Richard, though thou be ever trichard,[1]
Trichen[2] shalt thou nevermore!

This, however, like many a scrap of battle-song, ribaldry exchanged between two armies, and the like, has interest rather for the antiquarian than for the reader. We shall leave such fragments, and turn in conclusion to the folk-song of later times.

The England of Elizabeth was devoted to lyric poetry, and folk-song must have flourished along with its rival of the schools. Few of these songs, however, have been preserved; and indeed there is no final test for the communal quality in such survivals. Certainly some of the songs in the drama of that time are of popular origin; but the majority, as a glance at Mr. Bullen's several collections will prove, are artistic and individual, like the music to which they were

[1] Traitor. [2] Betray.

sung. Occasionally we get a tantalizing glimpse of another lyrical England, the folk dancing and singing their own lays; but no Autolycus brings these to us in his basket. Even the miracle plays had not despised folk-song; unfortunately the writers are content to mention the songs, like our Acts of Congress, only by title. In the "comedy" called 'The Longer Thou Livest the More Foole Thou Art,' there are snatches of such songs; and a famous list, known to all scholars, is given by Laneham in a letter from Kenilworth in 1575, where he tells of certain songs, "all ancient," owned by one Captain Cox. Again, nobody ever praised songs of the people more sincerely than Shakespeare has praised them; and we may be certain that he used them for the stage. Such is the 'Willow Song' that Desdemona sings,—an "old thing," she calls it; and such perhaps the song in 'As You Like It,'—'It Was a Lover and His Lass.' Nash is credited with the use of folk-songs in his 'Summer's Last Will and Testament'; but while the pretty verses about spring and the tripping lines, 'A-Maying,' have such a note, nothing could be further from the quality of folk-song than the solemn and beautiful 'Adieu, Farewell, Earth's Bliss.' In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' however, Merrythought sings some undoubted snatches of popular lyric, just as he sings stanzas from the traditional ballad; for example, his—

Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here,—

is quoted with variations in other plays, and was a favorite of the time,[1] and like many a ballad appears in religious parody. A modern variant, due to tradition, comes from Norwich; the third and fourth lines ran:—

For the wind is in the west,
And the cuckoo's in his nest.

From the time of Henry VIII. a pretty song is preserved of this same class:—

Westron wynde, when wyll thou blow!
The smalle rain downe doth rayne;
Oh if my love were in my armys,
Or I in my bed agayne!

This sort of song between the lovers, one without and one within, occurs in French and German at a very early date, and is probably much older than any records of it; as serenade, it found great favor

[1] The music in Chappell, page 1[illegible]

with poets of the city and the court, and is represented in English by Sidney's beautiful lines, admirable for purposes of comparison with the folk-song:—

"Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?"
"It is one who, from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled! disdaineth
Every other vulgar light."

The zeal of modern collectors has brought together a mass of material which passes for folk-song. None of it is absolutely communal, for the conditions of primitive lyric have long since been swept away; nevertheless, where isolated communities have retained something of the old homogeneous and simple character, the spirit of folk-song lingers in survival. From Great Britain, from France, and particularly from Germany, where circumstances have favored this survival, a few folk-songs may now be given in inadequate translation. To go further afield, to collect specimens of Italian, Russian, Servian, modern Greek, and so on, would need a book. The songs which follow are sufficiently representative for the purpose.

A pretty little song, popular in Germany to this day, needs no pompous support of literary allusion to explain its simple pathos; still, it is possible that one meets here a distant echo of the tragedy of obstacles told in romance of Hero and Leander. When one hears this song, one understands where Heine found the charm of his best lyrics:—

Over a waste of water
The bonnie lover crossed,
A-wooing the King's daughter:
But all his love was lost.

Ah, Elsie, darling Elsie,
Fain were I now with thee;
But waters twain are flowing,
Dear love, twixt thee and me![1]

Even more of a favorite is the song which represents two girls in the harvest-field, one happy in her love, the other deserted; the noise of the sickle makes a sort of chorus. Uhland placed with the two stanzas of the song a third stanza which really belongs to another tune; the latter, however, may serve to introduce the situation:—

I heard a sickle rustling,
Ay, rustling through the corn:
I heard a maiden sobbing
Because her love was lorn.

[1] Böhme, with music, page 94.

"Oh let the sickle rustle!
I care not how it go;
For I have found a lover,
A lover,
Where clover and violets blow."

"And hast thou found a lover
Where clover and violets blow?
I stand here, ah, so lonely,
So lonely,
And all my heart is woe!"

Two songs may follow, one from France, one from Scotland, bewailing the death of lover or husband. 'The Lowlands of Holland' was published by Herd in his 'Scottish Songs.'[1] A clumsy attempt was made to fix the authorship upon a certain young widow; but the song belies any such origin. It has the marks of tradition:—

My love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
With sevenscore good mariners to bear her company;
There's threescore is sunk, and threescore dead at sea,
And the Lowlands of Holland has twin'd[2] my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame,
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout;
My love then and his bonny ship turned withershins[3] about.

There shall neither coif come on my head nor comb come in my hair;
There shall neither coal nor candle-light come in my bower mair;
Nor will I love another one until the day I die,
For I never loved a love but one, and he's drowned in the sea.

"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be content;
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye neen nae sair lament."
O there is none in Gallow, there's none at a' for me;
For I never loved a love but one, and he's drowned in the sea.

[1] Quoted by Child, 'Ballads,' iv. 318.
[2] Separated, divided.
[3] An equivalent to upside down, "in the wrong direction."

The French song[1] has a more tender note:—

Low, low he lies who holds my heart,
The sea is rolling fair above;
Go, little bird, and tell him this,—
Go, little bird, and fear no harm,—
Say I am still his faithful love,
Say that to him I stretch my arms.

Another song, widely scattered in varying versions throughout France, is of the forsaken and too trustful maid,—'En revenant des Noces.' The narrative in this, as in the Scottish song, makes it approach the ballad.

Back from the wedding-feast,
All weary by the way,

I rested by a fount
And watched the waters' play;

And at the fount I bathed,
So clear the waters' play;

And with a leaf of oak
I wiped the drops away.

Upon the highest branch
Loud sang the nightingale.

Sing, nightingale, oh sing,
Thou hast a heart so gay!

Not gay, this heart of mine:
My love has gone away,

Because I gave my rose
Too soon, too soon away.

Ah, would to God that rose
Yet on the rosebush lay,—

Would that the rosebush, even,
Unplanted yet might stay,—

Would that my lover Pierre
My favor had to pray![2]

[1] See Tiersot, 'La Chanson Populaire,' p. 103, with the music. The final verses, simple as they are, are not rendered even remotely well. They run:—

Que je suis sa fidèle amie,
Et que vers lui je tends les bras.

[2] Tiersot, p. 90. In many versions there is further complication with king and queen and the lover. This song is extremely popular in Canada.

The corresponding Scottish song, beautiful enough for any land or age, is the well-known 'Waly, Waly':—

Oh waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed and syne it brak,
Sae my true-love did lightly[1] me.

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time, while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

[1] Lightly (a verb) is to treat with contempt, to undervalue. Compare the burden quoted by Chappell, p. 458, and very old:—

The bonny broome, the well-favored broome,
The broome blooms faire on hill;
What ailed my love to lightly me,
And I working her will?

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold.
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gone,
[And the green grass growing over me!]

The same ballad touch overweighs even the lyric quality of the verses about Yarrow:—

«Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny,
And Willy heght[1] to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

«Oh came you by yon water-side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?»

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him brade and narrow;
Syne, in the clifting of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.[2]

Returning to Germany and to pure lyric, we have a pretty bit which is attached to many different songs.

High up on yonder mountain
A mill-wheel clatters round,
And, night or day, naught else but love
Within the mill is ground.

The mill has gone to ruin,
And love has had its day;
God bless thee now, my bonnie lass,
I wander far away.[3]

[1] Promised.
[2] Child's *Ballads*, vii. 179.
[3] Böhme, p. 271.

But there is a more cheerful vein in this sort of song; and the mountain offers pleasanter views:—

Oh yonder on the mountain,
There stands a lofty house,
Where morning after morning,
Yes, morning,
Three maids go in and out.[1]

The first she is my sister,
The second well is known,
The third, I will not name her,
No, name her,
And she shall be my own!

Finally, that pearl of German folk-song, 'Innsprück.' The wanderer must leave the town and his sweetheart; but he swears to be true, and prays that his love be kept safe till his return:—

Innsprück, I must forsake thee,
My weary way betake me
Unto a foreign shore,
And all my joy hath vanished,
And ne'er while I am banished
Shall I behold it more.

I bear a load of sorrow,
And comfort can I borrow,
Dear love, from thee alone.
Ah, let thy pity hover
About thy weary lover
When he is far from home.

My one true love! Forever
Thine will I bide, and never
Shall our dear vow be vain.
Now must our Lord God ward thee,
In peace and honor guard thee,
Until I come again.

In leaving the subject of folk-song, it is necessary for the reader not only to consider anew the loose and unscientific way in which this term has been employed, but also to bear in mind that few of the above specimens can lay claim to the title in any rigid classification. Long ago, a German critic reminded zealous collectors of his

[1] The rhyme in German leaves even more to be desired.

day that when one has dipped a pailful of water from the brook, one has captured no brook; and that when one has written down a folk-song, it has ceased to be that eternally changing, momentary, spontaneous, dance-begotten thing which once flourished everywhere as communal poetry. Always in flux, if it stopped it ceased to be itself. Modern lyric is deliberately composed by some one, mainly to be sung by some one else; the old communal lyric was sung by the throng and was made in the singing. When festal excitement at some great communal rejoicing in the life of clan or tribe "fought its battles o'er again," the result was narrative communal song. A disguised and baffled survival of this most ancient narrative is the popular ballad. Still more disguised, still more baffled, is the purely lyrical survival of that old communal and festal song; and the best one can do is to present those few specimens found under conditions which preserve certain qualities of a vanished world of poetry.

It may be asked why the contemporary songs found among Indian tribes of our continent, or among remote islanders in low stages of culture, should not reproduce for us the old type of communal verse. The answer is simple. Tribes which have remained in low stages of culture do not necessarily retain all the characteristics of primitive life among races which had the germs of rapidly developing culture. That communal poetry which gave life to the later epic of Hellenic or of Germanic song must have differed materially, no matter in what stage of development, from the uninteresting and monotonous chants of the savage. Moreover, the specimens of savage verse which we know retain the characteristics of communal verse, while they lack its nobler and vital quality. The dance, the spontaneous production, repetition,—these are all marked characteristics of savage verse. But savage verse cannot serve as model for our ideas of primitive folk-song.

F. B. Gummere.

SAMUEL FOOTE

(1720–1777)

THE name of Samuel Foote suggests a whimsical, plump little man, with a round face, twinkling eyes, and one of the readiest wits of the eighteenth century. This contemporary of the elder Colman, Cumberland, Mrs. Cowley, and the great Garrick, knew many famous men and women, and they admired as well as feared his talents.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro in 1720. He was a young boy when he first exhibited his powers of mimicry at his father's dinner-table. At that time he did not expect to earn his living by them, for he came of well-to-do people, and his mother, who was of aristocratic birth, inherited a comfortable fortune.

Throughout his school days at Worcester and his college days at Worcester College, Oxford, where he did not remain long enough to take a degree, and the idle days when he was supposed to be studying law at the Temple and was in reality frequenting coffee-houses and drawing-rooms as a young man of fashion, he was establishing a reputation for repartee, *bons mots*, and satiric imitation. So, when the wasteful youth had squandered all his money, he naturally turned to the stage as offering him the best opportunity. Like many another amateur addicted to a mistaken ambition, Foote first tried tragedy, and made his début as Othello. But in this and in other tragedies he was a failure; so he soon took to writing comic plays with parts especially adapted to himself. 'The Diversions of the Morning' was the first of a long series, of which 'The Mayor of Garratt,' 'The Lame Lover,' 'The Nabob,' and 'The Minor,' are among the best known. As these were written from the actor's rather than from the dramatist's point of view, they often seem faulty in construction and crude in literary quality. They are farces rather than true comedies. But they abound in witty dialogue, and in a satire which illuminates contemporary vices and follies.

Foote seems to have been curiously lacking in conscience. He lived his life with a gayety which no poverty, misfortune, or physical suffering could long dampen. When he had money he spent it lavishly, and when the supply ran short he racked his clever brains to make a new hit. To accomplish this he was utterly unscrupulous, and never spared his friends or those to whom he was indebted,

SAMUEL FOOTE Esq.r

if he saw good material in their foibles. His victims smarted, but his ready tongue and personal geniality usually extricated him from consequent unpleasantness. Garrick, who aided him repeatedly, and who dreaded ridicule above all things, was his favorite butt, yet remained his friend. The irate members of the East India Company, who called upon him armed with stout cudgels to administer a castigation for an offensive libel in 'The Nabob,' were so speedily mollified that they laid their cudgels aside with their hats, and accepted his invitation to dinner.

To us, much of his charm has evaporated, for it lay in these very personalities which held well-known people up to ridicule with a precision which made it impossible for the originals to escape recognition. Even irascible Dr. Johnson, who wished to disapprove of him, admitted that there was no one like "that fellow Foote." So this "Aristophanes of the English stage" was mourned when he died at the age of fifty-seven, and a company of his friends and fellow-actors buried him one evening by the dim light of torches in a cloister of Westminster Abbey.

There is often a boisterous unreserve in the plays of Foote, as in other eighteenth-century drama, which revolts modern taste. As they consist of character study rather than incident, mere extracts are apt to appear incomplete and meaningless. Therefore it seems fairer to represent the famous wit not alone by formal citation, but also by some of his *bons mots* extracted from the collection of William Cooke in his 'Memoirs of Samuel Foote' (2 vols. 1806).

HOW TO BE A LAWYER

From 'The Lame Lover'

Enter Jack

SERJEANT.—So, Jack, anybody at chambers to-day?

Jack.—Fieri Facias from Fetter Lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard this term.

Serjeant.—Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

Jack.—Yes, sir.

Serjeant.—Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! [*Half aside to himself.*] But we shall make Vizard refund; we'll show him what long hands the law has.

Jack.—Facias says that in all the books he can't hit a precedent.

Serjeant—Then I'll make one myself; *Aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder against money, watches, and rings, on Epping Forest, Hounslow Heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

Jack—He says if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

Serjeant—Cowardly rascal! but however, the caution mayn't prove amiss. [*Aside.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

Jack—The declaration, too, is delivered in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against Sir Solomon Simple.

Serjeant—What, the affair of the note?

Jack—Yes.

Serjeant—Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

Jack—Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration and signing the note.

Serjeant—They have!

Jack—He is puzzled what plea to put in.

Serjeant—*Three* witnesses ready, you say?

Jack—Yes.

Serjeant—Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note [*Jack starts*]; and bid him against the trial comes on, to procure *four* persons at least to prove the payment at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

Jack—But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

Serjeant—Well put, Jack: but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happened not to have the note in his pocket, but promised to deliver it up when called thereunto by defendant.

Jack—That will do rarely.

Serjeant—Let the defense be a secret; for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conned those instructions I gave you?

Jack—Yes, sir.

Serjeant—Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice?

Jack—Two.

Serjeant—Which are they?

Jack—The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

Serjeant — The second?

Jack — Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

Serjeant — Good boy! To gain the last end, what are the best means to be used?

Jack — Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

Serjeant — Name them.

Jack — Injunctions, demurrers, sham pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters, re-plications, exceptions, essoigns, and imparlance.

Serjeant [*to himself*] — Fine instruments in the hands of a man who knows how to use them. But now, Jack, we come to the point: if an able advocate has his choice in a cause, which if he is in reputation he may readily have, which side should he choose, the right or the wrong?

Jack — A great lawyer's business is always to make choice of the wrong.

Serjeant — And prithee, why so?

Jack — Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counselor to give it a color.

Serjeant — Very well. But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself?

Jack — In a twofold way. Firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

Serjeant — Secondly?

Jack — His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

Serjeant — Right, boy. Are you ready in the case of the cow?

Jack — Pretty well, I believe.

Serjeant — Give it, then.

Jack — First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a-Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, *contra pacem*, etc., and against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

Serjeant — Go on.

Jack — Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

Serjeant — What followed upon?

Jack — Motion in arrest of judgment, made by Counselor Puzzle. First, because the field from whence the cow was conveyed is laid in the indictment *as round*, but turned out upon proof to be *square*.

Serjeant — That's well. A valid objection.

Jack — Secondly, because in said indictment the color of the cow is called red; there being no such things *in rerum natura* as red cows, no more than black lions, spread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

Serjeant — Well put.

Jack — Thirdly, said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute; because stealing of *cattle* is there provided against: whereas we are only convicted of stealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

Serjeant — Bravo, bravo! buss me, you rogue; you are your father's own son! go on and prosper. I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophesy thou wilt wrest as much land from the owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of King Alfred.

Jack — I'll do my endeavor. [*Exit Serjeant.*]

A MISFORTUNE IN ORTHOGRAPHY

From 'The Lame Lover'

SIR LUKE — A pox o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coach-maker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up: "You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd?" — "At your Lordship's service, my lord." — "What, Lloyd with an L?" — "It was with an L indeed, my lord." — "Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Floyd were synonymous, the very same names." — "Very often indeed, my Lord." — "But you always spell yours with an L?" — "Always." — "That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!"

FROM THE 'MEMOIRS'

A Cure for Bad Poetry

A physician of Bath told him that he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many irons in the fire he did not well know what to do.

"Then take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

The Retort Courteous

Following a man in the street, who did not bear the best of characters, Foote slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, thinking he was an intimate friend. On discovering his mistake he cried out, "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon! I really took you for a gentleman who — "

"Well, sir," said the other, "and am I not a gentleman?"

"Nay, sir," said Foote, "if you take it in that way, I must only beg your pardon a second time."

On Garrick's Stature

Previously to Foote's bringing out his 'Primitive Puppet Show' at the Haymarket Theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"

"Oh dear, madam, no. Not much above the size of Garrick!"

Cape Wine

Being at the dinner-table one day when the Cape was going round in remarkably small glasses, his host was very profuse on the excellence of the wine, its age, etc. "But you don't seem to relish it, Foote, by keeping your glass so long before you."

"Oh, yes, my lord, perfectly well. I am only admiring how little it is, considering its great age."

The Graces

Of an actress who was remarkably awkward with her arms, Foote said that "she kept the Graces at arm's-length."

The Debtor

Of a young gentleman who was rather backward in paying his debts, he said he was "a very promising young gentleman."

Affectation

An assuming, pedantic lady, boasting of the many books which she had read, often quoted 'Locke Upon Understanding,' a work she said she admired above all things, yet there was one word in it which, though often repeated, she could not distinctly make out; and that was the word ide-a (pronouncing it very long): "but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation."

"You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote, "it comes from the word ideaousky."

"And pray, sir, what does that mean?"

"The feminine of idiot, madam."

Arithmetical Criticism

A mercantile man of his acquaintance, who would read a poem of his to him one day after dinner, pompously began:—

> "Hear me, O Phœbus! and ye Muses nine!
> Pray be attentive."

"I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten: go on."

The Dear Wife

A gentleman just married, telling Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his "dear wife": "Well," said the other, "you have but done her justice, as by your own reckoning she must be a very valuable woman."

Garrick and the Guinea

Foote and Garrick, supping together at the Bedford, the former in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning dropped a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it.

"Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?"

"Gone to the Devil, I suppose," said Garrick.

"Well said, David; you are always what I took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

Dr. Paul Hifferman

Paul was fond of laying, or rather offering, wagers. One day in the heat of argument he cried out, "I'll lay my head you are wrong upon that point."

"Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager. Any trifle, among friends, has a value."

Foote and Macklin

One night, when Macklin was formally preparing to begin a lecture, hearing Foote rattling away at the lower end of the room, and thinking to silence him at once, he called out in his sarcastic manner, "Pray, young gentleman, do you know what I am going to say?"

"No, sir," said Foote quickly: "do you?"

Baron Newman

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the left-handed Baron), being detected in the rooms at Bath in the act of secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterward, loudly complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor.

"Do?" said the wit; "why, 'tis a plain case: never play so high again as long as you live."

Mrs. Abington

When Mrs. Abington returned from her very first successful trip to Ireland, Foote wished to engage her for his summer theatre; but in the mean time Garrick secured her for Drury Lane. Foote, on hearing this, asked her why she gave Garrick the preference.

"I don't know how it was," said she: "he talked me over by telling me that he would make me immortal, so that I did not know how to refuse him."

"Oh! did he so? Then I'll soon outbid him that way; for come to me and I will give you two pounds a week more, and charge you nothing for immortality."

Garlic-Eaters

Laughing at the imbecilities of a common friend one day, somebody observed, "It was very surprising; and Tom D—— knew him very well, and thought him far from being a fool."

"Ah, poor Tom!" said Foote, "he is like one of those people who eat garlic themselves, and therefore can't smell it in a companion."

Mode of Burying Attorneys in London

A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expense of a country funeral in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarves, etc.

"Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote gravely.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No?" said the other much surprised, "how do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other in amazement; "what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Dining Badly

Foote, returning from dinner with a lord of the admiralty, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed; bad company and a worse dinner."

"I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the admiral a good jolly fellow."

"Why, as to that, he may be a good sea lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad landlord."

Dibble Davis

Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts-in-ordinary, dining with him one day at North-end, observed that "well as he loved porter, he could never drink it without a head."

"That must be a mistake, Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge alone these twenty years."

An Extraordinary Case

Being at the levee of Lord Townsend, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought he saw a person in his Excellency's suite whom he had known to have lived many years a life of expediency in London. To convince himself of the fact, he asked his Excellency who it was.

"That is Mr. T——, one of my gentlemen at large," was the answer. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes! perfectly well," said Foote, "and what your Excellency tells me is doubly extraordinary: first, that he is a gentleman; and next, that he is at large."

Mutability of the World

Being at dinner in a mixed company soon after the bankruptcy of one friend and the death of another, the conversation naturally turned on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for this?" said S——, a master builder, who happened to sit next to Foote. "Why, not very clearly," said the other; "except we could suppose the world was built by contract."

An Appropriate Motto

During one of Foote's trips to Dublin, he was much solicited by a silly young man of fashion to assist him in a miscellany of poems and essays which he was about to publish; but when he asked to see the manuscript, the other told him "that at present he had only conceived the different subjects, but had put none of them to paper."

"Oh! if that be the state of the case," replied Foote, "I will give you a motto from Milton for the work in its present state:

'Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.'"

Real Friendship

A young gentleman, making an apology to his father for coming late to dinner, said "that he had been visiting a poor friend of his in St. George's Fields." "Ah! a pretty kind of friend indeed," says the father, "to keep us waiting for dinner in this manner."

"Aye, and for the best kind, too," said Foote: "as you know, my dear sir, a friend in need is a friend indeed."

Anecdote of an Author

An author was boasting that as a reviewer he had the power of distributing literary reputations as he liked. "Take care," said Foote, "you are not too prodigal of that, or you may leave none for yourself."

Dr. Blair

When Foote first heard of Dr. Blair's writing 'Notes on Ossian' (a work the reality of which has always been much doubted), he observed, "The publishers ought to allow a great discount to the purchaser, as the notes required such a stretch of credit."

Advice to a Dramatic Writer

A dull dramatic writer, who had often felt the severity of the public, was complaining one day to Foote of the injustice done him by the critics; but added, "I have, however, one way of being even with them, by constantly laughing at all they say."

"You do perfectly right, my friend," said Foote; "for by this method you will not only disappoint your enemies, but lead the merriest life of any man in England."

The Grafton Ministry

A gentleman coming into the Cocoa-Tree one morning during the Duke of Grafton's administration, was observing "that he was afraid the poor ministry were at their wits' end."

"Well, if it should be so," said Foote, "what reason have they to complain of so short a journey?"

JOHN FORD

(1586–?)

THE dramatic genius of the English Renaissance had well-nigh spent itself when the sombre creations of John Ford appeared upon a stage over which the clouds of the Civil War were fast gathering. Little is known of this dramatist, who represents the decadent period which followed the age of Shakespeare. He was born in 1586; entered the Middle Temple in 1602; after 1641 he is swallowed up in the turmoil of the time. The few scattered records of his life add nothing to, nor do they take anything from, the John Ford of 'The Broken Heart' and 'Perkin Warbeck.'

His plays are infected with a spirit alien to the poise and beauty of the best Elizabethan drama. His creations tell of oblique vision; of a disillusioned genius, predisposed to abnormal or exaggerated forms of human experience. He breaks through the moral order, in his love for the eccentricities of passion. He weaves the spell of his genius around strange sins.

The problems of despair which Ford propounds but never solves, form the plot of 'The Broken Heart'; Calantha, Ithocles, Penthea, Orgilus, are wan types of the passive suffering which numbs the soul to death. Charles Lamb has eulogized the final scene of this drama. To many critics, the self-possession of Calantha savors of the theatrical. The scene between Penthea and her brother Ithocles, who had forced her to marry Bassanes though she loved Orgilus, is replete with the tenderness, the sense of subdued anguish, of which Ford was a master. He is the dramatist of broken hearts, whose waste places are unrelieved by a touch of sunlight. His love of «passion at war with circumstance» again finds expression in 'Love's Sacrifice,' a drama of moral confusions. In 'The Lover's Melancholy' sorrow has grown pensive. A quiet beauty rests upon the famous scene in which Parthenophil strives with the nightingale for the prize of music.

'The Lady's Trial,' 'The Fancies Chaste and Noble,' 'The Sun's Darling' (written in conjunction with Dekker), are worthy only of passing notice. They leave but a pale impression upon the mind. In 'Perkin Warbeck,' the one historical play of Ford, he exhibits his mastery over straightforward, sinewy verse. 'The Witch of Edmonton,' of which he wrote the first act, gives a signal example of his modern style and spirit.

With the exception of 'Perkin Warbeck,' his dramas are destitute of outlook. This moral contraction heightens the intensity of passion, which in his conception of it has always its ancient significance of suffering. His comic scenes are contemptible. He is at his greatest when dealing with the subtleties of the human heart. Through him we enter into the darker zones of the soul; we apprehend its remoter sufferings. Confusion of spiritual vision, blended with the tyranny of passion, produce his greatest scenes. His are the tragedies of "unfulfilled desire."

The verse of Ford is measured, passionless, polished. There is a subtle music in his lines which haunts the memory.

> "Parthenophil is lost, and I would see him;
> For he is like to something I remember,
> A great while since, a long, long time ago."

With Ford the sun-born radiance of the noblest Elizabethan drama fades from the stage. An artificial light, thereafter, replaced it.

FROM 'PERKIN WARBECK'

[Perkin Warbeck and his followers are presented to King Henry VII. by Lord Dawbeny as prisoners.]

DAWBENY — Life to the King, and safety fix his throne.
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of Majesty, but in effect a substance
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but th' ambition of your mercy;
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder!

King Henry — Dawbeny,
We observe no wonder; I behold ('tis true)
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
A handsome youth, indeed, but not admire him.
How come he to thy hands?

Dawbeny — From sanctuary.
At Bewley, near Southampton; registered,
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

King Henry —
I must not thank you, sir! you were to blame
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred;
Dare we be irreligious?

Dawbeny — Gracious lord!
They voluntarily resigned themselves,
Without compulsion.

King Henry— So? 'twas very well
'Twas very well. Turn now thine eyes,
Young man! upon thyself and thy past actions:
What revels in combustion through our kingdom
A frenzy of aspiring youth has danced;
Till wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck.

Warbeck— But not my heart; my heart
Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter. If the sun
Of Majesty be darkened, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light when Richmond
(Not aiming at the crown) retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Bretagne's court.
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore
At Milford Haven.

Dawbeny— Whither speeds his boldness?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

King Henry— Oh, let him range:
The player's on the stage still; 'tis his part:
He does but act. — What followed?

Warbeck— Bosworth Field:
Where at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond and a night to Richard
Appear'd at once. The tale is soon applied:
Fate which crowned these attempts, when least assured,
Might have befriended others, like resolved.

King Henry—
A pretty gallant! thus your aunt of Burgundy,
Your duchess aunt, informed her nephew: so
The lesson, prompted, and well conned, was molded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

Warbeck— Truth in her pure simplicity wants art
To put a feigned blush on; scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath; in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes
By which the sovereign is best distinguished
From zanies to his greatness.

King Henry— Sirrah, shift
Your antic pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature; or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

Warbeck— I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures whose engagements
To the bettering of their fortunes have incurred
A loss of all to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator; in death
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

King Henry— So brave?
What a bold knave is this!
We trifle time with follies.
Urswick, command the Dukeling and these fellows
To Digby, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

. . . . . .

Warbeck— Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower,
Our childhood's dreadful nursery!

King Henry—
Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custom, sure, of being styled a king
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.

PENTHEA'S DYING SONG

From 'The Broken Heart'

Oh, no more, no more,—too late;
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out; no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies;
Now Love dies—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

FROM 'THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY'

Amethus and Menaphon

MENAPHON — Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Temple, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus —
I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Menaphon —
I shall soon resolve ye.
A sound of music touched my ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard: I wondered too.

Amethus —
And so do I: good, on!

Menaphon — A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.

Amethus —
How did the rivals part?

Menaphon— You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly
So many voluntaries and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amethus—
Now for the bird.

Menaphon— The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness that made me
A fellow mourner with him.

Amethus— I believe thee.

Menaphon—
He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried:—
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pushing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

(1777–1843)

THE romantic school had many false and erratic tendencies, but it produced some of the most fanciful and poetic creations of literature. Fouqué was called the Don Quixote of the Romanticists, and his early romances of chivalry were devoured by the public as quickly as they appeared. But his fame proved to be a passing fancy; and his later works scarcely found a publisher. This was owing partly to a change in public taste, and partly to his mannerisms. His descriptions often deteriorate into tediousness, and the narrative is broken by far-fetched digressions. He was so imbued with the spirit of chivalry that he became one-sided, and his scenes were always laid in "the chapel or the tilt-yard." Critics of his time speak of his mediæval romances as "full of sweet strength and lovely virtue." Others say "the heroes are almost absurd, and do not arouse enthusiasm." Heine asserts that Fouqué's laurel is genuine; Coleridge places him above Walter Scott; Thomas Carlyle compares him to Southey, and describes him as a man of genius, with little more than an ordinary share of talent. Fouqué was introduced to romanticism by Wilhelm von Schlegel, and drew his first inspiration from Cervantes. Whatever his shortcomings, it cannot be denied that he succeeded in catching the spirit of chivalry. His knights may be unreal and quixotic, but he delineates his characters with the irresistible touch of a poet, and his work displays noble thoughts and depth of feeling.

FOUQUÉ

Friedrich, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, was descended from a French family that had emigrated to Prussia, and his grandfather was a general under Frederick the Great. Fouqué was born at Brandenburg, February 12th, 1777, and was a thorough German at heart. He received a military education, and at the age of nineteen proved himself a brave soldier in the campaign of the Rhine. He served under the Duke of Weimar, and his friend and comrade in arms was the wonderfully gifted but unfortunate Heinrich von Kleist. He was obliged to resign on account of ill health, and withdrawing to his

estates he devoted himself to literary pursuits. Once again, however, in the exciting times of the war against Napoleon, his sword defended his country. He enlisted as a volunteer, and was afterwards honorably retired with the rank of major and decorated with the Order of St. John. One of his patriotic poems, 'Frisch auf zum Fröhlichen Jagen' (Come, rouse ye for the merry hunt), with reference to the rising against Napoleon, is still a popular song. In Halle, Fouqué delivered lectures on history and poetry which attracted much attention and admiration. In 1842 he was called to Berlin by Frederick William IV., but his literary efforts were at an end. He died in Berlin, January 23d, 1843.

At the beginning of this century, Fouqué was one of the most celebrated authors. At the present day, with a few brilliant exceptions, all of his plays, romances, and poems have been relegated to oblivion. There is one work, however, a gem in German literature, that has won for its author an enduring place in the memory of readers; and that is the charming and graceful narrative of 'Undine.' It affords an example of the writer's best style of production; it breathes the fresh fragrance of the woods, and is animated by the beautiful thought that peoples the sea and air with nymphs and spirits. With exquisite tenderness Fouqué portrays the beautiful character of Undine. At first her nature reflects all the capriciousness of the elements, then, gradually growing more human through her love, her soul expands and she becomes an ideal of womanly love, devotion, and unselfishness.

The real and unreal are so perfectly blended in this story, that the suffering of Undine excites deep sympathy. Undine, the foster-daughter of a good old fisherman and his wife, is a water nymph, and as such is born without a soul. The knight Huldbrand von Ringstetten is sent by Bertalda in quest of adventure, and riding through an enchanted forest he reaches the fisherman's hut, where he is detained by a storm. He falls in love with the laughing, wayward Undine, and marries her. At once the bewitching maiden gives up her wild pranks, grows gentle, and is devoted to the knight with all her heart; for through her marriage to a human being she receives a soul. Her uncle Kühleborn, a forest brook, tries to entice her back to her native element the sea.

The bridal couple go to their castle, where Bertalda joins them, doing much to disturb their happiness. Huldbrand, though he still loves his beautiful wife, cannot at times suppress an instinctive shudder, and he is attracted to Bertalda, whose nature is more akin to his own.

One day, while they are sailing on the Danube, Kühleborn manages to steal away a necklace with which Bertalda is playing in the

water. Undine richly compensates Bertalda for her loss by a much rarer gift, but Huldbrand angrily upbraids her for continuing to hold intercourse with her uncanny relatives. In tears she parts from him, and vanishes in the waves. The knight marries Bertalda, but on the wedding-day, Undine, deeply veiled, rises from the sea to claim her husband, and with a kiss she takes away his life.

Heine says of 'Undine':—

"A wondrous lovely poem. The genius of Poetry kissed slumbering Spring, and smiling he opened his eyes, and all the roses and the nightingales sang; and what the fragrant roses said and what the nightingales sang, our worthy Fouqué put into words and called it 'Undine.'"

THE MARRIAGE OF UNDINE

From 'Undine'

Before the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her burst forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks; but when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight in a few words imposed silence upon her by speaking of Undine as his wife.

The knight was himself indeed just as little pleased with Undine's childish behavior as the rest; but all his looks and half-reproachful words were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband — and this occasionally happened — she became more quiet, and placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whispered something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after, some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements; and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind although serious tone:—

"My fair young maiden, surely no one can look on you without pleasure; but remember betimes so to attune your soul, that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"Soul!" cried Undine, with a laugh. "What you say has a remarkably pretty sound; and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive and profitable caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be then possible? And this in truth is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt, but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She went up to him, however, with the most winning sweetness, and said:—

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to me, before you are angry with me; for your anger is painful to me, and you ought not to give pain to a creature that has not hurt you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I meant."

It was evident that she had come to say something important; when she suddenly faltered as if seized with inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings; and with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said:—

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused, and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; an awful curiosity was painted on her features, which appeared terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer — "very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And alas, I have till now been so merry and light-hearted!" and she burst into another flood of tears and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her, by the name of God most holy, if any spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sank before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting that she "wished well to the whole world."

The priest then spoke to the knight: "Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her whom I have united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover there is nothing of evil in her, but assuredly much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you is prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking, he left the apartment; and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees. She uncovered her face, and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand, "Alas, you will now refuse to look upon me as your own; and I still have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child that I am!" She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears; and that smile was like the morning light playing upon a small stream. "You cannot desert me!" she whispered confidingly, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He turned away from the frightful thoughts that still lurked in the recesses of his soul, and were persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit world. Only the single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips:—

"Dearest Undine, tell me this one thing: what was it you meant by 'spirits of earth' and 'Kühleborn,' when the priest stood knocking at the door?"

"Tales! mere tales of children!" answered Undine laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gayety. "I first frightened you with them, and you frightened me. This is the end of my story, and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not so," replied the enamored knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride; while, lighted by the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their bridal apartment.

The fresh light of morning woke the young married pair: but Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever, during the night, he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of spectres had disturbed him; and these shapes, grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion

of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without. He looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep: and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When fully awake he had thought over this connection. He reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error in regard to his lovely wife. He also confessed to her his injustice; but she only gave him her fair hand, sighed deeply, and remained silent. Yet a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him in undoubted assurance that Undine bore him no ill-will.

He then rose joyfully, and leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voice above a low, apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, they dispelled the cloud that remained upon their brows: the old fisherman even began to laugh with the knight, till his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humor.

Undine had in the mean time got ready, and now entered the room: all rose to meet her, but remained fixed in perfect admiration — she was so changed, and yet the same. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her; and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride sank on her knees before him with religious awe; she begged his pardon in terms both respectful and submissive for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him with emotion to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said:

"Oh, I now feel in my inmost heart how much, how infinitely much, you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood!"

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses; but the moment she saw the good old

mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day: calm, kind, attentive—half matronly and half girlish. The three who had been longest acquainted with her expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unnecessary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her; and he often said to the bridegroom:—

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, through me its unworthy instrument, intrusted to you yesterday an invaluable treasure: cherish it as you ought, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass and upon the high slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible; the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret seemed to hover upon her lips, but was only made known by hardly breathed sighs. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, it is true, there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love and timid devotion. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves, that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful wife, almost weeping, "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing: "think only, were I disposed to leave you, both the Church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm, would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

"All this depends on you—all depends on you," whispered his little companion, half weeping and half smiling. "But I still feel sure that you will not leave me; I love you too deeply to fear that misery. Now bear me over to that little island which

lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, glide through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so sweet to lie in your arms; and should you determine to put me away, I shall have rested in them once more, . . . for the last time."

Huldbrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his arms and carried her over, now first realizing the fact that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman, the first night of his arrival. On the farther side he placed her upon the soft grass, and was throwing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden; but she said to him:—"Not here, but opposite me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lips pronounce it; now listen attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began:—

"You must know, my own love, that there are beings in the elements which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which at the same time but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and sport amid the flames; deep in the earth the meagre and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers, and streams live the widespread race of water spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky can shine with its sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty; lofty coral-trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among exquisitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy,—creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver; and now these noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the water, which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices delicate moss-flowers and enwreathing tufts of sedge.

"Now, the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He would then spread far the fame of her beauty; and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines.—But what need of saying more? You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him with her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever emphasis he said this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment: a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, sighed from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner:—

"We should be far superior to you, who are another race of the human family,—for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features,—had we not one evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements vanish into air at death and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand and sparks and wind and waves remain. Thus, we have no souls; the element moves us, and again is obedient to our will while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold-fishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now, the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul thanks you, my best beloved, and never shall cease to thank you, if you do not render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me, if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not keep you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, and return alone to the shore. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle, who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to the fisherman a light-hearted and laughing child, he will take me home to my

parents a woman, gifted with a soul, with power to love and to suffer.»

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand with the most heartfelt tenderness and love clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There amid tears and kisses he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to this beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and in the confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized with her whole heart how little cause she had for regretting what she had left — the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF UNDINE

From 'Undine'

Should I relate to you how passed the marriage feast at Castle Ringstetten, it would be as if you saw a heap of bright and pleasant things, but all overspread with a black mourning crape, through whose darkening veil their brilliancy would appear but a mockery of the nothingness of all earthly joys.

It was not that any spectral delusion disturbed the scene of festivity; for the castle, as we well know, had been secured against the mischief of the water spirits. But the knight, the fisherman, and all the guests were unable to banish the feeling that the chief personage of the feast was still wanting, and that this chief personage could be no other than the gentle and beloved Undine.

Whenever a door was heard to open, all eyes were involuntarily turned in that direction; and if it was nothing but the steward with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a supply of wine of higher flavor than the last, they again looked down in sadness and disappointment, while the flashes of wit and merriment which had been passing at times from one to another were extinguished by tears of mournful remembrance.

The bride was the least thoughtful of the company, and therefore the most happy; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered robe, while Undine was lying a corpse, stiff and cold, at the bottom of the Danube, or carried

out by the current into the ocean. For ever since her father had suggested something of this sort, his words were continually sounding in her ear; and this day in particular, they would neither fade from her memory nor yield to other thoughts.

Evening had scarcely arrived when the company returned to their homes; not dismissed by the impatience of the bridegroom, as wedding parties are sometimes broken up, but constrained solely by heavy sadness and forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants, to undress; but there was no gay laughing company of bridesmaids and bridesmen at this mournful festival.

Bertalda wished to awake more cheerful thoughts: she ordered her maidens to spread before her a brilliant set of jewels, a present from Huldbrand, together with rich apparel and veils, that she might select from among them the brightest and most beautiful for her dress in the morning. The attendants rejoiced at this opportunity of pouring forth good wishes and promises of happiness to their young mistress, and failed not to extol the beauty of the bride with the most glowing eloquence. This went on for a long time, until Bertalda at last, looking in a mirror, said with a sigh: —

"Ah, but do you not see plainly how freckled I am growing? Look here on the side of my neck."

They looked at the place and found the freckles indeed, as their fair mistress had said; but they called them mere beauty-spots, the faintest touches of the sun, such as would only heighten the whiteness of her delicate complexion. Bertalda shook her head, and still viewed them as a blemish.

"And I could remove them," she said at last, sighing. "But the castle fountain is covered, from which I formerly used to have that precious water, so purifying to the skin. Oh, had I this evening only a single flask of it!"

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, laughing as she glided out of the apartment.

"She will not be so foolish," said Bertalda, well pleased and surprised, "as to cause the stone cover of the fountain to be taken off this very evening?" That instant they heard the tread of men already passing along the court-yard, and could see from the window where the officious maiden was leading them directly up to the fountain, and that they carried levers and other instruments on their shoulders.

"It is certainly my will," said Bertalda with a smile, "if it does not take them too long." And pleased with the thought that a word from her was now sufficient to accomplish what had formerly been refused with a painful reproof, she looked down upon their operations in the bright moonlit castle court.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; some one of the number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. Their labor, however, was much lighter than they had expected. It seemed as if some power from within the fountain itself aided them in raising the stone.

"It appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and almost without the assistance of the workpeople, rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance from the opening of the fountain filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water; at first they imagined it really to be a fountain, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, wringing them sadly as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrank back, and fled from the spring, while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them sobbing, and Bertalda thought she recognized through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on, sad, reluctant, and lingering, as if going to the place of execution. Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight; not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer had entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, in silent tears. Alas, how differently had she once passed through these rooms!

The knight had in the mean time dismissed his attendants. Half undressed and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror; a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment some one tapped at his door very, very softly. Undine

had formerly tapped in this way, when she was playing some of her endearing wiles.

"It is all an illusion!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then he saw in the mirror that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white figure entered, and gently closed it behind her.

"They have opened the spring," said she in a low tone; "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt in his failing breath that this must indeed be; but covering his eyes with his hands, he cried:—"Do not in my death-hour, do not make me mad with terror. If that veil conceals hideous features, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied the pale figure, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as fair now as when you wooed me on the island!"

"Oh, if it indeed were so," sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly, my own love," said she. She threw back her veil; heavenly fair shone forth her pure countenance. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight leant towards her. She kissed him with a holy kiss; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more closely in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill both of bliss and agony shot through his heart, until he at last expired, sinking softly back from her fair arms upon the pillow of his couch a corpse.

"I have wept him to death!" said she to some domestics who met her in the ante-chamber; and passing through the terrified group, she went slowly out, and disappeared in the fountain.

SONG FROM 'MINSTREL LOVE'

OH WELCOME, Sir Bolt, to me!
And a welcome, Sir Arrow, to thee!
But wherefore such pride
In your swift airy ride?
You're but splints of the ashen tree.
When once on earth lying,
There's an end of your flying!
Lullaby! lullaby! lullaby!
But we freshly will wing you
And back again swing you,
And teach you to wend
To your Moorish friend.

Sir Bolt, you have oft been here;
And Sir Arrow, you've often flown near;
But still from pure haste
All your courage would waste
On the earth and the streamlet clear.
What! over all leaping,
In shame are you sleeping?
Lullaby! lullaby! lullaby!
Or if you smote one,
'Twas but darklingly done,
As the grain that winds fling
To the bird on the wing.

ANATOLE FRANCE

(1844–)

ANATOLE FRANCE, whose real name of Thibault is sunk in his literary signature, was born in Paris, April 16th, 1844. His father, a wealthy bookseller, seems to have been a thoughtful, meditative man, and his mother a woman of great refinement and tenderness. Their son shows the result of the double influence. Always fond of books, he early devoted himself to literary work, and made his début as writer in 1868 in a biographical study of Alfred de Vigny. This was shortly followed by two volumes of poetry: 'Les Poèmes Dorés' (Golden Verses) and 'Les Noces Corinthéennes' (Corinthian Revels). Since this work of his youth he has published at least twelve novels and romances, of which the most familiar are: 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' (The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard), 'Le Livre de Mon Ami' (My Friend's Book), 'Le Lys Rouge' (The Red Lily), and 'Les Désirs de Jean Servieu' (Jean Servieu's Wishes). Several volumes of essays, critical introductions to splendid editions of Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, and Le Sage, of 'Manon Lescaut' and 'Paul and Virginia,' numberless studies of men and books for the reviews and journals,—these measure the tireless industry of an incessant worker. In 1876 M. France became an attaché of the Library of the Senate. In December 1896 he was received as member of the French Academy, succeeding to the chair of Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose eulogy he pronounced with exquisite taste and grace.

ANATOLE FRANCE

Like Renan, whose disciple he is, this fine artist was formed in the clerical schools. His perfection of style, clear, distinguished, scintillating with wit and fancy, furnishes, as a distinguished French critic remarks, a strong contrast to the painful and heavy periods of the literary products of a State education. He is an enthusiastic humanist, a fervent Neo-Hellenist, delicately sensitive to the beauty of the antique, the magic of words, and the harmony of phrase.

Outside of France, his best known works are 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' (crowned by the Academy) and 'Le Livre de Mon

Ami.' The first of these expresses the author's Hellenism, sentiment, experience, love of form, and gentle pessimism. Into the character of Sylvestre Bonnard, that intelligent, contemplative, ironical, sweet-natured old philosopher, he has put most of himself. In 'Le Livre de Mon Ami' are reflected the childhood and youth of the author. It is a living book, made out of the impulsès of the heart, holding the very essence of moral grace, written with exquisite irony absolutely free from bitterness.

It is to be regretted that in some of his later writings this charming writer has fallen short of the standard of these works, though the versatility of talent he displays is great and admirable. In 'Thaïs' he has painted the magnificent Alexandria of the Ptolemies; in 'Le Lys Rouge' the Florence of to-day. In 'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pedauque' (The Cook-Shop of the Queen Pedauque) and in 'Les Opinions de M. Jérome Coignard,' Gil Blas, Rabelais, Wilhelm Meister, and Montaigne seem to jostle each other. In 'Le Jardin d'Épicure' (The Garden of Epicurus) a modern Epicurus, discreet, indulgent, listless, listens to lively discussions between the shades of Plato, Origen, Augustine, Hegel, and Schopenhauer, while an Esquimaux refutes Bossuet, a Polynesian develops his theory of the soul, and Cicero and Cousin agree in their estimate of a future life.

In his own words, M. Anatole France has always been inclined to take life as a spectacle, offering no solution of its perplexities, proposing no remedies for its ills. His literary quality, as M. Jules Lemaître observes, owes little or nothing to the spirit or literature of the North. His intelligence is the pure and extreme product of Greek and Latin tradition.

IN THE GARDENS

From 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.' Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers

April 16.

St. Droctoveus and the early abbots of Saint-Germain-des-Prés have been occupying me for the past forty years; but I do not know whether I shall be able to write their history before I go to join them. It is already quite a long time since I became an old man. One day last year, on the Pont des Arts, one of my fellow-members at the Institute was lamenting before me over the *ennui* of becoming old.

"Still," Sainte-Beuve replied to him, "it is the only way that has yet been found of living a long time."

I have tried this way, and I know just what it is worth. The trouble of it is not that one lasts too long, but that one sees all about him pass away — mother, wife, friends, children. Nature makes and unmakes all these divine treasures with gloomy indifference, and at last we find that we have not loved, — we have only been embracing shadows. But how sweet some shadows are! If ever creature glided like a shadow through the life of a man, it was certainly that young girl whom I fell in love with when — incredible though it now seems — I was myself a youth.

A Christian sarcophagus from the catacombs of Rome bears a formula of imprecation, the whole terrible meaning of which I only learned with time. It says: — "*Whatsoever impious man violates this sepulchre, may he die the last of his own people!*" In my capacity of archæologist I have opened tombs and disturbed ashes, in order to collect the shreds of apparel, metal ornaments, or gems that were mingled with those ashes. But I did it only through that scientific curiosity which does not exclude the feelings of reverence and of piety. May that malediction graven by some one of the first followers of the Apostles upon a martyr's tomb never fall upon me! I ought not to fear to survive my own people so long as there are men in the world; for there are always some whom one can love.

But the power of love itself weakens and gradually becomes lost with age, like all the other energies of man. Example proves it; and it is this which terrifies me. Am I sure that I have not myself already suffered this great loss? I should surely have felt it, but for the happy meeting which has rejuvenated me. Poets speak of the Fountain of Youth: it does exist; it gushes up from the earth at every step we take. And one passes by without drinking of it!

The young girl I loved, married of her own choice to a rival, passed, all gray-haired, into the eternal rest. I have found her daughter — so that my life, which before seemed to me without utility, now once more finds a purpose and a reason for being.

To-day I "take the sun," as they say in Provence; I take it on the terrace of the Luxembourg, at the foot of the statue of Marguerite de Navarre. It is a spring sun, intoxicating as young wine. I sit and dream. My thoughts escape from my head like the foam from a bottle of beer. They are light, and their fizzing amuses me. I dream; such a pastime is certainly permissible to an old fellow who has published thirty volumes of texts, and

contributed to the Journal des Savants for twenty-six years. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I performed my task as well as it was possible for me, and that I utilized to their fullest extent those mediocre faculties with which nature endowed me. My efforts were not all in vain, and I have contributed, in my own modest way, to that renaissance of historical labors which will remain the honor of this restless century. I shall certainly be counted among those ten or twelve who revealed to France her own literary antiquities. My publication of the poetical works of Gautier de Coincy inaugurated a judicious system and made a date. It is in the austere calm of old age that I decree to myself this deserved credit, and God, who sees my heart, knows whether pride or vanity have aught to do with this self-award of justice.

But I am tired; my eyes are dim; my hand trembles, and I see an image of myself in those old men of Homer, whose weakness excluded them from the battle, and who, seated upon the ramparts, lifted up their voices like crickets among the leaves.

So my thoughts were wandering, when three young men seated themselves near me. I do not know whether each one of them had come in three boats, like the monkey of La Fontaine, but the three certainly displayed themselves over the space of twelve chairs. I took pleasure in watching them, not because they had anything very extraordinary about them, but because I discerned in them that brave joyous manner which is natural to youth. They were from the schools. I was less assured of it by the books they were carrying than by the character of their physiognomy. For all who busy themselves with the things of the mind can be at once recognized by an indescribable something which is common to all of them. I am very fond of young people; and these pleased me, in spite of a certain provoking wild manner which recalled to me my own college days with marvelous vividness. But they did not wear velvet doublets and long hair, as we used to do; they did not walk about, as we used to do, with a death's-head; they did not cry out, as we used to do, "Hell and malediction!" They were quite properly dressed, and neither their costume nor their language had anything suggestive of the Middle Ages. I must also add that they paid considerable attention to the women passing on the terrace, and expressed their admiration of some of them in very animated language. But their reflections, even on this subject, were not of a character to

oblige me to flee from my seat. Besides, so long as youth is studious, I think it has a right to its gayeties.

One of them having made some gallant pleasantry which I forget, the smallest and darkest of the three exclaimed, with a slight Gascon accent:—

"What a thing to say! Only physiologists like us have any right to occupy ourselves about living matter. As for you, Gélis, who only live in the past,—like all your fellow archivists and paleographers,—you will do better to confine yourself to those stone women over there, who are your contemporaries."

And he pointed to the statues of the Ladies of Ancient France which towered up, all white, in a half-circle under the trees of the terrace. This joke, though in itself trifling, enabled me to know that the young man called Gélis was a student at the École des Chartes. From the conversation which followed I was able to learn that his neighbor, blond and wan almost to diaphaneity, taciturn and sarcastic, was Boulmier, a fellow-student. Gélis and the future doctor (I hope he will become one some day) discoursed together with much fantasy and spirit. In the midst of the loftiest speculations they would play upon words, and make jokes after the peculiar fashion of really witty persons—that is to say, in a style of enormous absurdity. I need hardly say, I suppose, that they only deigned to maintain the most monstrous kind of paradoxes. They employed all their powers of imagination to make themselves as ludicrous as possible, and all their powers of reasoning to assert the contrary of common-sense. All the better for them! I do not like to see young folks too rational.

The student of medicine, after glancing at the title of the book that Boulmier held in his hand, exclaimed:—

"What!—you read Michelet—you?"

"Yes," replied Boulmier very gravely. "I like novels."

Gélis, who dominated both by his fine stature, imperious gestures, and ready wit, took the book, turned over a few pages rapidly, and said:—

"Michelet always had a great propensity to emotional tenderness. He wept sweet tears over Maillard, that nice little man who introduced *la paperasserie* into the September massacres. But as emotional tenderness leads to fury, he becomes all at once furious against the victims. There is no help for it. It is the sentimentality of the age. The assassin is pitied, but the victim

is considered quite unpardonable. In his later manner Michelet is more Michelet than ever before. There is no common-sense in it; it is simply wonderful! Neither art nor science, neither criticism nor narrative; only furies and fainting spells and epileptic fits over matters which he never deigns to explain. Childish outcries — *envies de femme grosse!* — and a style, my friends! — not a single finished phrase! It is astounding!"

And he handed the book back to his comrade. "This is amusing madness," I thought to myself, "and not quite so devoid of common-sense as it appears. This young man, though only playing, has sharply touched the defect in the cuirass."

But the Provençal student declared that history was a thoroughly despicable exercise of rhetoric. According to him, the only true history was the natural history of man. Michelet was in the right path when he came in contact with the fistula of Louis XIV., but he fell back into the old rut almost immediately afterwards.

After this judicious expression of opinion, the young physiologist went to join a party of passing friends. The two archivists, less well acquainted in the neighborhood of a garden so far from the Rue Paradis-aux-Marais, remained together, and began to chat about their studies. Gélis, who had completed his third class-year, was preparing a thesis, on the subject of which he expatiated with youthful enthusiasm. Indeed, I thought the subject a very good one, particularly because I had recently thought myself called upon to treat a notable part of it. It was the 'Monasticum Gallicanum.' The young erudite (I give him the name as a presage) wants to describe all the engravings made about 1690 for the work which Dom Michel Germain would have had printed, but for the one irremediable hindrance which is rarely foreseen and never avoided. Dom Michel Germain left his manuscript complete, however, and in good order when he died. Shall I be able to do as much with mine? — but that is not the present question. So far as I am able to understand, M. Gélis intends to devote a brief archæological notice to each of the abbeys pictured by the humble engravers of Dom Michel Germain.

His friend asked him whether he was acquainted with all the manuscripts and printed documents relating to the subject. It was then that I pricked up my ears. They spoke at first of original sources; and I must confess they did so in a satisfactory

manner, despite their innumerable and detestable puns. Then they began to speak about contemporary studies on the subject.

"Have you read," asked Boulmier, "the notice of Courajod?"

"Good!" I thought to myself.

"Yes," replied Gélis; "it is accurate."

"Have you read," said Boulmier, "the article by Tamisey de Larroque in the Revue des Questions Historiques?"

"Good!" I thought to myself, for the second time.

"Yes," replied Gélis, "it is full of things." . . .

"Have you read," said Boulmier, "the 'Tableau des Abbayes Bénédictines en 1600,' by Sylvestre Bonnard?"

"Good!" I said to myself, for the third time.

"*Ma foi!* no!" replied Gélis. "Bonnard is an idiot!"

Turning my head, I perceived that the shadow had reached the place where I was sitting. It was growing chilly, and I thought to myself what a fool I was to have remained sitting there, at the risk of getting the rheumatism, just to listen to the impertinence of those two young fellows!

"Well! well!" I said to myself as I got up. "Let this prattling fledgeling write his thesis, and sustain it! He will find my colleague Quicherat, or some other professor at the school, to show him what an ignoramus he is. I consider him neither more nor less than a rascal; and really, now that I come to think of it, what he said about Michelet awhile ago was quite insufferable, outrageous! To talk in that way about an old master replete with genius! It was simply abominable!"

CHILD-LIFE

From 'The Book of My Friend'

EVERYTHING in immortal nature is a miracle to the little child. I was happy. A thousand things at once familiar and mysterious filled my imagination, a thousand things which were nothing in themselves, but which made my life. It was very small, that life of mine; but it was a life — which is to say, the centre of all things, the kernel of the world. Do not smile at what I say, — or smile only in sympathy, and reflect: whoever lives, be it only a dog, is at the centre of all things.

Deciding to be a hermit and a saint, and to resign the good things of this world, I threw my toys out of the window.

"The child is a fool!" cried my father, closing the window. I felt anger and shame at hearing myself thus judged. But immediately I considered that my father, not being so holy as I, could never share with me the glory of the blessed, and this thought was for me a great consolation.

Every Saturday we were taken to confession. If any one will tell me why, he will greatly oblige me. The practice inspired me with both respect and weariness. I hardly think it probable that M. le Curé took a lively interest in hearing my sins; but it was certainly disagreeable to me to cite them to him. The first difficulty was to find them. You can perhaps believe me, when I declare that at ten years of age I did not possess the psychic qualities and the methods of analysis which would have made it possible rationally to explore my inmost conscience. Nevertheless it was necessary to have sins: for — no sins, no confession. I had been given, it is true, a little book which contained them all: I had only to choose. But the choice itself was difficult. There was so much obscurely said of "larceny, simony, prevarication"! I read in the little book, "I accuse myself of having despaired; I accuse myself of having listened to evil conversations." Even this furnished little wherewith to burden my conscience. Therefore ordinarily I confined myself to "distractions." Distractions during mass, distractions during meals, distractions in "religious assemblies," — I avowed all; yet the deplorable emptiness of my conscience filled me with deep shame. I was humiliated at having no sins. . . .

I will tell you what, each year, the stormy skies of autumn, the first dinners by lamplight, the yellowing leaves on the shivering trees, bring to my mind; I will tell you what I see as I cross the Luxembourg garden in the early October days — those sad and beautiful days when the leaves fall, one by one, on the white shoulders of the statues there.

What I see then is a little fellow who with his hands in his pockets is going to school, hopping along like a sparrow. I see him in thought only, for he is but a shadow, a shadow of the "me" as I was twenty-five years ago. Really, he interests me, — this little fellow. When he was living I gave him but little thought, but now that he is no more, I love him well. He was worth altogether more than the rest of the "me's" that I have been since. He was a happy-hearted boy as he crossed the Luxembourg garden in the fresh air of the morning. All that he saw then I see

to-day. It is the same sky, and the same earth; the same soul of things is here as before,—that soul that still makes me gay, or sad, or troubled: only *he* is no more! He was heedless enough, but he was not wicked; and in justice to him I must declare that he has not left me a single harsh memory. He was an innocent child that I have lost. It is natural that I should regret him; it is natural that I should see him in thought, and delight in recalling him to memory. . . .

Nothing is of more value for giving a child a knowledge of the great social machine than the life of the streets. He should see in the morning the milkwomen, the water carriers, the charcoal men; he should look in the shop windows of the grocer, the pork vender, and the wine-seller; he should watch the regiments pass, with the music of the band. In short, he should suck in the air of the streets, that he may learn that the law of labor is Divine, and that each man has his work to do in the world. . . .

Oh! ye sordid old Jews of the Rue Cherche-Midi, and you my masters, simple sellers of old books on the quays, what gratitude do I owe you! More and better than university professors, have you contributed to my intellectual life! You displayed before my ravished eyes the mysterious forms of the life of the past, and every sort of monument of precious human thought. In ferreting among your shelves, in contemplating your dusty display laden with the pathetic relics of our fathers and their noble thoughts, I have been penetrated with the most wholesome of philosophies. In studying the worm-eaten volumes, the rusty iron-work, the worn carvings of your stock, I experienced, child as I was, a profound realization of the fluent, changing nature of things and the nothingness of all, and I have been always since inclined to sadness, to gentleness, and pity.

The open-air school taught me, as you see, great lessons; but the home school was more profitable still. The family repast, so charming when the glasses are clear, the cloth white, and the faces tranquil,—the dinner of each day with its familiar talk,—gives to the child the taste for the humble and holy things of life, the love of loving. He eats day by day that blessed bread which the spiritual Father broke and gave to the pilgrims in the inn at Emmaus, and says, like them, "My heart is warmed within me." Ah! how good a school is the school of home! . . .

The little fellow of whom I spoke but just now to you, with a sympathy for which you pardon me, perhaps, reflecting that it is

not egotistic but is addressed only to a shadow,—the little fellow who crossed the Luxembourg garden, hopping like a sparrow,—became later an enthusiastic humanist.

I studied Homer. I saw Thetis rise like a white mist over the sea, I saw Nausicaa and her companions, and the palm-tree of Delos, and the sky, and the earth, and the sea, and the tearful smile of Andromache. I comprehended, I felt. For six months I lived in the Odyssey. This was the cause of numerous punishments: but what to me were *pensums?* I was with Ulysses on his violet sea. Alcestis and Antigone gave me more noble dreams than ever child had before. With my head swallowed up in the dictionary on my ink-stained desk, I saw divine forms,—ivory arms falling on white tunics,—and heard voices sweeter than the sweetest music, lamenting harmoniously.

This again cost me fresh punishments. They were just; I was "busying" myself "with things foreign to the class." Alas! the habit remains with me still. In whatever class in life I am put for the rest of my days, I fear yet, old as I am, to encounter again the reproach of my old professor: "Monsieur Pierre Nozière, you busy yourself with things foreign to the class."

. . . . . .

But the evening falls over the plane-trees of the Luxembourg, and the little phantom which I have evoked disappears in the shadow. Adieu! little "me" whom I have lost, whom I should forever regret, had I not found thee again, beautified, in my son!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

FROM 'THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS'

IRONY and pity are two good counselors: the one, who smiles, makes life amiable; the other, who weeps, makes it sacred.

The Irony that I invoke is not cruel. She mocks neither love nor beauty. She is gentle and benevolent. Her smile calms anger, and it is she who teaches us to laugh at fools and sinners whom, but for her, we might be weak enough to hate.

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI

(1182–1226)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

FRANCIS D'ASSISI was at first called Francis Bernardone. His father Pietro was a merchant of Assisi, much given to the pomps and vanities of the world, a lover of France and of everything French. It was after a visit to France in 1182 that, rejoining his beloved wife Pica in the vale of Umbria, he found that God had given to him a little son. Pica called the boy John, in honor of the playmate of the little Christ; but Pietro commanded that he should be named Francis, because of the bright land from whence he drew the rich silks and thick velvets he liked to handle and to sell.

The vale of Umbria is the place for poets; it should be visited in the summer, when the roses bloom on the trellises which the early Italian painters put as backgrounds to their mothers and children. Florence is not far away; and near is the birthplace of one of the fathers of the sonnet, Fra Guittone, and of another poet, Propertius.

Francis's childhood, boyhood, and later youth were happy. His father denied him no luxury in his power to give; he was sent to the priests of the church of St. George. They taught him some Latin and much of the Provençal tongue,—for at that time there was no Italian language; there were only dialects, and the Provençal was used by the elegant, those who loved poetry. Francis Bernardone was one of these; he sang the popular Provençal songs of the day to the lute, for he had learned music. And so passionately did he long for "excess of it," that, the legend says, he stayed up all one night singing a duet with a nightingale. The bird conquered; and later, Francis made a poem glorifying the Creator who had given such a thrilling voice to it.

Up to the age of twenty-four Francis had been one of the lightest hearted and the lightest headed of the rich young men of Assisi. His father openly rejoiced in his extravagance, and admired the graceful manner with which he wore gay clothes cut in latest fashions of France. Madonna Pica, his mother, trembled for his future, while she adored him and in spite of herself believed in him. Her neighbors reproached her: "Your son throws money away; he is the son of a prince!" And Pica, troubled, answered, "He whom you call the child of a prince will one day be a child of God."

Pietro was delighted to see his son lead in all the sports of the *corti* of Assisi. The *corti* were associations of young men addicted to Provençal poetry and music and all sorts of gayety. Folgore da San Gemiano gives, in a series of sonnets, well translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, descriptions of their sports arranged according to the months. March was the season for

> «—lamprey, salmon, eel, and trout,
> Dental and dolphin, sturgeon, all the rout
> Of fish in all the streams that fill the seas.»

In April are dances:—

> «And through hollow brass
> A sound of German music on the air.»

When summer came, Folgore says the *corti* had other things:—

> «For July, in Siena by the willow-tree
> I give you barrels of white Tuscan wine,
> In ice far down your cellars stored supine;
> And morn and eve to eat, in company,
> Of those vast jellies dear to you and me;
> Of partridges and youngling pheasants sweet,
> Boiled capons, sovereign kids;—and let their treat
> Be veal and garlic, with whom these agree.»

Francis was permeated with the ideas of chivalry, and his language was its phraseology. So much was he in love with chivalry that he became the founder of a new order, whose patroness should be the Lady Poverty. Never had there been a time in Europe since the decay of the Roman empire, when poverty was more derided. Princes, merchants, even many prelates and priests, neglected and contemned the poor. The voices of the outcasts and the leper went up to God, and he sent their terrible echoes to awaken the heart of Francis.

In Sicily, Frederick II.—the Julian of the time—lived among fountains and orange blossoms and gorgeous pomegranate arches,—a type of the arrogant voluptuousness of the time, a voluptuousness which Dante symbolized later as the leopard. Against this luxury Francis put the lady of his love, Poverty. In the 'Poètes Franciscains,' Frederick Ozanam says:—

«He thus designated what had become for him the ideal of all perfection,—the type of all moral beauty. He loved to personify Poverty as the symbolic genius of his time; he imagined her as the daughter of Heaven; and he called her by turns the lady of his thoughts, his affianced, and his bride.»

The towns of Italy were continually at war, in 1206 and thereabout. Francis was taken prisoner in a battle of his native townsmen with the Perugians. Restless and depressed, unsatisfied by the revelry of

his comrades, he threw himself into the train of the Count de Brienne, who was making war on the German Emperor for the two Sicilies. About this time, he was moved to give his fine military clothes to a shivering soldier. At Spoleto, after this act of charity, he dreamed that the voice of God asked what he valued most in life. "Earthly fame," he said.—"But which of two is better for you,—the Master, or the servant? And why will you forsake the Master for the servant, the Lord for the slave?"—"O Lord, what shall I do?" asked Francis.—"Return unto the city," said the voice, "and there it will be told you what you shall do and how you may interpret this vision."

He obeyed; he left the army; his old companions were glad to see him, and again he joined the *corti*. But he was paler and more silent. "You are in love!" his companions said, laughingly.

"I am in truth thinking of a bride more noble, more richly dowered, and more beautiful than the world has ever seen."

Pietro was away from home, and his son made donations to the poor. He grew more tranquil, though the Voice had not explained its message. He knelt at the foot of the crucifix one day in the old chapel of St. Damian, and waited. Then the revelation came:—"Francis, go to rebuild my house, which is falling into ruin!"

Francis took this command, which seemed to have come from the lips of his crucified Redeemer, literally. It meant that he should repair the chapel of St. Damian. Later, he accepted it in a broader sense. More important things than the walls of St. Damian were falling into ruin.

Francis was a man of action, and one who took life literally. He went to his father's shop, chose some precious stuffs, and sold them with his horse at Foliquo, for much below their value. Pietro had brought Francis up in a princely fashion: why should he not behave as a prince? And surely the father who had not grudged the richest of his stuffs for the celebrations of the *corti*, would not object to their sacrifice at the command of the Voice for the repairing of St. Damian! Pietro, who had not heard the Voice, vowed vengeance on his son for his foolishness. The priest at St. Damian's had refused the money; but Francis threw it into the window, and Pietro, finding it, went away swearing that his son had kept some of it. Francis wandered about begging stones for the rebuilding of St. Damian's. Pietro, maddened by the foolishness of his son, appealed to a magistrate. Francis cast off all his garments, and gave them to his father. The Bishop of Assisi covered his nakedness with his own mantle until the gown of a poor laborer was brought to him. Dipping his right hand in a pile of mortar, Francis drew a rough cross upon his breast: "Pietro Bernardone," he said, "until now I have called you my father; henceforth I can truly say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' for he is my wealth, and in him do I place all my hope."

Francis went away, to build his chapel and sing in the Provençal speech hymns in honor of God and of love for his greatness. In June 1208 he began to preach. He converted two men, one rich and of rank, the other a priest. They gave all to the poor, and took up their abode near a hospital for lepers. They had no home but the chapel of the Angels, near the Portiuncula. This was the beginning of the great order of the Friars Minors, the Franciscans.

Francis was the first poet to use the Italian speech — a poet who was inspired to change the fate of Europe. "He would never," the author of a recent monograph on St. Francis says, "destroy or tread on a written page. If it were Christian writing, it might contain the name of God; even if it were the work of a pagan, it contained the letters that make up the sacred name. When St. Francis, of the people and singing for the people, wrote in the vernacular, he asked Fra Pacifico, who had been a great poet in the world, to reduce his verses to the rules of metre."

St. Bonaventura, Jacomino di Verona, and Jacopone di Todi, the author of the 'Stabat Mater,' were Franciscans who followed in his footsteps. "The Crusades were," to quote again, "defensive as well as offensive. The Sultan, whom St. Francis visited and filled with respect, was not far from Christendom." Frederick of Sicily, with his Saracens, menaced Assisi itself. Hideous doctrines and practices were rife; and the thirty thousand friars who soon enrolled themselves in the band of Francis gained the love of the people, preached Christianity anew, symbolized it rudely for folk that could not read, and, as St. Francis had done, they appealed to the imagination. The legends of St. Francis — one can find them in the 'Little Flowers,' of which there are at least two good English translations — became the tenderest poems of the poor.

If St. Francis had been less of a poet, he would have been less of a saint. He died a poet, on October 4, 1226: he asked to be buried on the Infernal Hill of Assisi, where the crusaders were laid to rest; "and," he said, "sing my 'Canticle of the Sun,' so that I may add a song in praise of my sister Death. The lines," he added, "will be found at the end of the 'Cantico del Sole.'"

Paul Sabatier's 'Life of St. Francis,' and Mrs. Oliphant's, are best known to English-speaking readers. The most exhaustive 'Life' is by the Abbé Leon Le Monnier, in two volumes. It has lately been translated into English.

Maurice Francis Egan

ORDER

[*Our Lord Speaks*]

AND though I fill thy heart with hottest love,
Yet in true order must thy heart love me,
For without order can no virtue be;
By thine own virtue, then, I from above
Stand in thy soul; and so, most earnestly,
Must love from turmoil be kept wholly free:
The life of fruitful trees, the seasons of
The circling year move gently as a dove:
I measured all the things upon the earth;
Love ordered them, and order kept them fair,
And love to order must be truly wed.
O soul, why all this heat of little worth?
Why cast out order with no thought of care?
For by love's heat must love be governèd?

Translation of Maurice Francis Egan.

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

[The title is 'Incipiunt Laudes Creaturarum quas fecit Franciscus ad Laudem et Honorem Dei cum esset Infirmus ad Sanctum Damianum.' It is sometimes called the 'Canticle of the Creatures.' It is in Italian, and it opens with these words:—«Altissimi, omnipotente, bon Signore, tue so le laude la gloria e l'onore et omne benedictione.»]

O MOST HIGH, Almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing.

Praised be my Lord God, with all his creatures, and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and he shines with a very great splendor. O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

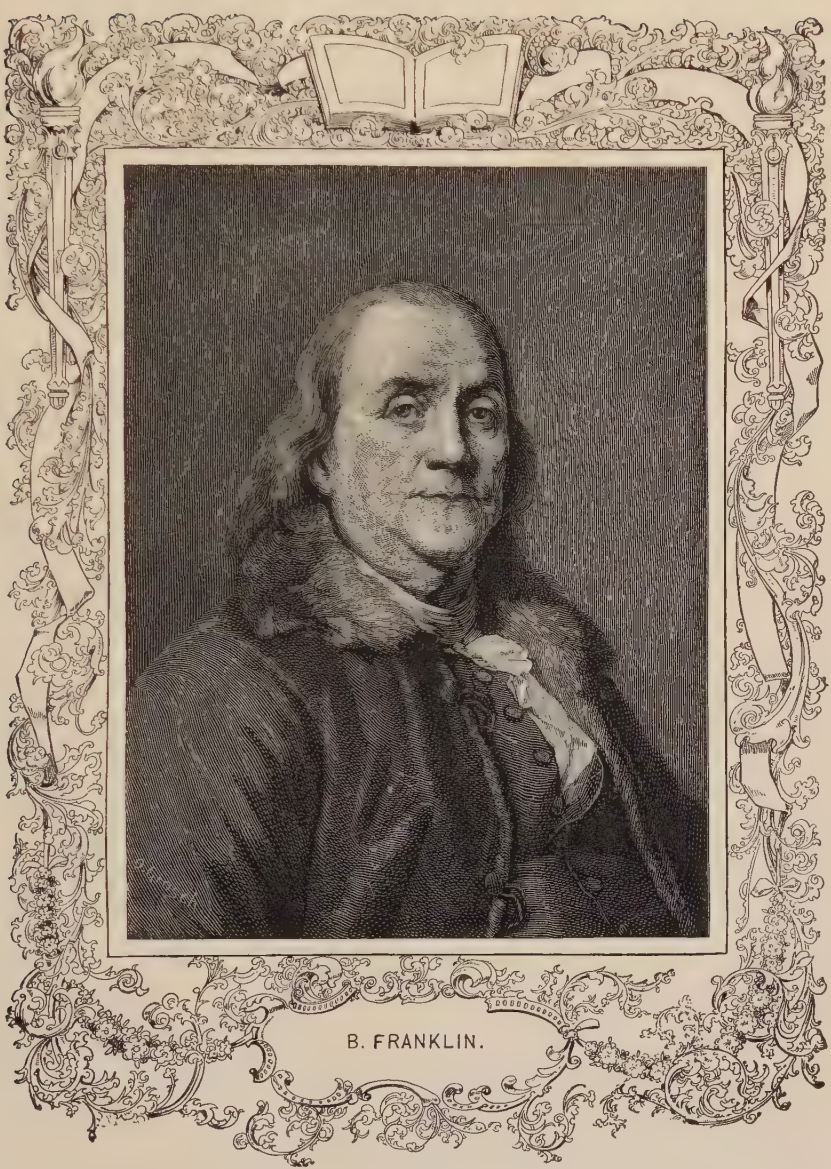
Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringest forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peacefully shall endure, for thou, O Most High, wilt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin. Blessed are those who die in thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm. Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks to him and serve him with great humility.

[The last stanza, in praise of death, was added to the poem on the day St. Francis left the world, October 4th, 1225.]

Translation of Maurice Francis Egan.



B. FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(1706–1790)

BY JOHN BIGELOW

THE youngest son of the seventeen children of a Boston tallow-chandler named Franklin was born a subject of Queen Anne of England, on the 6th of January, 1706; and on the same day received the baptismal name of Benjamin at the Old South Church in that city. He continued for more than seventy of the eighty-four years of his life a subject of four successive British monarchs. During that period, neither Anne nor either of the three Georges who succeeded her had a subject of whom they had more reason to be proud, nor one whom at his death their people generally supposed they had more reason to detest. No Englishman of his generation can now be said to have established a more enduring fame, in any way, than Franklin established in many ways. As a printer, as a journalist, as a diplomatist, as a statesman, as a philosopher, he was easily first among his peers.

On the other hand, it is no disparagement of the services of any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic, to say that no one of his generation contributed more effectually to the dissolution of the bonds which united the principal British-American colonies to the mother country, and towards conferring upon them independence and a popular government.

As a practical printer Franklin was reported to have had no superiors; as a journalist he exerted an influence not only unrivaled in his day, but more potent, on this continent at least, than either of his sovereigns or their Parliaments. The organization of a police, and later of the militia, for Philadelphia; of companies for extinguishing fires; making the sweeping and paving of the streets a municipal function; the formation of the first public library for Philadelphia, and the establishment of an academy which has matured into the now famous University of Pennsylvania, were among the conspicuous reforms which he planted and watered in the columns of the Philadelphia Gazette. This journal he founded; upon the earnings of it he mainly subsisted during a long life, and any sheet of it to-day would bring a larger price in the open market probably than a single sheet of any other periodical ever published.

Franklin's Almanack, his crowning work in the sphere of journalism, published under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders,—better known since as Poor Richard,—is still one of the marvels of modern literature. Under one or another of many titles the contents of this publication, exclusive of its calendars, have been translated into every tongue having any pretensions to a literature; and have had more readers, probably, than any other publication in the English or indeed in any other language, with the single exception of the Bible. It was the first issue from an American press that found a popular welcome in foreign lands, and it still enjoys the special distinction of being the only almanac ever published that owed its extraordinary popularity entirely to its literary merit.

What adds to the surprise with which we contemplate the fame and fortunes of this unpretentious publication, is the fact that its reputation was established by its first number, and when its author was only twenty-six years of age. For a period of twenty-six years, and until Franklin ceased to edit it, this annual was looked forward to by a larger portion of the colonial population and with more impatience than now awaits a President's annual message to Congress.

Franklin graduated from journalism into diplomacy as naturally as winter glides into spring. This was simply because he was by common acclaim the fittest man for any kind of public service the colony possessed, and especially for any duty requiring talents for persuasion, in which he proved himself to be unquestionably past master among the diplomatists of his time.

The question of taxing the Penn proprietary estates in Pennsylvania, for the defense of the province from the French and Indians, had assumed such an acute stage in 1757 that the Assembly decided to petition the King upon the subject; and selected Franklin, then in the forty-first year of his age, to visit London and present their petition. The next forty-one years of his life were practically all spent in the diplomatic service. He was five years absent on this his first mission. Every interest in London was against him. He finally surmounted all obstacles by a compromise, which pledged the Assembly to pass an act exempting from taxation the unsurveyed lands of the Penn estate,—the surveyed waste lands, however, to be assessed at the usual rate. For his success the Penns and their partisans never forgave him, and his fellow colonists never forgot him.

Franklin returned to Philadelphia in 1762, but not to remain. The question of taxing the colonies without representation was soon thrust upon them in the shape of a stamp duty, and Franklin was sent out again to urge its repeal. He reached London in November 1764, where he remained the next eleven years and until it became apparent that the surrender of the right to arbitrarily tax the

colonies would never be made by England during the life of the reigning sovereign, George III. Satisfied that his usefulness in England was at an end, he sailed for Philadelphia on the 21st of March, 1775; and on the morning of his arrival was elected by the Assembly of Pennsylvania a delegate to the Continental Congress which consolidated the armies of the colonies, placed General George Washington in command of them, issued the first Continental currency, and assumed the responsibility of resisting the imperial government; his last hope of maintaining the integrity of the empire having been dissipated by recent collisions between the people and the royalist troops at Concord and Lexington. Franklin served on ten committees in this Congress. He was one of the five who drew up the Declaration of Independence in July 1776, and in September following was chosen unanimously as one of the three commissioners to be sent out to solicit for the infant republic the aid of France and the sympathies of continental Europe. In this mission, the importance of which to his country can hardly be exaggerated, he was greatly favored by the reputation which had preceded him as a man of science. While yet a journalist he had made some experiments in electricity, which established its identity with lightning. The publication by an English correspondent of the letters in which he gave an account of these experiments, secured his election as an honorary member of the Royal Society of London and undisputed rank among the most eminent natural philosophers of his time. When he arrived in Paris, therefore, he was already a member of every important learned society in Europe, one of the managers of the Royal Society of London, and one of the eight foreign members of the Royal Academy in Paris, where three editions of his scientific writings had already been printed. To these advantages must be added another of even greater weight: his errand there was to assist in dismembering the British Empire, than which nothing of a political nature was at this time much nearer every Frenchman's heart.

The history of this mission, and how Franklin succeeded in procuring from the French King financial aid to the amount of twenty-six millions of francs, at times when the very existence of the republic depended upon them, and finally a treaty of peace more favorable to his country than either England or France wished to concede, has been often told; and there is no chapter in the chronicles of this republic with which the world is more familiar.

Franklin's reputation grew with his success. "It was," wrote his colleague John Adams, "more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick the Great or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than all of them. . . . If a collection could be made of all the gazettes of Europe for the latter half of the

eighteenth century, a greater number of panegyrical paragraphs upon *le grand Franklin* would appear, it is believed, than upon any other man that ever lived."

A few weeks after signing the definitive treaty of peace in 1783, Franklin renewed an application which he had previously made just after signing the preliminary treaty, to be relieved of his mission; but it was not until the 7th of March, 1785, that Congress adopted a resolution permitting "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin to return to America as soon as convenient." Three days later, Thomas Jefferson was appointed to succeed him.

On the 13th of September, 1785, and after a sojourn of nearly nine years in the French capital, first in the capacity of commissioner and subsequently of minister plenipotentiary, Franklin once more landed in Philadelphia, on the same wharf on which, sixty-two years before, he had stepped, a friendless and practically penniless runaway apprentice of seventeen.

Though now in his seventy-ninth year, and a prey to infirmities not the necessary incidents of old age, he had scarcely unpacked his trunks after his return when he was chosen a member of the municipal council of Philadelphia, and its chairman. Shortly after, he was elected president of Pennsylvania, his own vote only lacking to make the vote unanimous. "I have not firmness," he wrote to a friend, "to resist the unanimous desire of my countryfolks; and I find myself harnessed again into their service another year. They engrossed the prime of my life; they have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

He was unanimously re-elected to this dignity for the two succeeding years, and while holding that office was chosen a member of the convention which met in May 1787 to frame the Constitution under which the people of the United States are still living.

With the adoption of that instrument, to which he probably contributed as much as any other individual, he retired from official life; though not from the service of the public, to which for the remaining years of his stay on earth his genius and his talents were faithfully consecrated.

Among the fruits of that unfamiliar leisure, always to be remembered among the noblest achievements of his illustrious career, was the part he had in organizing the first anti-slavery society in the world; and as its president, writing and signing the first remonstrance against slavery ever addressed to the Congress of the United States.

In surveying the life of Dr. Franklin as a whole, the thing that most impresses one is his constant study and singleness of purpose to promote the welfare of human society. It was his daily theme as a journalist, and his yearly theme as an almanac-maker. It is that

which first occurs to us when we recall his career as a member of the Colonial Assembly; as an agent of the provinces in England; as a diplomatist in France; and as a member of the conventions which crowned the consistent labors of his long life. Nor are there any now so bold as to affirm that there was any other person who could have been depended upon to accomplish for his country or the world, what Franklin did in any of the several stages of his versatile career.

Though holding office for more than half of his life, the office always sought Franklin, not Franklin the office. When sent to England as the agent of the colony, he withdrew from business with a modest competence judiciously invested mostly in real estate. He never seems to have given a thought to its increase. Frugal in his habits, simple in his tastes, wise in his indulgences, he died with a fortune neither too large nor too small for his fame as a citizen or a patriot. For teaching frugality and economy to the colonists, when frugality and economy were indispensable to the conservation of their independence and manhood, he has been sneered at as the teacher of a "candle-end-saving philosophy," and his 'Poor Richard' as a "collection of receipts for laying up treasures on earth rather than in heaven." Franklin never taught, either by precept or example, to lay up treasures on earth. He taught the virtues of industry, thrift, and economy, as the virtues supremely important in his time, to keep people out of debt and to provide the means of educating and dignifying society. He never countenanced the accumulation of wealth for its own sake, but for its uses,—its prompt convertibility into social comforts and refinements. It would be difficult to name another man of any age to whom an ambition to accumulate wealth as an end could be imputed with less propriety. Though probably the most inventive genius of his age, and thus indirectly the founder of many fortunes, he never asked a patent for any of his inventions or discoveries. Though one of the best writers of the English language that his country has yet produced, he never wrote a line for money after he withdrew from the calling by which he made a modest provision for his family.

For the remaining half of his life both at home and abroad, though constantly operating upon public opinion by his pen, he never availed himself of a copyright or received a penny from any publisher or patron for any of these labors. In none of the public positions which he held, even when minister plenipotentiary, did his pay equal his expenditures. He was three years president of Pennsylvania after his return from France, and for his services declined to appropriate to his own use anything beyond his necessary expenditures for stationery, postage, and transportation. It is not by such

methods that men justly incur the implied reproach of "laying up treasures on earth," or of teaching a candle-end-saving philosophy.

Franklin courted fame no more than fortune. The best of his writings, after his retirement from journalism, he never gave to the press at all; not even his incomparable autobiography, which is still republished more frequently than any of the writings of Dickens or of Thackeray. He always wrote for a larger purpose than mere personal gratification of any kind. Even his bagatelles and *jeux d'esprit* read in the salons of Paris, though apparently intended for the eyes of a small circle, were inspired by a desire to make friends and create respect for the struggling people and the great cause he represented. Few if any of them got into print until many years after his decease.

Franklin was from his youth up a leader, a lion in whatever circle he entered, whether in the printing-house, the provincial Assemblies, as agent in England, or as a courtier in France. There was no one too eminent in science or literature, on either side of the Atlantic, not to esteem his acquaintance a privilege. He was an honorary member of every important scientific association in the world, and in friendly correspondence with most of those who conferred upon those bodies any distinction; and all this by force of a personal, not to say planetary, attraction that no one brought within his sphere could long resist.

Pretty much all of importance that we know of Franklin we gather from his private correspondence. His contemporaries wrote or at least printed very little about him; scarcely one of the multitude whose names he embalmed in his 'Autobiography' ever printed a line about him. All that we know of the later half of his life not covered by his autobiography, we owe almost exclusively to his private and official correspondence. Though reckoning among his warm friends and correspondents such men as David Hume, Dr. Joseph Priestley, Dr. Price, Lord Kames, Lord Chatham, Dr. Fothergill, Peter Collinson, Edmund Burke, the Bishop of St. Asaph and his gifted daughters, Voltaire, the habitués of the Helvétius salon, the Marquis de Ségur, the Count de Vergennes, his near neighbors De Chaumont and Le Veillard, the *maire* of Passy,—all that we learn of his achievements, of his conversation, of his daily life, from these or many other associates of only less prominence in the Old World, might be written on a single foolscap sheet. Nor are we under much greater obligations to his American friends. It is to his own letters (and except his 'Autobiography,' he can hardly be said to have written anything in any other than the epistolary form; and that was written in the form of a letter to his son William, and most of it only began to be published a quarter of a century after his

death) that we must turn to learn how full of interest and importance to mankind was this last half-century of his life. Beyond keeping copies of his correspondence, which his official character made a duty as well as a necessity, he appears to have taken no precautions to insure the posthumous fame to which his correspondence during that period was destined to contribute so much. Hence, all the biographies — and they are numberless — owe almost their entire interest and value to his own pen. All, so far as they are biographies, are autobiographies; and for that reason it may be fairly said that all of them are interesting.

It is also quite remarkable that though Franklin's life was a continuous warfare, he had no personal enemies. His extraordinary and even intimate experience of every phase of human life, from the very lowest to the very highest, had made him so tolerant that he regarded differences of opinion and of habits much as he regarded the changes of the weather,—as good or bad for his purposes, but which, though he might sometimes deplore, he had no right to quarrel with or assume personal responsibility for. Hence he never said or did things personally offensive. The causes that he represented had enemies, for he was all his life a reformer. All men who are good for anything have such enemies. "I have, as you observe," wrote Franklin to John Jay the year that he retired from the French mission, "some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an American; I have also two or three in America who are my enemies as a minister; but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man: for by his grace, through a long life, I have been enabled so to conduct myself that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, 'Ben Franklin has wronged me.' This, my friend, is in old age a comfortable reflection. You too have or may have your enemies; but let not that render you unhappy. If you make a right use of them, they will do you more good than harm. They point out to us our faults; they put us upon our guard and help us to live more correctly."

Franklin's place in literature as a writer has not been generally appreciated, probably because with him writing was only a means, never an end, and his ends always dwarfed his means, however effective. He wrote to persuade others, never to parade his literary skill. He never wrote a dull line, and was never *nimious*. The longest production of his pen was his autobiography, written during the closing years of his life. Nearly all that he wrote besides was in the form of letters, which would hardly average three octavo pages in length. And yet whatever the subject he touched upon, he never left the impression of incompleteness or of inconclusiveness. Of him may be said, perhaps with as much propriety as of any other man,

that he never said a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much. Tons of paper have been devoted to dissuasives from dueling, but the argument was never put more effectively than Franklin put it in these dozen lines of a letter to a Mr. Percival, who had sent him a volume of literary and moral dissertations.

«A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him. 'Why so?'—'Because you stink.'—'That is an affront, and you must fight me.'—'I will fight you if you insist upon it, but I do not see how that will mend the matter. For if you kill me, I shall stink too; and if I kill you, you will stink, if possible, worse than at present.' How can such miserable sinners as we are, entertain so much pride as to conceit that every offense against our imagined honor merits death? These petty princes, in their opinion, would call that sovereign a tyrant who should put one of them to death for a little uncivil language, though pointed at his sacred person; yet every one of them makes himself judge in his own cause, condemns the offender without a jury, and undertakes himself to be the executioner.»

Some one wrote him that the people in England were abusing the Americans and speaking all manner of evil against them. Franklin replied that this was natural enough:

«They impute to us the evil they wished us. They are angry with us, and speak all manner of evil of us; but we flourish notwithstanding. They put me in mind of a violent High Church factor, resident in Boston when I was a boy. He had bought upon speculation a Connecticut cargo of onions which he flattered himself he might sell again to great profit; but the price fell, and they lay upon his hands. He was heartily vexed with his bargain, especially when he observed they began to grow in his store he had filled with them. He showed them one day to a friend. 'Here they are,' said he, 'and they are growing too. I damn them every day, but I think they are like the Presbyterians; the more I curse them, the more they grow.'»

Mr. Jefferson tells us that Franklin was sitting by his side in the convention while the delegates were picking his famous declaration of Independence to pieces, and seeing how Jefferson was squirming under their mutilations, comforted him with the following stories, the rare excellence of which has given them a currency which has long since worn off their novelty:—

«'I have made it a rule,' said he, 'whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you.

«'When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprenticed hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board with the proper inscription. He composed it in these words: *John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells Hats for ready Money*, with a figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed

it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats*, which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit: every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, *John Thompson sells hats.* «*Sells* hats,» says his next friend; «why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word?» It was stricken out, and *hats* followed, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So his inscription was ultimately reduced to *John Thompson*, with the figure of a hat subjoined.'»

When the members were about to sign the document, Mr. Hancock is reported to have said, «We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together.» «Yes,» replied Franklin, «we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately.»

The Doric simplicity of his style; his incomparable facility of condensing a great principle into an apologue or an anecdote, many of which, as he applied them, have become the folk-lore of all nations; his habitual moderation of statement, his aversion to exaggeration, his inflexible logic, and his perfect truthfulness,—made him one of the most persuasive men of his time, and his writings a model which no one can study without profit. A judicious selection from Franklin's writings should constitute a part of the curriculum of every college and high school that aspires to cultivate in its pupils a pure style and correct literary taste.

There was one incident in Franklin's life, which, though more frequently referred to in terms of reproach than any other, will probably count for more in his favor in the Great Assize than any other of his whole life. While yet in his teens he became a father before he was a husband. He never did what men of the loftiest moral pretensions not unfrequently do,—shirk as far as possible any personal responsibility for this indiscretion. On the contrary, he took the fruit of it to his home; gave him the best education the schools of the country then afforded. When he went abroad, this son accompanied him, was presented as his son wherever he went, was presented in all the great houses in which he himself was received; he entered him at the Inns of Court, and in due time had him admitted to the English bar; made him his private secretary, and at an early age caused him to be appointed by the Crown, Governor of New Jersey. The father not only did everything to repair the wrong he had done his son, but at a time when he was at the zenith of his fame and official importance, publicly proclaimed it as one of the

great errors of his life. The world has always abounded with bastards; but with the exception of crowned heads claiming to hold their sceptres by Divine right, and therefore beyond the reach of popular criticism or reproach, it would be difficult to name another parent of his generation of anything like corresponding eminence with Franklin, who had the courage and the magnanimity to expiate such a wrong to his offspring so fully and effectively.

Franklin was not a member of the visible Church, nor did he ever become the adherent of any sect. He was three years younger than Jonathan Edwards, and in his youth heard his share of the then prevailing theology of New England, of which Edwards was regarded, and perhaps justly, as the most eminent exponent. The extremes to which Edwards carried those doctrines at last so shocked the people of Massachusetts that he was rather ignominiously expelled from his pulpit at Northampton; and the people of Massachusetts, in very considerable proportions, gradually wandered over into the Unitarian communion. To Jonathan Edwards and the inflexible law of action and reaction, more than to Priestley or any one else of their generation, that sect owes to this day its numerical strength, its influence, and its dignity, in New England. With the creed of that sect Dr. Franklin had more in common than with any other, though he was much too wise a man to suppose that there was but one gate of admission to the Holy City. He believed in one God; that Jesus was the best man that ever lived, and his example the most profitable one ever given us to follow. He never succeeded in accepting the doctrine that Jehovah and Jesus were one person, or that miracles attributed to the latter in the Bible were ever worked. He thought the best service and sufficient worship of God was in doing all the good we can to his creatures. He therefore never occupied himself much with ecclesiastical ceremonies, sectarian differences, or theological subtleties. A reverend candidate for episcopal orders wrote to Franklin, complaining that the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to ordain him unless he would take the oath of allegiance, which he was too patriotic a Yankee to do. Franklin, in reply, asked what necessity there was for his being connected with the Church of England; if it would not be as well were it the Church of Ireland. Perhaps were he to apply to the Bishop of Derry, who was a man of liberal sentiments, he might give him orders, as of that Church. Should both England and Ireland refuse, Franklin assumed that the Bishops of Sweden and Norway would refuse also, unless the candidates embraced Lutheranism. He then added:—

«Next to becoming Presbyterians, the Episcopalian clergy of America, in my humble opinion, cannot do better than to follow the example of the first clergy of Scotland, soon after the conversion of that country to Christianity.

When the King had built the cathedral of St. Andrew's, and requested the King of Northumberland to lend his bishops to ordain one for them, that their clergy might not as heretofore be obliged to go to Northumberland for orders, and their request was refused, they assembled in the cathedral, and the mitre, crosier, and robes of a bishop being laid upon the altar, they after earnest prayers for direction in their choice elected one of their own number; when the King said to him, "*Arise, go to the altar, and receive your office at the hand of God.*" His brethren led him to the altar, robed him, put the crosier in his hand and the mitre on his head, and he became the first Bishop of Scotland.

"If the British islands were sunk in the sea (and the surface of this globe has suffered great changes), you would probably take some such method as this; and if they persist in denying your ordination, it is the same thing. A hundred years hence, when people are more enlightened, it will be wondered at that men in America, qualified by their learning and piety to pray for and instruct their neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they had made a voyage of six thousand miles out and home, to ask leave of a cross old gentleman at Canterbury."

Franklin, however, was in no sense an agnostic. What he could not understand he did not profess to understand or believe; neither was he guilty of the presumption of holding that what he could not understand, he might not have understood if he had been a wiser and better man. Though impatient of cant and hypocrisy, especially in the pulpit, he never spoke lightly of the Bible, or of the Church and its offices. When his daughter Sally was about to marry, he wrote to her:—

"My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice. I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me. But why should I mention *me*, when you have so much higher a promise in the Commandments, that such conduct will recommend you to the favor of God? You know I have many enemies, all indeed on the public account (for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offense to any one whatever): yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones; and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behavior, that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

"Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more towards amending the heart than sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days: yet I do not mean you should

despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do.»

I cannot more fitly close this imperfect sketch of America's most illustrious citizen, than by quoting from a touching and most affectionate letter from Mrs. Hewson (Margaret Stevenson),—one of Franklin's worthiest, most faithful, and most valued friends,—addressed to one of Franklin's oldest friends in England.

«We have lost that valued, venerable, kind friend whose knowledge enlightened our minds and whose philanthropy warmed our hearts. But we have the consolation to think that if a life well spent in acts of universal benevolence to mankind, a grateful acknowledgment of Divine favor, a patient submission under severe chastisement, and an humble trust in Almighty mercy, can insure the happiness of a future state, our present loss is his gain. I was the faithful witness of the closing scene, which he sustained with that calm fortitude which characterized him through life. No repining, no peevish expression ever escaped him during a confinement of two years, in which, I believe, if every moment of ease could be added together, would not amount to two whole months. When the pain was not too violent to be amused, he employed himself with his books, his pen, or in conversation with his friends; and upon every occasion displayed the clearness of his intellect and the cheerfulness of his temper. Even when the intervals from pain were so short that his words were frequently interrupted, I have known him to hold a discourse in a sublime strain of piety. I say this to you because I know it will give you pleasure.

«I never shall forget one day that I passed with our friend last summer. I found him in bed in great agony; but when that agony abated a little I asked if I should read to him. He said yes; and the first book I met with was Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.' I read the 'Life of Watts,' who was a favorite author with Dr. Franklin; and instead of lulling him to sleep, it roused him to a display of the powers of his memory and his reason. He repeated several of Watts's 'Lyric Poems,' and descanted upon their sublimity in a strain worthy of them and of their pious author. It is natural for us to wish that an attention to some ceremonies had accompanied that religion of the heart which I am convinced Dr. Franklin always possessed; but let us who feel the benefit of them continue to practice them, without thinking lightly of that piety which could support pain without a murmur, and meet death without terror.»

Franklin made a somewhat more definite statement of his views on the subject of religion, in reply to an inquiry from President Styles of Yale College, who expressed a desire to know his opinion of Jesus of Nazareth. Franklin's reply was written the last year of his life, and in the eighty-fourth of his age:—

«You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them.

«As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure.

«I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. My sentiments on this head you will see in the copy of an old letter inclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from an old religionist whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who, being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious though rather impertinent caution.»

John Bigelow

OF FRANKLIN'S FAMILY AND EARLY LIFE

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

JOSIAH, my father, married young, and carried his wife with three children into New England about 1682. The conventicles having been forbidden by law and frequently disturbed, induced some considerable men of his acquaintance to remove to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of religion with freedom. By the same wife he had four children more

born there, and by a second wife ten more, in all seventeen; of which I remember thirteen sitting at one time at his table, who all grew up to be men and women, and married. I was the youngest son and the youngest child but two, and was born in Boston, New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather in his church history of that country, entitled 'Magnalia Christi Americana,' as "*a goodly, learned Englishman*," if I remember the words rightly. I have heard that he wrote sundry small occasional pieces, but only one of them was printed, which I saw now many years since. . . .

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin too approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons,—I suppose as a stock to set up with,—if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and farther was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father in the mean time,—from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain,—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing,—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler,—a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request.

Accordingly I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping-mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it: however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt-marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there, fit for us to stand upon; and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers, and though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen

handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learnt so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments, while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's 'Historical Collections'; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's Lives there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called 'An Essay on Projects,' and another of Dr. Mather's, called 'Essays To Do Good,' which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small

one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

FRANKLIN'S JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA: HIS ARRIVAL THERE

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

I PROCEEDED on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure too that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment; and finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continued as long as he lived. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England or country in Europe of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published, but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reached Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot-traveling, I accepted the invitation. She, understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at

that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, —the night being cold, in October,— and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlike beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it; a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor

the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was therefore the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

I now began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where presswork is mixed with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water American*, as they called

me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts after some weeks desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen: a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below: the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room,—and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted,—that notwithstanding the master's protection I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their chappel laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer and bread and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbed with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer; viz., three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as cheaper

breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their account. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *rigite*,—that is, a jocular verbal satirist,—supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

RULES OF HEALTH

From Poor Richard's Almanack: 1742

EAT and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of thy body allows of, in reference to the services of the mind.

They that study much ought not to eat as much as those that work hard, their digestion being not so good.

The exact quantity and quality being found out, is to be kept to constantly.

Excess in all other things whatever, as well as in meat and drink, is also to be avoided.

Youth, age, and sick require a different quantity.

And so do those of contrary complexions; for that which is too much for a phlegmatic man, is not sufficient for a choleric.

The measure of food ought to be (as much as possibly may be) exactly proportionable to the quality and condition of the stomach, because the stomach digests it.

That quantity that is sufficient, the stomach can perfectly concoct and digest, and it sufficeth the due nourishment of the body.

A greater quantity of some things may be eaten than of others, some being of lighter digestion than others.

The difficulty lies in finding out an exact measure; but eat for necessity, not pleasure: for lust knows not where necessity ends.

Wouldst thou enjoy a long life, a healthy body, and a vigorous mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God, labor in the first place to bring thy appetite to reason.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

From Poor Richard's Almanack

COURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us: 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says. . . .

"Beware of little expenses: 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods;* but if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no

need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that 'A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day, and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some: for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says:—

'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is however a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base downright lying; for 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says: and again to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon Debt's back;' whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.'

"What would you think of that prince or of that government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please; and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but as Poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or if you bear your debt in

mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but—

'For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it; but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this: 'They that will not be counseled, cannot be helped;' and further, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted

with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he had ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

SPEECH IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION, IN FAVOR OF OPENING ITS SESSIONS WITH PRAYER

Mr. President:

THE small progress we have made, after four or five weeks' close attendance and continual reasons with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many *Noes* as *Ayes*, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to *feel* our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern States all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances.

In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or

do we imagine we no longer need its assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *that* God *governs in the affairs of men.* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.

I therefore beg leave to move,—

That henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

ON WAR

I AGREE with you perfectly in your disapprobation of war. Abstracted from the inhumanity of it, I think it wrong in point of human prudence; for whatever advantage one nation would obtain from another, whether it be part of their territory, the liberty of commerce with them, free passage on their rivers, etc., it would be much cheaper to purchase such advantage with ready money than to pay the expense of acquiring it by war. An army is a devouring monster; and when you have raised it, you have, in order to subsist it, not only the fair charges of pay, clothing, provisions, arms, and ammunition, with numberless other contingent and just charges to answer and satisfy, but you have all the additional knavish charges of the numerous tribe of contractors to defray, with those of every other dealer who furnishes the articles wanted for your army, and takes advantage of that want to demand exorbitant prices. It seems to me that if statesmen had a little more arithmetic, or were more accustomed to calculation, wars would be much less frequent. I am confident

that Canada might have been purchased from France for a tenth part of the money England spent in the conquest of it. And if instead of fighting with us for the power of taxing us, she had kept us in good humor by allowing us to dispose of our own money, and now and then giving us a little of hers, by way of donation to colleges, or hospitals, or for cutting canals, or fortifying ports, she might have easily drawn from us much more by our occasional voluntary grants and contributions than ever she could by taxes. Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump, that they may afterwards get from it all they have occasion for. Her ministry were deficient in that little point of common-sense; and so they spent one hundred millions of her money and after all lost what they contended for.

REVENGE

Letter to Madame Helvétius

Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening,—that you would remain single the rest of your life, as a compliment due to the memory of your husband,—I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed, I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian Fields.

I was asked whether I wished to see any persons in particular; to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers.—"There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbors, and very friendly towards one another."—"Who are they?"—Socrates and Helvétius."—"I esteem them both highly; but let me see Helvétius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him: he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government in France. "You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Madame Helvétius; yet she loves you exceedingly: I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like

her that I could find; she is not indeed altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense; and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me; stay here awhile and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are to her; she has had several good offers, but refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely; but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable. But do not the Abbé de la Roche and the Abbé Morellet visit her?"—"Certainly they do; not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance."—"If you had gained the Abbé Morellet with a bribe of good coffee and cream, perhaps you would have succeeded: for he is as deep a reasoner as Duns Scotus or St. Thomas: he arranges and methodizes his arguments in such a manner that they are almost irresistible. Or if by a fine edition of some old classic you had gained the Abbé de la Roche to speak *against* you, that would have been still better; as I always observed that when he recommended anything to her, she had a great inclination to do directly the contrary." As he finished these words the new Madame Helvétius entered with the nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly:—"I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months,—nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades, and return to this good world again, to behold the sun and you! Here I am: let us *avenge ourselves!*

THE EPHEMERA; AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE

Letter to Madame Brillon of Passy, written in 1778

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera,

whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they in their natural vivacity spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found however by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor in amassing

honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy? What the political struggles I have been engaged in for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general? for in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable Brillante.

A PROPHECY

Letter to Lord Kames, January 3d, 1760

No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do, on the reduction of Canada; and this is not merely as I am a colonist, but as I am a Briton. I have long been of opinion that *the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British empire lie in America;* and though like other foundations they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected. I am therefore by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people. Britain itself will become vastly more populous, by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic sea will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the whole globe, and awe the world! If the French remain in Canada they will continually harass our colonies by the Indians, and impede if not prevent their growth; your progress to greatness will at

best be slow, and give room for many accidents that may forever prevent it. But I refrain, for I see you begin to think my notions extravagant, and look upon them as the ravings of a mad prophet.

EARLY MARRIAGES

LETTER TO JOHN ALLEYNE, DATED CRAVEN STREET, AUGUST 9TH, 1768

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented.

Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favor, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience: that there is not the same chance that the parents will live to see their offspring educated. "*Late children,*" says the Spanish proverb, "*are early orphans.*" A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon: and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with

more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe.

In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set. What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It cannot well cut anything; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect: it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy: at least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend.

THE ART OF VIRTUE

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

We have an English proverb that says, "*He that would thrive must ask his wife.*" It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it

out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and though some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as *the eternal decrees of God*, *election*, *reprobation*, etc., appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect (Sunday being my studying day), I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and governed it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mixed with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations; and I was now and then prevailed

tn to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced; their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue or any praise, think on these things." And I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the Apostle, viz.:—1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the Sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers.—These might be all good things; but as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion.' I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it, without attempting further to excuse it; my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. . . .

I made a little book in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter

of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefixed to my tables of examination, for daily use:—

"O powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favors to me."

I used also sometimes a little prayer which I took from Thomson's Poems, viz.:—

"Father of light and life, thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and fill my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish.

My scheme of *Order* gave me the most trouble; and I found that though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time,—that of a journeyman printer, for instance,—it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order*, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it; and having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN

(*Philadelphia*)

respect; like the man who in buying an axe of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his axe as it was without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled axe best.*" And I believe this may have been the case with many who, having for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle and concluded that "*a speckled axe was best*": for something that pretended to be reason was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which if it were known would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life down to his 79th year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances

and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope therefore that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remarked that though my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tenets of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it, I would not have anything in it that should prejudice any one of any sect against it.

In this piece it was my design to explain and enforce this doctrine: that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered; that it was therefore every one's interest to be virtuous, who wished to be happy even in this world; and I should from this circumstance (there being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, States, and princes who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare) have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity.

My list of virtues contained at first but twelve: but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances; — I determined endeavoring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of

it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbid myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, etc., and I adopted, instead of them, *I conceive*, *I apprehend*, or *I imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it *so appears to me at present*. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there *appeared* or *seemed* to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language: and yet I generally carried my points.

In reality, there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it perhaps often in this history; for even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE

(1839–)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE, the best known of the French-Canadian poets, was born near the forties, at Lévis, a suburb of Quebec. He is patriotic; his genius is plainly that of New France, while the form of it is of that older France which produced the too exquisite sonnets of Voiture; and what counts greatly with the Canadians, he has received the approbation of the Academy; he is a personage in Paris, where he spends a great deal of time. From 'Nos Gens de Lettres' (Our Literary Workers: Montreal, 1873), we learn that the father of M. Fréchette was a man of business, and that he did not encourage his son's poetic tendencies to the detriment of the practical side of his character.

Lévis has traditions which are part of that stirring French-Canadian history now being made known to us by Mrs. Catherwood and Gilbert Parker. And the great St. Lawrence spoke to him in

> «All those nameless voices, which are
> Beating at the heart.»

At the age of eight he began to write verses. He was told by his careful father that poets never become rich; but he still continued to make verses. He grew to be a philosopher as well as a poet, and a little later became firmly of Horace's opinion, that a poet to be happy does not need riches gained by work. His father, who no doubt felt that a philosopher of this cult was not fit for the world, sent him to the Seminary at Quebec. At the Seminary he continued to write verses. The teachers there found merit in the verses. The «nameless voices» still beat at his heart, though the desks of the preparatory college had replaced the elms of the St. Lawrence. But poets are so rare that even when one is caught young, his captors doubt his species. The captors in this case determined to see whether Pegasus could trot as well as gallop. «Transport yourself, little Fréchette,» they said, «to the Council of Clermont and be a troubadour.» What is time to the poet? He became a troubadour: but this was not enough; his preceptors were still in doubt; they locked him in a room and gave him as a subject the arrival of Mgr. de Laval in Canada. An hour passed; the first sufferings of the young poet having abated, he produced his verses. It was evident

that Pegasus could acquire any pace. His talent was questioned no more.

As he became older, Fréchette had dreams of becoming a man of action, and began to learn telegraphy at Ogdensburg; but he found the art too long and life too brief. He went back to the seminary and contributed 'Mes Loisirs' (My Spare Hours) to the college paper. From the seminary—the *Petit Seminaire*, of course,—he went to the College of Ste. Anne, to Nicolet, and finally to Laval University, "singing, and picking up such crumbs of knowledge as suited his taste."

In 1864 M. Fréchette was admitted to practice at the bar of Quebec. He was a poet first and always; but just at this time he was second a journalist, third a politician, and perhaps fourth a barrister. He began to publish a paper, Le Journal de Lévis. It failed: disgusted, he bade farewell to Canada, and began in Chicago the publication of L'Observateur: it died in a day. He poured forth his complaints in 'Voix d'un Exilé' (The Voice of an Exile). "Never," cries M. Darveau in 'Nos Gens de Lettres' (Our Literary Workers), "did Juvenal scar the faces of the corrupt Romans as did Fréchette lash the shoulders of our wretched politicians." His L'Amérique, a journal started in Chicago, had some success, but it temporarily ruined Fréchette, as the Swiss whom he had placed in charge of it suddenly changed its policy, and made it sympathize with Germany in the Franco-Prussian war.

Fréchette's early prose is fiery and eloquent; his admirers compared it to that of Louis Veuillot and Junius, for the reason, probably, that he used it to denounce those whom he hated politically. Fréchette's verse has the lyrical ring. And although M. Camille Doucet insisted that the French Academy in crowning his poems honored a Frenchman, it must be remembered that Fréchette is both an American and a British subject; and these things, not likely to disarm Academical conservatism, made the action the more significant of the poet's value.

There is strong and noble passion in 'La Voix d'un Exilé' and in the 'Ode to the Mississippi.' His arraignment of the Canadian politicians may be forgotten without loss,—no doubt he has by this time forgiven them,—but the real feeling of the poet, who finds in the Mississippi the brother of his beloved St. Lawrence, is permanent:—

"Adieu, vallons ombreux, mes campagnes fleuries,
Mes montagnes d'azur et mes blondes prairies,
Mon fleuve harmonieux, mon beau ciel embaumé—
Dans les grandes cités, dans les bois, sur les grêves,
Ton image flottera dans mes rêves,
O mon Canada. bien aimé.

Je n'écouterai plus, dans nos forêts profondes,
Dans nos près verdoyants, et sur nos grandes ondes,
Toutes ces voix sans nom qui font battre le cœur.»

[Farewell, shaded valleys, my flowery meadows, my azure mountains and my pale prairies, my musical stream, my fair sky! In the great towns, in the wood, along the water-sides, thy scenes will float on in my dreams, O Canada, my beloved!

I shall hear no more, in our deep forests, in our verdant meads and upon our broad waters, all those nameless voices which make one's heart throb.]

In 1865 the first book of poems which appealed to the world from French Canada appeared. It was Fréchette's 'Mes Loisirs' (My Spare Hours). Later came 'Pêle-Mêle' (Pell-Mell), full of fine cameo-like poems,—but like cameos that are flushed by an inner and vital fire. Longfellow praised 'Pêle-Mêle': it shows the influence of Hugo and Lamartine; it has the beauty of De Musset, with more freshness and «bloom» than that poet of a glorious past possessed; but there are more traces of Lamartine in 'Pêle-Mêle' than of Hugo.

«Fréchette's imagination,» says an admiring countryman of his, «is a chisel that attacks the soulless block; and with it he easily forms a column or a flower.» His poems have grown stronger as he has become more mature. There is a great gain in dramatic force, so that it has surprised none of his readers that he should have attempted tragedy with success. He lost some of that quality of daintiness which distinguished 'Le Matin' (Morning), 'La Nuit' (Night), and 'Fleurs Fanées' (Faded Flowers). The 'Pensées d'Hiver' (Winter Reflections) had this quality, but 'La Dernière Iroquoise' (The Last Iroquois) rose above it, and like much of 'Les Fleurs Boréales' (Boreal Flowers) and his latest work, it is powerful in spirit, yet retains the greatest chastity of form.

M. Fréchette translated several of Shakespeare's plays for the Théâtre Français. After 'Les Fleurs Boréales' was crowned by the Academy, there appeared 'Les Oiseaux de Neige' (The Snow-Birds), 'Feuilles Volantes' (Leaves in the Wind), and 'La Forêt Vierge' (The Virgin Forest). The volume which shows the genius of Fréchette at its highest is undoubtedly 'La Légende d'un Peuple' (The Legend of a Race), which has an admirable preface by Jules Claretie.

Francis Egan

OUR HISTORY

Fragments from 'La Légende d'un Peuple': translated by Maurice Francis Egan

O HISTORY of my country,—set with pearls unknown,—
With love I kiss thy pages venerated.

O register immortal, poem of dazzling light
Written by France in purest of her blood!
Drama ever acting, records full of pictures
Of high facts heroic, stories of romance,
Annals of the giants, archives where we follow,
As each leaf we turn, a life resplendent,
And find a name respected or a name beloved,
Of men and women of the antique time!

Where the hero of the past and the hero of the future
Give the hand of friendship and the kiss of love;
Where the crucifix and sword, the plowshare and the volume,—
Everything that builds and everything that saves,—
Shine, united, living glories of past time
And of time that is to be.

The glories of past time, serene and pure before you,
O virtues of our day!
Hail first to thee, O Cartier, brave and hardy sailor,
Whose footstep sounded on the unexplored shores
Of our immense St. Lawrence. Hail, Champlain,
Maisonneuve, illustrious founders of two cities,
Who show above our waves their rival beauties.
There was at first only a group of Bretons
Brandishing the sword-blade and the woodman's axe,
Sea-wolves bronzed by sea-winds at the port of St. Malo;
Cradled since their childhood beneath the sky and water,
Men of iron and high of heart and stature,
They, under eye of God, set sail for what might come.
Seeking, in the secrets of the foggy ocean,
Not the famous El Dorados, but a soil where they might plant,
As symbols of their saving, beside the cross of Christ,
The flag of France.

After them came blond-haired Normans
And black-eyed Pontevins, robust colonists,
To make the path a road, and for this holy work
To offer their strong arms: the motive was the same;
The dangers that they fronted brought out prodigies of
oourage.

They seemed to know no dangers; or rather,
They seemed to seek the ruin that they did not meet.
Frightful perils vainly rose before them,
And each element against them vainly had conspired:
These children of the furrow founded an empire!

Then, conquering the waves of great and stormy lakes,
Crossing savannahs with marshes of mud,
Piercing the depths of the forests primeval,
Here see our founders and preachers of Faith!
Apostles of France, princes of our God,
Having said farewell to the noise of the world,
They came to the bounds of the New World immense
To sow the seed of the future,
And to bear, as the heralds of eternal law,
To the end of the world the torch of progress.

Leaning on his bow, ferociously calm,
The child of the forest, bitter at heart,
A hunted look mingling with his piercing glance,
Sees the strangers pass,—encamped on the plain or ambushed in the woods,—
And thinks of the giant spirits he has seen in his dreams.
For the first time he trembles and fears—
Then casting off his deceitful calm,
He will rush forth, uttering his war-cry,
To defend, foot by foot, his soil so lately virgin,
And ferocious, tomahawk in hand, bar this road to civilization!

. . . . . .

A cowardly king, tool of a more cowardly court,
Satyr of the *Parc aux cerfs*, slave at the Trianon,
Plunged in the horrors of nameless debauches,
At the caprice of Pompadour dancing like an atom,—
The blood of his soldiers and the honor of his kingdom,
Of our dying heroes hearing he no voice.
Montcalm, alas! conquered for the first time,
Falling on the field of battle, wrapped in his banner.
Lévis, last fighter of the last fight,
Tears—avenging France and her pride!—
A supreme triumph from fate.

. . . . . .

That was all. In front of our tottering towers
The stranger planted his insolent colors,
And an old flag, wet with bitter tears,
Closed its white wings and went across the sea!

CAUGHNAWAGA

Paraphrased by Maurice Francis Egan

A WORLD in agony breathes its last sigh!
Gaze on the remnants of an ancient race,—
Great kings of desert terrible to face,
Crushed by the new weights that upon them lie;
Stand near the Falls, and at this storied place
You see a humble hamlet;—by-and-by
You'll talk of ambuscades and treacherous chase.

Can history or sight a traitor be?
Where are the red men of the rolling plains?
Ferocious Iroquois,—ah, where is he?—
Without concealment (this for all our pains!)
The Chief sells groceries for paltry gains,
With English tang in speech of Normandy!

LOUISIANA

Paraphrased from 'Les Feuilles Volantes,' by Maurice Francis Egan

LAND of the Sun! where Fancy free
Weaveth her woof beneath a sky of gold,
Another Andalusia, thee I see;
Thy charming memories my heart-strings hold,
As if the song of birds had o'er them rolled.

In thy fresh groves, where scented orange glows,
Circle vague loves about my longing heart;
Thy dark banana-trees, when soft wind flows,
In concert weird take up their sombre part,
As evening shadows, listening, float and dart.

'Neath thy green domes, where the lianas cling,
Show tropic flowers with wide-opened eyes,
With arteries afire till morn-birds sing;
More than old Werthier, in new love's surprise,
Stand on the threshold of thy Paradise.

Son of the North, I, of the realm of snows,—
Vision afar, but always still a power,—
In these soft nights and in the days of rose,
Dreaming I feel, e'en in the saddest hour,
Within my heart unclose a golden flower.

THE DREAM OF LIFE

To My Son

Paraphrased from 'Les Feuilles Volantes,' by Maurice Francis Egan

At twenty years, a poet lone,
I, when the rosy season came,
Walked in the woodland, to make moan
For some fair dame;

And when the breezes brought to me
The lilac spent in fragrant stream,
I wove her infidelity
In love's young dream.

A lover of illusions, I!
Soon other dreams quite filled my heart,
And other loves as suddenly
Took old love's part.

One Glory, a deceitful fay,
Who flies before a man can stir,
Surprised my poor heart many a day,—
I dreamed of her!

But now that I have grown so old,
At lying things I grasp no more.
My poor deceived heart takes hold
Of other lore.

Another life before us glows,
Casts on all faithful souls its gleam:
Late, late, my heart its glory knows,—
Of it I dream!

HAROLD FREDERIC

(1856–1898)

MR. FREDERIC was born in Utica, New York, August 19th, 1856. He spent his boyhood in that neighborhood, and was educated in its schools. The rural Central New York of a half-century ago was a region of rich farms, of conservative ideas, and of strong indigenous types of character. These undoubtedly offered unconscious studies to the future novelist.

Like many of his guild he began writing on a newspaper, rising by degrees from the position of reporter to that of editor. The drill and discipline taught him to make the most of time and opportunity, and he contrived leisure enough to write two or three long stories. Working at journalism in Utica, Albany, and New York, in 1884 he became chief foreign correspondent of the New York Times, making his headquarters in London, where he lived until his death.

HAROLD FREDERIC

Mr. Frederic's reputation rests on journalistic correspondence of the higher class, and on his novels, of which he published several. His stories are distinctively American. He has caught up contrasting elements of local life in the eastern part of the United States, and grouped them with ingenuity and power. His first important story was 'Seth's Brother's Wife,' originally appearing as a serial in Scribner's Magazine. Following this came 'The Lawton Girl,' a study of rustic life; 'In the Valley,' a semi-historical novel, turning on aspects of colonial times along the Mohawk River; 'The Copperhead,' a tale of the Civil War; 'Mukena and Other Stories,' graphic character sketches, displaying humor and insight; 'The Damnation of Theron Ware,' the most serious and carefully studied of his books; and 'March Hares,' a sketch of contemporary society.

A student of the life about him, possessing a dramatic sense and a saving grace of humor, Mr. Frederic in his fiction was often photographic and minute in detail, while he did not forget the importance of the mass which the detail is to explain or embellish. He liked to deal with types of that mixed population peculiar to the

farming valleys of Central New York,—German, Irish, and American, —bringing out by contrast their marked social and individual traits. Not a disciple of realism, his books are emphatically "human documents."

There is always moreover a definite plot, often a dramatic development. But it was the attrition of character against character that really interested him. 'Seth's Brother's Wife' and 'The Lawton Girl' leave a definite ethical intention. In the 'Damnation of Theron Ware' is depicted the tragedy of a weak and crude character suddenly put in touch with a higher intellectual and emotional life, which it is too meagre and too untrained to adopt, and through which it suffers shipwreck. In 'In the Valley' the gayety and seriousness of homely life stand out against a savage and martial background.

Mr. Frederic died at Henley, Oxfordshire, England, October 19, 1898. In the opinion of most critics his strongest work is "Damnation of Theron Ware," which attracted much attention when published in 1896. His latest works include "Gloria Mundi," 1898; "The Deserter and Other Stories," 1898; "The Market Place," 1899.

THE LAST RITE

From 'The Damnation of Theron Ware.' Copyright 1896, by Stone & Kimball

WALKING homeward briskly now, with his eyes on the sidewalk, and his mind all aglow with crowding suggestions for the new work and impatience to be at it, Theron Ware came abruptly upon a group of men and boys who occupied the whole path, and were moving forward so noiselessly that he had not heard them coming. He almost ran into the leader of this little procession, and began a stammering apology, the final words of which were left unspoken, so solemnly heedless of him and his talk were all the faces he saw.

In the centre of the group were four workingmen, bearing between them an extemporized litter of two poles and a blanket hastily secured across them with spikes. Most of what this litter held was covered by another blanket, rounded in coarse folds over a shapeless bulk. From beneath its farther end protruded a big broom-like black beard, thrown upward at such an angle as to hide everything beyond those in front. The tall young minister, stepping aside and standing tiptoe, could see sloping

downward, behind this hedge of beard, a pinched and chalk-like face, with wide-open, staring eyes. Its lips, of a dull lilac hue, were moving ceaselessly, and made a dry, clicking sound.

Theron instinctively joined himself to those who followed the litter,—a motley dozen of street idlers, chiefly boys. One of these in whispers explained to him that the man was one of Jerry Madden's workmen in the wagon-shops, who had been deployed to trim an elm-tree in front of his employer's house, and being unused to such work, had fallen from the top and broken all his bones. They would have cared for him at Madden's house, but he insisted upon being taken home. His name was MacEvoy, and he was Joey MacEvoy's father, and likewise Jim's and Hughey's and Martin's. After a pause, the lad, a bright-eyed, freckled, barefooted wee Irishman, volunteered the further information that his big brother had run to bring "Father Forbess," on the chance that he might be in time to administer "extry munction."

The way of the silent little procession led through back streets,—where women hanging up clothes in the yards hurried to the gates, their aprons full of clothes-pins, to stare open-mouthed at the passers-by,—and came to a halt at last in an irregular and muddy lane, before one of a half-dozen shanties reared among the ash-heaps and débris of the town's most bedraggled outskirts.

A stout, middle-aged, red-armed woman, already warned by some messenger of calamity, stood waiting on the roadside bank. There were whimpering children clinging to her skirts, and a surrounding cluster of women of the neighborhood; some of the more elderly of whom, shriveled little crones in tidy caps, and with their aprons to their eyes, were beginning in a low-murmured minor the wail which presently should rise into the *keen* of death. Mrs. MacEvoy herself made no moan, and her broad ruddy face was stern in expression rather than sorrowful. When the litter stopped beside her, she laid a hand for an instant on her husband's wet brow, and looked—one could have sworn impassively—into his staring eyes. Then, still without a word, she waved the bearers toward the door, and led the way herself.

Theron, somewhat wonderingly, found himself a minute later inside a dark and ill-smelling room, the air of which was humid with the steam from a boiler of clothes on the stove, and not in other ways improved by the presence of a jostling score of women, all straining their gaze upon the open door of the only

other apartment, the bedchamber. Through this they could see the workmen laying MacEvoy on the bed, and standing awkwardly about thereafter, getting in the way of the wife and old Maggie Quirk as they strove to remove the garments from his crushed limbs. As the neighbors watched what could be seen of these proceedings, they whispered among themselves eulogies of the injured man's industry and good temper, his habit of bringing his money home to his wife, and the way he kept his Father Mathew pledge and attended to his religious duties. They admitted freely that by the light of his example, their own husbands and sons left much to be desired; and from this wandered easily off into domestic digressions of their own. But all the while their eyes were bent upon the bedroom door; and Theron made out, after he had grown accustomed to the gloom and the smell, that many of them were telling their beads even while they kept the muttered conversation alive. None of them paid any attention to him, or seemed to regard his presence there as unusual.

Presently he saw enter through the sunlit street doorway a person of a different class. The bright light shone for a passing instant upon a fashionable, flowered hat, and upon some remarkably brilliant shade of red hair beneath it. In another moment there had edged along through the throng, to almost within touch of him, a tall young woman, the owner of this hat and wonderful hair. She was clad in light and pleasing spring attire, and carried a parasol with a long oxidized silver handle of a quaint pattern. She looked at him, and he saw that her face was of a lengthened oval, with a luminous rose-tinted skin, full red lips, and big brown, frank eyes with heavy auburn lashes. She made a grave little inclination of her head toward him, and he bowed in response. Since her arrival, he noted, the chattering of the others had entirely ceased.

"I followed the others in, in the hope that I might be of some assistance," he ventured to explain to her in a low murmur, feeling that at last here was some one to whom an explanation of his presence in this Romish house was due. "I hope they won't feel that I have intruded."

She nodded her head as if she quite understood.

"They'll take the will for the deed," she whispered back. "Father Forbes will be here in a minute. Do you know, is it too late?"

Even as she spoke, the outer doorway was darkened by the commanding bulk of a new-comer's figure. The flash of a silk hat, and the deferential way in which the assembled neighbors fell back to clear a passage, made his identity clear. Theron felt his blood tingle in an unaccustomed way as this priest of a strange Church advanced across the room,—a broad-shouldered, portly man of more than middle height, with a shapely, strong-lined face of almost waxen pallor, and a firm, commanding tread. He carried in his hands, besides his hat, a small leather-bound case. To this and to him the women curtsied and bowed their heads as he passed.

"Come with me," whispered the tall girl with the parasol, to Theron; and he found himself pushing along in her wake until they intercepted the priest just outside the bedroom door. She touched Father Forbes on the arm.

"Just to tell you that I am here," she said. The priest nodded with a grave face, and passed into the other room. In a minute or two the workmen, Mrs. MacEvoy, and her helper came out, and the door was shut behind them.

"He is making his confession," explained the young lady. "Stay here for a minute."

She moved over to where the woman of the house stood, glum-faced and tearless, and whispered something to her. A confused movement among the crowd followed, and out of it presently resulted a small table, covered with a white cloth, and bearing on it two unlighted candles, a basin of water, and a spoon, which was brought forward and placed in readiness before the closed door. Some of those nearest this cleared space were kneeling now, and murmuring a low buzz of prayer to the click of beads on their rosaries.

The door opened, and Theron saw the priest standing in the doorway with an uplifted hand. He wore now a surplice, with a purple band over his shoulders, and on his pale face there shone a tranquil and tender light.

One of the workmen fetched from the stove a brand, lighted the two candles, and bore the table with its contents into the bedroom. The young woman plucked Theron's sleeve, and he dumbly followed her into the chamber of death, making one of the group of a dozen, headed by Mrs. MacEvoy and her children, which filled the little room, and overflowed now outward to the street door. He found himself bowing with the others to receive

the sprinkled holy water from the priest's white fingers; kneeling with the others for the prayers; following in impressed silence with the others the strange ceremonial by which the priest traced crosses of holy oil with his thumb upon the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands, and feet of the dying man, wiping off the oil with a piece of cotton-batting each time after he had repeated the invocation to forgiveness for that particular sense. But most of all he was moved by the rich, novel sound of the Latin as the priest rolled it forth in the 'Asperges me, Domine,' and 'Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus,' with its soft Continental vowels and liquid *r*'s. It seemed to him that he had never really heard Latin before. Then the astonishing young woman with the red hair declaimed the 'Confiteor' vigorously and with a resonant distinctness of enunciation. It was a different Latin, harsher and more sonorous; and while it still dominated the murmured undertone of the other's prayers the last moment came.

Theron had stood face to face with death at many other bedsides; no other final scene had stirred him like this. It must have been the girl's Latin chant, with its clanging reiteration of the great names,—'beatum Michaelem Archangelum,' 'beatum Joannem Baptistam,' 'sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum,'—invoked with such proud confidence in this squalid little shanty, which so strangely affected him.

He came out with the others at last,—the candles and the folded hands over the crucifix left behind,—and walked as one in a dream. Even by the time that he had gained the outer doorway, and stood blinking at the bright light and filling his lungs with honest air once more, it had begun to seem incredible to him that he had seen and done all this.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN

(1823–1892)

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, one of the most prolific of recent English historians, was born at Harborne in Staffordshire, England, on August 2d, 1823. His early education was received at home and in private schools, from which at the age of eighteen he went up to Oxford, where he was elected a scholar of Trinity College. Four years later (1845) he took his degree and was elected a Fellow of Trinity, an honor which he held till his marriage in 1847 forced him to relinquish it.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

Long before this event, Freeman was deep in historical study. His fortune was easy. The injunction that he should eat bread in the sweat of his face had not been laid on him. His time was his own, and was devoted with characteristic zeal and energy to labor in the field of history, which in the course of fifty years was made to yield him a goodly crop.

Year after year he poured forth a steady stream of Essays, Thoughts, Remarks, Suggestions, Lectures, Short Histories on matters of current interest, little monographs on great events or great men,—all covering a range of subjects which bear evidence to most astonishing versatility and learning. Sometimes his topic was a cathedral church, as that of Wells or Leominster Priory; or a cathedral city, as Ely or Norwich. At others it was a grave historical theme, as the 'Unity of History'; or 'Comparative Politics'; or the 'Growth of the English Constitution from the Earliest Times'; or 'Old English History for Children.' His 'General Sketch of European History' is still a standard text book in our high schools and colleges. His 'William the Conqueror' in Macmillan's 'Twelve English Statesmen'; his 'Short History of the Norman Conquest of England' in the Clarendon Press Series; his studies of Godwin, Harold, and the Normans, in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' are the best of their kind.

His contributions to the reviews and magazines make a small library, encyclopædic in character. Thirty-one essays were published in the Fortnightly Review; thirty in the Contemporary Review; twenty-seven in Macmillan's Magazine; twelve in the British Quarterly, and as many more in the National Review; while such as are scattered through the other periodicals of Great Britain and the United States swell the list to one hundred and fifty-seven titles. Every conceivable subject is treated,—politics, government, history, field sports, architecture, archæology, books, linguistics, finance, great men living and dead, questions of the day. But even this list does not comprise all of Freeman's writings, for regularly every week, for more than twenty years, he contributed two long articles to the Saturday Review.

Taken as a whole, this array of publications represents an industry which was simply enormous, and a learning as varied as it was immense. If classified according to their subjects, they fall naturally into six groups. The antiquarian and architectural sketches and addresses are the least valuable and instructive. They are of interest because they exhibit a strong bent of mind which appears constantly in Freeman's works, and because it was by the aid of such remains that he studied the early history of nations. Then come the studies in politics and government, such as the essays on presidential government; on American institutional history; on the House of Lords; the growth of commonwealths, and such elaborate treatises as the six lectures on 'Comparative Politics,' and the 'History of Federal Government,'—all notable because of the liberal spirit and breadth of view that mark them, and because of a positiveness of statement and confidence in the correctness of the author's judgments. Then come the historical essays; then the lectures and addresses; then his occasional pieces, written at the request of publishers or editors to fill some long-felt want; and finally the series of histories on which, in the long run, the reputation of Freeman must rest. These, in the order of merit and value, are the 'Norman Conquest'; the 'Reign of William Rufus,' which is really a supplement to the 'Conquest'; the 'History of Sicily,' which the author did not live to finish.

The roll of his works is enough to show that the kind of history which appealed to Freeman was that of the distant past, and that which dealt with politics rather than with social life. Of ancient history he had a good mastery; English history from its dawn to the thirteenth century he knew minutely; European history of the same period he knew profoundly. After the thirteenth century his interest grew less and less as modern times were approached, and his knowledge smaller and smaller till it became that of a man very well read in history and no more.

Freeman was therefore essentially a historian of the far past; and as such had, it is safe to say, no living superior in England. But in his treatment of the past he presents a small part of the picture. He is concerned with great conquerors, with military leaders, with battles and sieges and systems of government. The mass of the people have no interest for him at all. His books abound in battle-pieces of the age of the long-bow and the javelin, of the battle-axe, the mace, and the spear; of the age when brain went for little and when brawn counted for much; and when the fate of nations depended less on the skill of individual commanders than on the personal prowess of those who met in hand-to-hand encounters. He delights in descriptions of historic buildings; he is never weary of drawing long analogies between one kind of government and another; but for the customs, the manner, the usages, the daily life of the people, he has never a word. "History," said he on one occasion, "is past politics; politics is present history," and to this epigram he is strictly faithful. The England of the serf and the villein, the curfew and the monastery, is brushed aside to leave room for the story of the way in which William of Normandy conquered the Saxons, and of the way in which William Rufus conducted his quarrels with Bishop Anselm.

With all of this no fault is to be found. It was his cast of mind, his point of view; and the questions which alone concern us in any estimate of his work are: Did he do it well? What is its value? Did he make a real contribution to historical knowledge? What are its merits and defects? Judged by the standard he himself set up, Freeman's chief merits, the qualities which mark him out as a great historian, are an intense love of truth and a determination to discover it at any cost; a sincere desire to mete out an even-handed justice to each and every man; unflagging industry, common-sense, broad views, and the power to reproduce the past most graphically.

From these merits comes Freeman's chief defect,—prolixity. His earnest desire to be accurate made him not only say the same thing over and over again, but say it with an unnecessary and useless fullness of detail, and back up his statement with a profusion of notes, which in many cases amount to more than half the text. Indeed, were they printed in the same type as the text, the space they occupy would often exceed it. Thus in the first volume of the 'Norman Conquest' there are 528 pages of text, with foot-notes occupying from a third to a half of almost every page, and an appendix of notes of 244 pages; in the second volume, the text and foot-notes amount to 512, and the appendix 179; in the third, the text covers 562 and the appendix 206 pages. These notes are always interesting and always instructive. But the end of a volume is not the place for

an exhibition of the doubts and fears that have tormented the historian, for a statement of the reasons which have led him to one conclusion rather than another, nor for the denunciation or reputation of the opinions of his predecessors. When the building is finished, we do not want to see the lumber used as the scaffolding piled in the back yard. Mr. Freeman's histories would be all the better for a condensation of the text and an elimination of the long appendices.

With these exceptions, the workmanship is excellent. He entered so thoroughly into the past that it became to him more real and understandable than the present. He was not merely the contemporary but the companion of the men he had to deal with. He knew every spot of ground, every Roman ruin, every mediæval castle, that came in any way to be connected with his story, as well as he knew the topography of the country that stretched beneath his study window, or the arrangement of the house in which he lived.

In his histories, therefore, we are presented at every turn with life-like portraits of the illustrious dead, bearing all the marks of having been taken from life; with descriptions of castles and towers, minsters and abbeys, and of the scenes that have made them memorable; with comparisons of one ruler with another, always sane and just; and with graphic pictures of coronations, of battles, sieges, burnings, and all the havoc and pomp of war.

The essays and studies in politics show Mr. Freeman in a yet more interesting light; many are elaborate reviews of historical works, and therefore cover a wide range of topics, both ancient and of the present time. Now his subject is Mr. Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire'; now the Flavian Cæsars; now Mr. Gladstone's 'Homer and the Homeric Age'; now Kirk's 'Charles the Bold'; now presidential government; now Athenian democracy; now the Byzantine Empire; now the Eastern Church; now the growth of commonwealths; now the geographical aspects of the Eastern Question.

By so wide a range of topics, an opportunity is afforded for a variety of remarks, analogies, judgments of men and times, far greater than the histories could give. In the main, these judgments may be accepted; but so thoroughly was Freeman a historian of the past, that some of his estimates of contemporary men and things were singularly erroneous. While our Civil War was still raging he began a 'History of Federal Government,' which was to extend from the Achæan League "to the disruption of the United States." A prudent historian would not have taken up the rôle of prophet. He would have waited for the end of the struggle. But absolute self-confidence in his own good judgment was one of Freeman's most conspicuous traits. His estimate of Lincoln is another instance of inability to

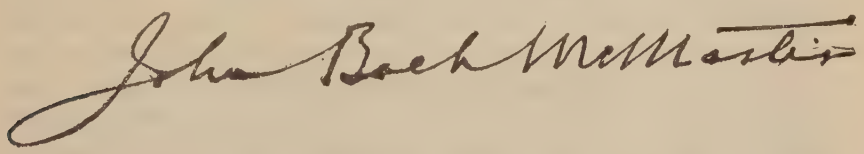
understand the times in which he lived. In the 'Essay on Presidential Government,' published in the National Review in 1864 and republished in the first series of 'Historical Essays' in 1871, the greatest President and the grandest public character the United States has yet produced is declared inferior to each and all the Presidents from Washington to John Quincy Adams. A comparison of Lincoln with Monroe or Madison or Jefferson by Freeman would have been entertaining.

Two views of history as set forth in the essays are especially deserving of notice. He is never weary of insisting on the unity and the continuity of history in general and that of England in particular, and he attaches unreasonable importance to the influence of the Teutonic element in English history. This latter was the inevitable result of his method of studying the past along the lines of philology and ethnology, and has carried him to extremes which taken by anybody else he would have been quick to see.

An examination of Freeman's minor contributions to the reviews — such essays, sketches, and discussions as he did not think important enough to republish in book form — is indicative of his interest in current affairs. They made little draft on his learning, yet the point of view is generally the result of his learning. He believed, for instance, that a sound judgment on the Franco-Prussian War could not be found save in the light of history. «The present war,» he wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette, «has largely risen out of a misconception of history, out of the dream of a frontier of the Rhine which never existed. The war on the part of Germany is in truth a vigorous setting forth of the historical truth that the Rhine is, and always has been, a German river.»

Freeman was still busy with his 'History of Sicily' from the earliest times, and had just finished the preface to the third volume, when he died at Alicante in Spain, March 16th, 1892. Since his death a fourth volume, prepared from his notes, has been published.

But one biography of Freeman has yet appeared, 'The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman,' by W. R. W. Stephens, 2 vols., 1895.



THE ALTERED ASPECTS OF ROME

From 'Historical Essays of Edward A. Freeman,' Third Series. London, Macmillan & Co., 1879

THE two great phenomena, then, of the general appearance of Rome, are the utter abandonment of so large a part of the ancient city and the general lack of buildings of the Middle Ages. Both of these facts are fully accounted for by the peculiar history of Rome. It may be that the sack and fire under Robert Wiscard — a sack and fire done in the cause of a pope in warfare against an emperor — was the immediate cause of the desolation of a large part of Rome; but if so, the destruction which was then wrought only gave a helping hand to causes which were at work both before and after. A city could not do otherwise than dwindle away, in which neither emperor nor pope nor commonwealth could keep up any lasting form of regular government; a city which had no resources of its own, and which lived, as a place of pilgrimage, on the shadow of its own greatness. Another idea which is sure to suggest itself at Rome is rather a delusion. The amazing extent of ancient ruins at Rome unavoidably fills us with the notion that an unusual amount of destruction has gone on there. When we cannot walk without seeing, besides the more perfect monuments, gigantic masses of ancient wall on every side,— when we stumble at every step on fragments of marble columns or on richly adorned tombs,— we are apt to think that they must have perished in some special havoc unknown in other places. The truth is really the other way. The abundance of ruins and fragments — again setting aside the more perfect monuments — proves that destruction has been much less thorough in Rome than in almost any other Roman city. Elsewhere the ancient buildings have been utterly swept away; at Rome they survive, though mainly in a state of ruin. But by surviving in a state of ruin they remind us of their former existence, which in other places we are inclined to forget. Certainly Rome is, even in proportion to its greatness above all other Roman cities, rich in ancient remains above all other Roman cities. Compare those cities of the West which at one time or another supplanted Rome as the dwelling-places of her own Cæsars,— Milan, Ravenna, York, Trier itself. York may be looked upon as lucky in having kept a tower and some pieces of wall

through the havoc of the English conquest. Trier is rich above all the rest, and she has, in her *Porta Nigra*, one monument of Roman power which Rome herself cannot outdo. But rich as Trier — the second Rome — is, she is certainly not richer in proportion than Rome herself. The Roman remains at Milan hardly extend beyond a single range of columns, and it may be thought that that alone is something, when we remember the overthrow of the city under Frederick Barbarossa. But compare Rome and Ravenna: no city is richer than Ravenna in monuments of its own special class,— Christian Roman, Gothic, Byzantine, but of works of the days of heathen Rome there is no trace — no walls, no gates, no triumphal arch, no temple, no amphitheatre. The city of Placidia and Theodoric is there; but of the city which Augustus made one of the two great maritime stations of Italy there is hardly a trace. Verona, as never being an imperial residence, was not on our list; but rich as Verona is, Rome is — even proportionally — far richer. Provence is probably richer in Roman remains than Italy herself; but even the Provençal cities are hardly so full of Roman remains as Rome herself. The truth is, that there is nothing so destructive to the antiquities of a city as its continued prosperity. A city which has always gone on flourishing according to the standard of each age, which has been always building and rebuilding and spreading itself beyond its ancient bounds, works a gradual destruction of its ancient remains beyond anything that the havoc of any barbarians on earth can work. In such a city a few special monuments may be kept in a perfect or nearly perfect state; but it is impossible that large tracts of ground can be left covered with ruins as they are at Rome. Now, it is the ruins, rather than the perfect buildings, which form the most characteristic feature of Roman scenery and topography, and they have been preserved by the decay of the city; while in other cities they have been swept away by their prosperity. As Rome became Christian, several ancient buildings, temples and others, were turned into churches, and a greater number were destroyed to employ their materials, especially their marble columns, in the building of churches. But though this cause led to the loss of a great many ancient buildings, it had very little to do with the creation of the vast mass of the Roman ruins. The desolation of the Flavian amphitheatre and of the baths of Antoninus Caracalla comes from another cause. As the buildings became disused,— and if we rejoice at the disuse of the

amphitheatre, we must both mourn and wonder at the disuse of the baths,—they were sometimes turned into fortresses, sometimes used as quarries for the building of fortresses. Every turbulent noble turned some fragment of the buildings of the ancient city into a stronghold from which he might make war upon his brother nobles, from which he might defy every power which had the slightest shadow of lawful authority, be it emperor, pope, or senator. Fresh havoc followed on every local struggle: destruction came whenever a lawful government was overthrown and whenever a lawful government was restored; for one form of revolution implied the building, the other implied the pulling down, of these nests of robbers. The damage which a lying prejudice attributes to Goths and Vandals was really done by the Romans themselves, and in the Middle Ages mainly by the Roman nobles. As for Goths and Vandals, Genseric undoubtedly did some mischief in the way of carrying off precious objects, but even he is not charged with the actual destruction of any buildings. And it would be hard to show that any Goth, from Alaric to Totilas, ever did any mischief whatever to any of the monuments of Rome, beyond what might happen through the unavoidable necessities and accidents of warfare. Theodoric of course stands out among all the ages as the great preserver and repairer of the monuments of Ancient Rome. The few marble columns which Charles the Great carried away from Rome, as well as from Ravenna, can have gone but a very little way towards accounting for so vast a havoc. It was almost wholly by Roman hands that buildings which might have defied time and the barbarian were brought to the ruined state in which we now find them.

But the barons of mediæval Rome, great and sad as was the destruction which was wrought by them, were neither the most destructive nor the basest of the enemies at whose hands the buildings of ancient Rome have had to suffer. The mediæval barons simply did according to their kind. Their one notion of life was fighting, and they valued buildings or anything else simply as they might be made use of for that one purpose of life. There is something more revolting in the systematic destruction, disfigurement, and robbery of the ancient monuments of Rome, heathen and Christian, at the hands of her modern rulers and their belongings. Bad as contending barons or invading Normans may have been, both were outdone by the fouler brood of papal nephews. Who that looks on the ruined Coliseum,

who that looks on the palace raised out of its ruins, can fail to think of the famous line—

"Quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini"?

And well-nigh every other obscure or infamous name in the roll-call of the mushroom nobility of modern Rome has tried its hand at the same evil work. Nothing can be so ancient, nothing so beautiful, nothing so sacred, as to be safe against their destroying hands. The boasted age of the *Renaissance*, the time when men turned away from all reverence for their own forefathers and professed to recall the forms and the feelings of ages which are forever gone, was the time of all times when the monuments of those very ages were most brutally destroyed. Barons and Normans and Saracens destroyed what they did not understand or care for; the artistic men of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries destroyed the very things which they professed to admire and imitate. And when they did not actually destroy, as in the case of statues, sarcophagi, and the like, they did all they could to efface their truest interest, their local and historical association.

A museum or collection of any kind is a dreary place. For some kinds of antiquities, for those which cannot be left in their own places, and which need special scientific classification, such collections are necessary. But surely a statue or a tomb should be left in the spot where it is found, or in the nearest possible place to it. How far nobler would be the associations of Pompey's statue, if the hero had been set up in the nearest open space to his own theatre; even if he had been set up with Marcus and the Great Twin Brethren on the Capitol, instead of being stowed away in an unmeaning corner of a private palace! It is sadder still to wind our way through the recesses of the great Cornelian sepulchre, and to find that sacrilegious hands have rifled the resting-place of the mighty dead; that the real tombs, the real inscriptions, have been stolen away, and that copies only are left in their places. Far more speaking, far more instructive, would it have been to grope out the antique letters of the first of Roman inscriptions, to spell out the name and deeds of "Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus Gnaivod patre prognatus" by the light of a flickering torch in the spot where his kinsfolk and *gentiles* laid him, than to read it in the full light of the Vatican, numbered as if it stood in a shop to be sold, and bearing a

fulsome inscription recording the "munificentia" of the triple-crowned robber who wrought the deed of selfish desecration. Scipio indeed was a heathen; but Christian holy places, places which are the very homes of ecclesiastical history or legend, are no safer than the monuments of heathendom against the desolating fury of ecclesiastical destroyers.

Saddest of all it is to visit the sepulchral church of St. Constantia — be her legend true or false, it makes no difference — to trace out the series of mosaics, where the old emblems of Bacchanalian worship, the vintage and the treading of the wine-press, are turned about to teach a double lesson of Christian mysteries; and then to see the place of the tomb empty, and to find that the tomb itself, the central point of the building, with the series of images which is begun in the pictures and continued in its sculpture, has been torn away from the place where it had meaning and almost life, to stand as number so-and-so among the curiosities of a dreary gallery. Such is the reverence of modern pontiffs for the most sacred antiquities, pagan and Christian, of the city where they have too long worked their destroying will.

In one part however of the city, destruction has been, as in other cities, the consequence of reviving prosperity on the part of the city itself. One of the first lessons to be got by heart on a visit to Rome is the way in which the city has shifted its site. The inhabited parts of ancient and of modern Rome have but a very small space of ground in common. While so large a space within the walls both of Aurelius and of Servius lies desolate, the modern city has spread itself beyond both. The Leonine city beyond the Tiber, the Sixtine city on the Field of Mars — both of them beyond the wall of Servius, the Leonine city largely beyond the wall of Aurelian — together make up the greater part of modern Rome. Here, in a thickly inhabited modern city, there is no space for the ruins which form the main features of the Palatine, Cœlian, and Aventine Hills. Such ancient buildings as have been spared remain in a state far less pleasing than that of their ruined fellows. The Pantheon was happily saved by its consecration as a Christian church. But the degraded state in which we see the theatre of Marcellus and the beautiful remains of the portico of Octavia; above all, the still lower fate to which the mighty sepulchre of Augustus has been brought down, — if they enable the moralist to point a lesson, are far more offensive

to the student of history than the utter desolation of the Coliseum and the imperial palace. The mole of Hadrian has undergone a somewhat different fate; its successive transformations and disfigurements are a direct part, and a most living and speaking part, of the history of Rome. Such a building, at such a point, could not fail to become a fortress, long before the days of contending Colonnas and Orsini; and if the statues which adorned it were hurled down on the heads of Gothic besiegers, that is a piece of destruction which can hardly be turned to the charge of the Goths. It is in these parts of Rome that the causes which have been at work have been more nearly the same as those which have been at work in other cities. At the same time, it must be remembered that it is only for a much shorter period that they have been fully at work. And wretched as with one great exception is their state, it must be allowed that the actual amount of ancient remains preserved in the Leonine and Sixtine cities is certainly above the average amount of such remains in Roman cities elsewhere.

THE CONTINUITY OF ENGLISH HISTORY

From 'Historical Essays of Edward A. Freeman,' First Series. London, Macmillan & Co., 1871

A COMPARISON between the histories of England, France, and Germany, as regards their political development, would be a subject well worth working out in detail. Each country started with much that was common to all three, while the separate course of each has been wholly different. The distinctive character of English history is its continuity. No broad gap separates the present from the past. If there is any point at which a line between the present and the past is to be drawn, it is at all events not to be drawn at the point where a superficial glance might perhaps induce us to draw it,—at the Norman invasion in 1066. At first sight, that event might seem to separate us from all before it in a way to which there is no analogy in the history either of our own or of kindred lands. Neither France nor Germany ever saw any event to be compared to the Norman Conquest. Neither of them has ever received a permanent dynasty of foreign kings; neither has seen its lands divided among the soldiers of a foreign army, and its native sons shut out from

every position of wealth or dignity. England, alone of the three, has undergone a real and permanent foreign conquest. One might have expected that the greatest of all possible historical chasms would have divided the ages before and the ages after such an event. Yet in truth modern England has practically far more to do with the England of the West-Saxon kings than modern France or Germany has to do with the Gaul and Germany of Charles the Great, or even of much more recent times. The England of the age before the Norman Conquest is indeed, in all external respects, widely removed from us. But the England of the age immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest is something more widely removed still. The age when Englishmen dwelt in their own land as a conquered race, when their name and tongue were badges of contempt and slavery, when England was counted for little more than an accession of power to the Duke of Rouen in his struggle with the King of Paris, is an age than which we can conceive none more alien to every feeling and circumstance of our own.

When, then, did the England in which we still live and move have its beginning? Where are we to draw the broad line, if any line is to be drawn, between the present and the past? We answer, In the great creative and destructive age of Europe and of civilized Asia — the thirteenth century. The England of Richard Cœur de Lion is an England which is past forever; but the England of Edward the First is essentially the still living England in which we have our own being. Up to the thirteenth century our history is the domain of antiquaries; from that point it becomes the domain of lawyers. A law of King Ælfred's Witenagemót is a valuable link in the chain of our political progress, but it could not have been alleged as any legal authority by the accusers of Strafford or the defenders of the Seven Bishops. A statute of Edward the First is quite another matter. Unless it can be shown to have been repealed by some later statute, it is just as good to this day as a statute of Queen Victoria. In the earlier period we may indeed trace the rudiments of our laws, our language, our political institutions; but from the thirteenth century onwards we see the things themselves, in that very essence which we all agree in wishing to retain, though successive generations have wrought improvement in many points of detail and may have left many others capable of further improvement still.

Let us illustrate our meaning by the greatest of all examples. Since the first Teutonic settlers landed on her shores, England has never known full and complete submission to a single will. Some Assembly, Witenagemót, Great Council, or Parliament, there has always been, capable of checking the caprices of tyrants and of speaking, with more or less of right, in the name of the nation. From Hengest to Victoria, England has always had what we may fairly call a parliamentary constitution. Normans, Tudors, and Stewarts might suspend or weaken it, but they could not wholly sweep it away. Our Old-English Witenagemóts, our Norman Great Councils, are matters of antiquarian research, whose exact constitution it puzzles our best antiquaries fully to explain. But from the thirteenth century onwards we have a veritable Parliament, essentially as we see it before our own eyes. In the course of the fourteenth century every fundamental constitutional principle becomes fully recognized. The best worthies of the seventeenth century struggled, not for the establishment of anything new, but for the preservation of what even then was already old. It is on the Great Charter that we still rest the foundation of all our rights. And no later parliamentary reformer has ever wrought or proposed so vast a change as when Simon of Montfort, by a single writ, conferred their parliamentary being upon the cities and boroughs of England.

This continuity of English history from the very beginning is a point which cannot be too strongly insisted on, but it is its special continuity from the thirteenth century onwards which forms the most instructive part of the comparison between English history and the history of Germany and France. At the time of the Norman Conquest the many small Teutonic kingdoms in Britain had grown into the one Teutonic kingdom of England, rich in her barbaric greatness and barbaric freedom, with the germs, but as yet only the germs, of every institution which we most dearly prize. At the close of the thirteenth century we see the England with which we are still familiar, young indeed and tender, but still possessing more than the germs,—the very things themselves. She has already King, Lords, and Commons; she has a King, mighty indeed and honored, but who may neither ordain laws nor impose taxes against the will of his people. She has Lords with high hereditary powers, but Lords who are still only the foremost rank of the people, whose children sink into the general mass of Englishmen, and into whose

order any Englishman may be raised. She has a Commons still diffident in the exercise of new-born rights; but a Commons whose constitution and whose powers we have altered only by gradual changes of detail; a Commons which, if it sometimes shrank from hard questions of State, was at least resolved that no man should take their money without their leave. The courts of justice, the great offices of State, the chief features of local administration, have assumed, or are rapidly assuming, the form whose essential character they still retain. The struggle with Papal Rome has already begun; doctrines and ceremonies indeed remain as yet unchallenged, but statute after statute is passed to restrain the abuses and exactions of the ever-hateful Roman court. The great middle class of England is rapidly forming; a middle class not, as elsewhere, confined to a few great cities, but spread, in the form of a minor gentry and a wealthy yeomanry, over the whole face of the land. Villanage still exists, but both law and custom are paving the way for that gradual and silent extinction of it, which without any formal abolition of the legal status left, three centuries later, not a legal villain among us.

With this exception, there was in theory equal law for all classes, and imperfectly as the theory may have been carried out, it was at least far less imperfectly so than in any other kingdom. Our language was fast taking its present shape; English, in the main intelligible at the present day, was the speech of the mass of the people, and it was soon to expel French from the halls of princes and nobles. England at the close of the century is, for the first time since the Conquest, ruled by a prince bearing a purely English name, and following a purely English policy. Edward the First was no doubt as despotic as he could be or dared to be; so was every prince of those days who could not practice the superhuman righteousness of St. Lewis. But he ruled over a people who knew how to keep even his despotism within bounds. The legislator of England, the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, seems truly like an old Bretwalda or West-Saxon Basileus, sitting once more on the throne of Cerdic and of Ælfred. The modern English nation is now fully formed; it stands ready for those struggles for French dominion in the two following centuries, which, utterly unjust and fruitless as they were, still proved indirectly the confirmation of our liberties at home, and which forever fixed the national character for good and for evil.

Let us here sketch out a comparison between the history and institutions of England and those of France and Germany. As we before said, our modern Parliament is traced up in an unbroken line to the early Great Council, and to the still earlier Witenagemót. The latter institution, widely different as it is from the earlier, has not been substituted for the earlier, but has grown out of it. It would be ludicrous to look for any such continuity between the Diet of ambassadors which meets at Frankfurt and the Assemblies which met to obey Henry the Third and to depose Henry the Fourth. And how stands the case in France? France has tried constitutional government in all its shapes; in its old Teutonic, in its mediæval, and in all its modern forms — Kings with one Chamber and Kings with two, Republics without Presidents and Republics with, Conventions, Directories, Consulates, and Empires. All of these have been separate experiments; all have failed; there is no historical continuity between any of them. Charles the Great gathered his Great Council around him year by year; his successors in the Eastern *Francia*, the Kings of the Teutonic Kingdom, went on doing so long afterwards. But in Gaul, in Western *Francia*, after it fell away from the common centre, no such assembly could be gathered together. The kingdom split into fragments; every province did what was right in its own eyes; Aquitaine and Toulouse had neither fear nor love enough for their nominal King to contribute any members to a Council of his summoning. Philip the Fair, for his own convenience, summoned the States-General. But the States-General were no historical continuation of the old Frankish Assemblies; they were a new institution of his own, devised, it may be, in imitation of the English Parliament or of the Spanish Cortes. From that time the French States-General ran a brilliant and a fitful course. Very different indeed were they from the homely Parliaments of England. Our stout knights and citizens were altogether guiltless of political theories. They had no longing after great and comprehensive measures. But if they saw any practical abuses in the land, the King could get no money out of them till he set matters right again. If they saw a bad law, they demanded its alteration; if they saw a wicked minister, they demanded his dismissal. It is this sort of bit-by-bit reform, going on for six hundred years, which has saved us alike from magnificent theories and from massacres in the cause of humanity. Both were as familiar in France in the fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries as ever they were at the close of the eighteenth. The demands of the States-General, and of what we may call the liberal party in France generally, throughout those two centuries, are as wide in their extent, and as neatly expressed, as any modern constitution from 1791 to 1848. But while the English Parliament, meeting year after year, made almost every year some small addition or other to the mass of our liberties, the States-General, meeting only now and then, effected nothing lasting, and gradually sank into as complete disuse as the old Frankish Assemblies. By the time of the revolution of 1789, their constitution and mode of proceeding had become matters of antiquarian curiosity. Of later attempts, National Assemblies, National Conventions, Chambers of Deputies, we need not speak. They have risen and they have fallen, while the House of Lords and the House of Commons have gone on undisturbed.

RACE AND LANGUAGE

From 'Historical Essays of Edward A. Freeman,' First Series. London, Macmillan & Co., 1871

HAVING ruled that races and nations, though largely formed by the working of an artificial law, are still real and living things, groups in which the idea of kindred is the idea around which everything has grown,— how are we to define our races and our nations? How are we to mark them off one from the other? Bearing in mind the cautions and qualifications which have been already given, bearing in mind large classes of exceptions which will presently be spoken of, I say unhesitatingly that for practical purposes there is one test, and one only; and that that test is language.

It is hardly needful to show that races and nations cannot be defined by the merely political arrangements which group men under various governments. For some purposes of ordinary language, for some purposes of ordinary politics, we are tempted, sometimes driven, to take this standard. And in some parts of the world, in our own Western Europe for instance, nations and governments do in a rough way fairly answer to one another. And in any case, political divisions are not without their influence on the formation of national divisions, while national divisions ought to have the greatest influence on political divisions.

That is to say, *primâ facie* a nation and a government should coincide. I say only *primâ facie*, for this is assuredly no inflexible rule; there are often good reasons why it should be otherwise; only, whenever it is otherwise, there should be some good reason forthcoming. It might even be true that in no case did a government and a nation exactly coincide, and yet it would none the less be the rule that a government and a nation should coincide. That is to say, so far as a nation and a government coincide, we accept it as the natural state of things, and ask no question as to the cause; so far as they do not coincide, we mark the case as exceptional by asking what is the cause. And by saying that a government and a nation should coincide, we mean that as far as possible the boundaries of governments should be so laid out as to agree with the boundaries of nations. That is, we assume the nation as something already existing, something primary, to which the secondary arrangements of government should as far as possible conform. How then do we define the ·'tion which is, if there is no special reason to the contrary, to ix the limits of a government? Primarily, I say, as a rule,—but a rule subject to exceptions,—as a *primâ facie* standard, subject to special reasons to the contrary,—we define the nation by language. We may at least apply the test negatively. It would be unsafe to rule that all speakers of the same language must have a common nationality; but we may safely say that where there is not community of language, there is no common nationality in the highest sense. It is true that without community of language there may be an artificial nationality, a nationality which may be good for all political purposes, and which may engender a common national feeling. Still, this is not quite the same thing as that fuller national unity which is felt where there is community of language.

In fact, mankind instinctively takes language as the badge of nationality. We so far take it as the badge, that we instinctively assume community of language as a nation as the rule, and we set down anything that departs from that rule as an exception. The first idea suggested by the word Frenchman, or German, or any other national name, is that he is a man who speaks French or German as his mother tongue. We take for granted, in the absence of anything to make us think otherwise, that a Frenchman is a speaker of French and that a speaker of French is a Frenchman. Where in any case it is otherwise, we mark that case as an exception, and we ask the special cause.

Again, the rule is none the less the rule nor the exceptions the exceptions, because the exceptions may easily outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. The rule is still the rule, because we take the instances which conform to it as a matter of course, while in every case which does not conform to it we ask for the explanation. All the larger countries of Europe provide us with exceptions; but we treat them all as exceptions. We do not ask why a native of France speaks French. But when a native of France speaks as his mother tongue some other tongue than French, when French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken as his mother tongue by some one who is not a native of France, we at once ask the reason. And the reason will be found in each case in some special historical cause, which withdraws that case from the operation of the general law. A very good reason can be given why French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken in parts of Belgium and Switzerland whose inhabitants are certainly not Frenchmen. But the reason has to be given, and it may fairly be asked.

In the like sort, if we turn to our own country, whenever within the bounds of Great Britain we find any tongue spoken other than English, we at once ask the reason and we learn the special historic cause. In a part of France and a part of Great Britain we find tongues spoken which differ alike from English and from French, but which are strongly akin to one another. We find that these are the survivals of a group of tongues once common to Gaul and Britain, but which the settlement of other nations, the introduction and the growth of other tongues, have brought down to the level of survivals. So again we find islands which both speech and geographical position seem to mark as French, but which are dependencies, and loyal dependencies, of the English crown. We soon learn the cause of the phenomenon which seems so strange. Those islands are the remains of a State and a people which adopted the French tongue, but which, while it remained one, did not become a part of the French State. That people brought England by force of arms under the rule of their own sovereigns. The greater part of that people were afterwards conquered by France, and gradually became French in feeling as well as in language. But a remnant clave to their connection with the land which their forefathers had conquered, and that remnant, while keeping the French tongue, never became French in feeling. This last case, that of the

Norman Islands, is a specially instructive one. Normandy and England were politically connected, while language and geography pointed rather to a union between Normandy and France. In the case of Continental Normandy, where the geographical tie was strongest, language and geography together would carry the day, and the Continental Norman became a Frenchman. In the islands, where the geographical tie was less strong, political traditions and manifest interest carried the day against language and a weaker geographical tie. The insular Norman did not become a Frenchman. But neither did he become an Englishman. He alone remained Norman, keeping his own tongue and his own laws, but attached to the English crown by a tie at once of tradition and of advantage. Between States of the relative size of England and the Norman Islands, the relation naturally becomes a relation of dependence on the part of the smaller members of the union. But it is well to remember that our forefathers never conquered the forefathers of the men of the Norman Islands, but that their forefathers did once conquer ours.

These instances and countless others bear out the position, that while community of language is the most obvious sign of common nationality,—while it is the main element, or something more than an element, in the formation of nationality,—the rule is open to exceptions of all kinds; and that the influence of language is at all times liable to be overruled by other influences. But all the exceptions confirm the rule, because we specially remark those cases which contradict the rule, and we do not specially remark those cases which do conform to it.

THE NORMAN COUNCIL AND THE ASSEMBLY OF LILLEBONNE

From 'The History of the Norman Conquest of England'

The case of William had thus to be brought to bear on the minds of his own people, on the minds of the neighboring countries whence he invited and looked for volunteers, on the minds of the foreign princes whose help or at least whose neutrality he asked for, and above all, on the minds of the Roman Pontiff and his advisers. The order of these various negotiations is not very clear, and in all probability all were being carried on at once. But there is little doubt that William's first step, on receiving the refusal of Harold to surrender his

crown,—or whatever else was the exact purport of the English King's answer,—was to lay the matter before a select body of his most trusted counselors. The names of most of the men whom William thus honored with his special confidence are already familiar to us. They were the men of his own blood, the friends of his youth, the faithful vassals who had fought at his side against French invaders and Norman rebels. There was his brother, Robert, Count of Mortain, the lord of the castle by the waterfalls, the spoil of the banished Warling. And there was one closer than a brother,—the proud William the son of Osbern, the son of the faithful guardian of his childhood. There, perhaps the only priest in that gathering of warriors, was his other brother, Odo of Bayeux, soon to prove himself a warrior as stout of heart and as strong of arm as any of his race. There too, not otherwise renowned, was Iwun-al-Chapel, the husband of the sister of William, Robert, and Odo. There was a kinsman, nearer in legitimate succession to the stock of Rolf than William himself,—Richard of Evreux, the son of Robert the Archbishop, the grandson of Richard the Fearless. There was the true kinsman and vassal who guarded the frontier fortress of Eu, the brother of the traitor Busac and of the holy prelate of Lisieux. There was Roger of Beaumont, who rid the world of Roger of Toesny, and Ralph, the worthier grandson of that old foe of Normandy and mankind. There was Ralph's companion in banishment, Hugh of Grantmesnil, and Roger of Montgomery, the loyal son-in-law of him who cursed the Bastard in his cradle. There too were the other worthies of the day of Mortemar, Walter Giffard and Hugh of Montfort, and William of Warren, the valiant youth who had received the chiefest guerdon of that memorable ambush. These men, chiefs of the great houses of Normandy, founders, some of them, of greater houses in England, were gathered together at their sovereign's bidding. They were to be the first to share his counsels in the enterprise which he was planning, an enterprise planned against the land which with so many in that assembly was to become a second home, a home perhaps all the more cherished that it was won by the might of their own right hands.

To this select Council the duke made his first appeal. He told them, what some of them at least knew well already, of the wrongs which he had suffered from Harold of England. It was his purpose to cross the sea, in order to assert his rights and to

chastise the wrong-doer. With the help of God and with the loyal service of his faithful Normans, he doubted not his power to do what he purposed. He had gathered them together to know their minds upon the matter. Did they approve of his purpose? Did they deem the enterprise within his power? Were they ready themselves to help him to the uttermost to recover his right? The answer of the Norman leaders, the personal kinsmen and friends of their sovereign, was wise and constitutional. They approved his purpose; they deemed that the enterprise was not beyond the power of Normandy to accomplish. The valor of the Norman knighthood, the wealth of the Norman Church, was fully enough to put their duke in possession of all that he claimed. Their own personal service they pledged at once; they would follow him to the war; they would pledge, they would sell, their lands to cover the costs of the expedition. But they would not answer for others. Where all were to share in the work, all ought to share in the counsel. Those whom the duke had gathered together were not the whole baronage of Normandy. There were other wise and brave men in the duchy, whose arms were as strong, and whose counsel would be as sage, as those of the chosen party to whom he spoke. Let the duke call a larger meeting of all the barons of his duchy, and lay his designs before them.

The duke hearkened to this advice, and he at once sent forth a summons for the gathering of a larger Assembly. This is the only time when we come across any details of the proceedings of a Norman Parliament. And we at once see how widely the political condition of Normandy differed from that of England. We see how much further England had advanced, or more truly, how much further Normandy had gone back, in the path of political freedom. The Norman Assembly which assembled to discuss the war against England was a widely different body from the Great Gemót which had voted for the restoration of Godwine. Godwine had made his speech before the King and all the people of the land. That people had met under the canopy of heaven, beneath the walls of the greatest city of the realm. But in William's Assembly we hear of none but barons. The old Teutonic constitution had wholly died away from the memories of the descendants of the men who followed Rolf and Harold Blaatand. The immemorial democracy had passed away, and the later constitution of the mediæval States had not yet

arisen. There was no Third Estate, because the personal right of every freeman to attend had altogether vanished, while the idea of the representation of particular privileged towns had not yet been heard of. And if the Third Order was wanting, the First Order was at least less prominent than it was in other lands. The wealth of the Church had been already pointed out as an important element in the duke's ways and means, and both the wealth and the personal prowess of the Norman clergy were, when the day came, freely placed at William's disposal. The peculiar tradition of Norman Assemblies, which shut out the clergy from all share in the national deliberations, seems now to have been relaxed. It is implied rather than asserted that the bishops of Normandy were present in the Assembly which now met; but it is clear that the main stress of the debates fell on the lay barons, and that the spirit of the Assembly was a spirit which was especially theirs.

Narrow as was the constitution of the Assembly, it showed, when it met, no lack either of political foresight or of parliamentary boldness. In a society so aristocratically constituted as that of Normandy was, the nobles are in truth, in a political sense, the people, and we must expect to find in any gathering of nobles both the virtues and the vices of a real Popular Assembly. William had already consulted his Senate; he had now to bring his resolution, fortified by their approval, before the body which came as near as any body in Normandy could come to the character of an Assembly of the Norman people. The valiant gentlemen of Normandy, as wary as they were valiant, proved good guardians of the public purse, trusty keepers of what one knows not whether to call the rights of the nation or the privileges of their order. The duke laid his case before them. He told once more the tale of his own rights and of the wrong which Harold had done him. He said that his own mind was to assert his rights by force of arms. He would fain enter England in the course of the year on which they had entered. But without their help he could do nothing. Of his own he had neither ships enough nor men enough for such an enterprise. He would not ask whether they would help him in such a cause. He took their zeal and loyalty for granted; he asked only how many ships, how many men, each of his hearers would bring as a free-will offering.

A Norman Assembly was not a body to be surprised into a hasty assent, even when the craft and the eloquence of William

was brought to bear upon it. The barons asked for time to consider of their answer. They would debate among themselves, and they would let him know the conclusion to which they came. William was obliged to consent to this delay, and the Assembly broke up into knots, greater or smaller, each eagerly discussing the great question. Parties of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, sixty, a hundred, gathered round this or that energetic speaker. Some professed their readiness to follow the duke; others were in debt, and were too poor to venture on such hazards. Other speakers set forth the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise. Normandy could not conquer England; their fair and flourishing land would be ruined by the attempt. The conquest of England was an undertaking beyond the power of a Roman emperor. Harold and his land were rich; they had wealth to take foreign kings and dukes into their service; their own forces were in mere numbers such as Normandy could not hope to strive against. They had abundance of tried soldiers, and above all, they had a mighty fleet, with crews skilled beyond other men in all that pertained to the warfare of the sea. How could a fleet be raised, how could the sailors be gathered together, how could they be taught, within a year's space, to cope with such an enemy? The feeling of the Assembly was distinctly against so desperate an enterprise as the invasion of England. It seemed as if the hopes and schemes of William were about to be shattered in their beginning through the opposition of his own subjects.

A daring though cunning attempt was now made by William Fitz-Osbern, the duke's nearest personal friend, to cajole the Assembly into an assent to his master's will. He appealed to their sense of feudal honor; they owed the duke service for their fiefs: let them come forward and do with a good heart all, and more than all, that their tenure of their fiefs bound them to. Let not their sovereign be driven to implore the services of his subjects. Let them rather forestall his will; let them win his favor by ready offerings even beyond their power to fulfill. He enlarged on the character of the lord with whom they had to deal. William's jealous temper would not brook disappointment at their hands. It would be the worse for them in the end, if the duke should ever have to say that he had failed in his enterprise because they had failed in readiness to support him.

The language of William Fitz-Osbern seems to have startled and perplexed even the stout hearts with whom he had to deal.

The barons prayed him to be their spokesman with the duke. He knew their minds and could speak for them all, and they would be bound by what he said. But they gave him no direct commission to bind them to any consent to the duke's demand. Their words indeed tended ominously the other way; they feared the sea,— so changed was the race which had once manned the ships of Rolf and Harold Blaatand,— and they were not bound to serve beyond it.

A point seemed to have been gained, by the seeming license given by the Assembly to the duke's most intimate friend to speak as he would in the name of the whole baronage. William Fitz-Osbern now spoke to the duke. He began with an exordium of almost cringing loyalty, setting forth how great was the zeal and affection of the Normans for their prince, and how there was no danger which they would not willingly undergo in his service. But the orator soon overshot his mark. He promised, in the name of the whole Assembly, that every man would not only cross the sea with the duke, but would bring with him double the contingent to which his holding bound him. The lord of twenty knights' fees would serve with forty knights, and the lord of a hundred with two hundred. He himself, of his love and zeal, would furnish sixty ships, well equipped, and filled with fighting men.

The barons now felt themselves taken in a snare. They were in nearly the same case as the king against whom they were called on to march. They had indeed promised; they had commissioned William Fitz-Osbern to speak in their names. But their commission had been stretched beyond all reasonable construction; their spokesman had pledged them to engagements which had never entered into their minds. Loud shouts of dissent rose through the hall. The mention of serving with double the regular contingent awakened special indignation. With a true parliamentary instinct, the Norman barons feared lest a consent to this demand should be drawn into a precedent, and lest their fiefs should be forever burthened with this double service. The shouts grew louder; the whole hall was in confusion; no speaker could be heard; no man would hearken to reason or render a reason for himself.

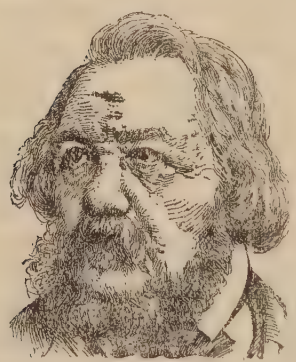
The rash speech of William Fitz-Osbern had thus destroyed all hope of a regular parliamentary consent on the part of the Assembly. But it is possible that the duke gained in the end

by the hazardous experiment of his seneschal. It is even possible that the manœuvre may have been concerted beforehand between him and his master. It was not likely that any persuasion could have brought the Assembly as a body to agree to the lavish offer of volunteer service which was put into its mouth by William Fitz-Osbern. There was no hope of carrying any such vote on a formal division. But the confusion which followed the speech of the seneschal hindered any formal division from being taken. The Assembly, in short, as an assembly, was broken up. The fagot was unloosed, and the sticks could now be broken one by one. The baronage of Normandy had lost all the strength of union; they were brought, one by one, within the reach of the personal fascinations of their sovereign. William conferred with each man apart; he employed all his arts on minds which, when no longer strengthened by the sympathy of a crowd, could not refuse anything that he asked. He pledged himself that the doubling of their services should not become a precedent; no man's fief should be burthened with any charge beyond what it had borne from time immemorial. Men thus personally appealed to, brought in this way within the magic sphere of princely influence, were no longer slack to promise; and having once promised, they were not slack to fulfill. William had more than gained his point. If he had not gained the formal sanction of the Norman baronage to his expedition, he had won over each individual Norman baron to serve him as a volunteer. And wary as ever, William took heed that no man who had promised should draw back from his promise. His scribes and clerks were at hand, and the number of ships and soldiers promised by each baron was at once set down in a book. A Domesday of the conquerors was in short drawn up in the ducal hall at Lillebonne, a forerunner of the greater Domesday of the conquered, which twenty years later was brought to King William of England in his royal palace at Winchester.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

(1810–1876)

IN TIMES of political degradation the poets of Germany, turning from their own surroundings, have sought poetical material either in the glories of a dim past or in the exotic splendors of remote lands. Goethe, disquieted by the French Revolution, took up Chinese and Persian studies; the romantic poets revivified the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages; and during the second quarter of this century the Orient began to exercise a potent charm. Platen wrote his beautiful 'Gaselen,' Rückert sang in Persian measure and translated the Indian 'Sakuntala,' and Bodenstedt fashioned the dainty songs of «Mirza-Schaffy.» Freiligrath too, a child of his time, entered upon his literary career with poems which took their themes from distant climes. Among his earliest verses after 'Moosthee' (Iceland-Moss Tea), written at the age of sixteen, were 'Africa,' 'Der Scheik am Sinai' (The Sheik on Sinai), and 'Der Löwenritt' (The Lion's Ride). Even in these early poems, we find all that brilliancy of Oriental imagery to which he tells us he had been inspired by much poring over an illustrated Bible in his childhood.



FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

But Freiligrath, like Uhland and Herwegh, was a man of action and a patriot. The revolution of 1848 had brought fresh breezes into the stagnation of political life; and though they soon were stilled again, the men who had breathed that air ceased to be the dreamers of dreams that the romantic poets had been. They were conscious of a mission, and became the robust heralds of a larger and a freer time.

Freiligrath was a schoolmaster's son; he was born at Detmold on June 17th, 1810, and much against his private inclinations, he was sent in his sixteenth year to an uncle in Soest to prepare himself for a mercantile career. The death of his father threw him upon his own resources, and he took a position in an Amsterdam bank. Here the inspiration of the sea widened the range of his poetic fancy. To Chamisso is due the credit of introducing the poet to the general

public through the pages of the Musenalmanach. This was in 1835. In 1838 appeared the first volume of his poems, and it won instant and unusual favor; Gutzkow called him the German Hugo. With this encouragement Freiligrath definitely abandoned mercantile life. In 1841 he married. At the suggestion of Alexander von Humboldt, the King of Prussia granted him a royal pension; and as no conditions were attached, it was accepted. This was a bitter disappointment to the ardent revolutionary poets, who had counted Freiligrath as one of themselves; but the turbulent times which preceded the revolution soon forced him into an open declaration of principles, and although he had said in one of his poems that the poet was above all party, in 1844, influenced by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, he resigned his pension, announced his position, and in May published a volume of revolutionary poems entitled 'Mein Glaubensbekenntniss' (My Confession of Faith). This book created the wildest enthusiasm, and placed its author at once in the front rank of the people's partisans. He fled to Brussels, and in 1846 published under the title of 'Ça Ira' six new songs, which were a trumpet-call to revolution. The poet deemed it prudent to retire to London, and he was about to accept an invitation from Longfellow to cross the ocean when the revolution broke out, and he returned to Düsseldorf to put himself at the head of the democratic party on the Rhine. But he was a poet and not a leader, and he indiscreetly exposed himself to arrest by an inflammatory poem, 'Die Todten an die Lebenden' (The Dead to the Living). The jury however acquitted him, and he at once assumed the management of the New Rhenish Gazette at Cologne.

It is a curious fact that during this agitated time Freiligrath wrote some of his tenderest poetry. In the collection which appeared in 1849 with the title 'Zwischen den Garben' (Between the Sheaves), was included that exquisite hymn to love: 'Oh, Love So Long as Love Thou Canst,' perhaps the most perfect of all his lyrical productions, and certainly evidence that the poet could touch the strings to deep emotions. In the following year both volumes of his 'New Political and Social Poems' were ready. Once more he prudently retired to London; his fears were confirmed by the immediate confiscation of these new volumes, and by the publication of a letter of apprehension. By way of reprisal he wrote his poem 'The Revolution,' which was published in London.

In 1867 the Swiss bank with which Freiligrath was connected closed its London branch, and the poet again faced an uncertain future. His friends on the Rhine, hearing of his difficulties, raised a generous subscription, and taking advantage of a general amnesty, he returned to the fatherland and became associated with the Stuttgart Illustrated Magazine. In 1870 appeared a complete collection of his

poems; in 1876, 'New Poems'; and in the latter year, on March 18th, he died at Cannstatt in Würtemburg.

The question which Freiligrath asks the emigrants in his early poem of that name,—'O say, why seek ye other lands?'—was destined to find frequent and bitter answer in his own checkered career; but he never swerved from the liberal principles which he had publicly announced. His political poems were among the most powerful influences of his time, and they have a permanent value as the expression of the spirit of freedom. His translations are marvels of fidelity and beauty. His 'Hiawatha' and 'The Ancient Mariner,' together with his versions of Victor Hugo, are perhaps the best examples of his surpassing skill. His own works have been for the most part excellently translated into English. His daughter published during her father's lifetime a volume of his poems, in which were collected all the best English translations then available. The exotic subjects of his early poems make them seem the most original, as for example 'Der Mohrenfürst' (The Moorish Prince) and 'Der Blumen Rache' (The Revenge of the Flowers); the unusual rhymes hold the attention, and the sonorous melody of the verse delights the ear: but it is in a few of his superb love lyrics that he touches the highest point of his genius, although his fame continues to rest upon his impassioned songs of freedom and his name to be associated with the rich imagery of the Orient.

THE EMIGRANTS

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band,
Your little all to see you lay
Each in the waiting boatman's hand.

Ye men, that from your necks set down
Your heavy baskets on the earth,
Of bread, from German corn baked brown
By German wives on German hearth,—

And you, with braided tresses neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool shady tanks
Those pails and pitchers filled for you;

By far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew,—

The stone-rimmed fount in village street
Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw,—
The hearth, and each familiar seat,—
The pictured tiles your childhood saw.

Soon, in the far and wooded West
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon many a tired tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage, ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah, in strange forests you will yearn
For the green mountains of your home,—
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,—
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some old legendary tale,
Before fond memory's moistened eye!

The boatman calls,—go hence in peace!
God bless you,—wife, and child, and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart's desire!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE LION'S RIDE

What! wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?
Wilt bind the king of the cloudy sands?
Idiot fool! he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain.
See! he crouches down in the sedge,
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore boughs to quiver!
Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river.

Not so! The curtain of evening falls,
And the Caffre, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down through the hushed karroo,
And the watch-fires burn in the Hottentot kraals,
And the antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till dawn shall blush,
And the zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
And the changeful signals fade from the Table Mountain.

Now look through the dusk! What seest thou now?
Seest such a tall giraffe! She stalks,
All majesty, through the desert walks,—
In search of water to cool her tongue and brow.
From tract to tract of the limitless waste
Behold her haste!
Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in
The reeds, and kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But look again! look! see once more
Those globe-eyes glare! The gigantic reeds
Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds,—
The lion leaps on the drinker's neck with a roar!
Oh, what a racer! Can any behold,
'Mid the housings of gold
In the stables of kings, dyes half so splendid
As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal
blended?

Greedily fleshes the lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey; around
Her neck his loose brown mane is wound.

Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up from beneath
And in agony flies over plains and heights.
See, how she unites,
Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
With the grace of the leopard, the speed of the camel!

She reaches the central moon-lighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide;
Meanwhile, adown her spotted side
The dusky blood-gouts rush like rain—
And her woeful eyeballs, how they stare
On the void of air!
Yet on she flies—on, on; for her there is no retreating;
And the desert can hear the heart of the doomed one beating!

And lo! A stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that sandy ocean, upcurls
Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;
Most like some colossal brand,
Or wandering spirit of wrath
On his blasted path,
Or the dreadful pillar that lighted the warriors and women
Of Israel's land through the wilderness of Yemen.

And the vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;
The bloody hyena, be sure, is nigh,—
Fierce pillager, he, of the charnel-house!
The panther, too, who strangles the Cape-Town sheep
As they lie asleep,
Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows;
While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the king of the brutes bestrides
His tottering throne to the last: with might
He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.
Yet hold!—fair play!—she rallies again!
In vain, in vain!
Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster;
She staggers, gasps, and sinks at the feet of her slayer and master!

She staggers, she falls; she shall struggle no more!
The death-rattle slightly convulses her throat;
Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!
Adieu! The orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—
So rides the lion in Afric's deserts nightly.

REST IN THE BELOVED

(Ruhe in der Geliebten)

From 'Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and Other German Poets.' Copyright 1892, by Frances Hellman. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.

Oh, here forever let me stay, love!
Here let my resting-place e'er be;
And both thy tender palms then lay, love,
Upon my hot brow soothingly.
Here at thy feet, before thee kneeling,
In heavenly rapture let me rest,
And close my eyes, bliss o'er me stealing,
Within thine arms, upon thy breast.

I'll open them but to the glances
That from thine own in radiance fall;
The look that my whole soul entrances,
O thou who art my life, my all!
I'll open them but at the flowing
Of burning tears that upward swell,
And joyously, without my knowing,
From under drooping lashes well.

Thus am I meek, and kind, and lowly,
And good and gentle evermore;
I have thee—now I'm blessèd wholly;
I have thee—now my yearning's o'er.
By thy sweet love intoxicated,
Within thine arms I'm lulled to rest,
And every breath of thine is freighted
With slumber songs that soothe my breast.

A life renewed each seems bestowing;
Oh, thus to lie day after day,
And hearken with a blissful glowing
To what each other's heart-beats say!
Lost in our love, entranced, enraptured,
We disappear from time and space;
We rest and dream; our souls lie captured
Within oblivion's sweet embrace.

OH, LOVE SO LONG AS LOVE THOU CANST

OH, LOVE so long as love thou canst!
Oh, love so long thy soul have need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

And let thy heart forever glow
And throb with love, and hold love's heat,
So long on earth another heart
Shall echo to its yearning beat.

And who to thee his heart shall show,
Oh raise it up and make it glad!
Oh make his every moment blithe,
And not a moment make him sad!

Guard well thy tongue; a bitter word
Soon from the mouth of anger leaps.
O God! it was not meant to wound,—
But ah! the other goes and weeps.

Oh, love so long as love thou canst!
Oh, love so long thy soul have need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

Thou kneelest down upon the grave,
And sink'st in agony thine eyes,—
They never more the dead shall see,—
The silent church-yard hears thy sighs.

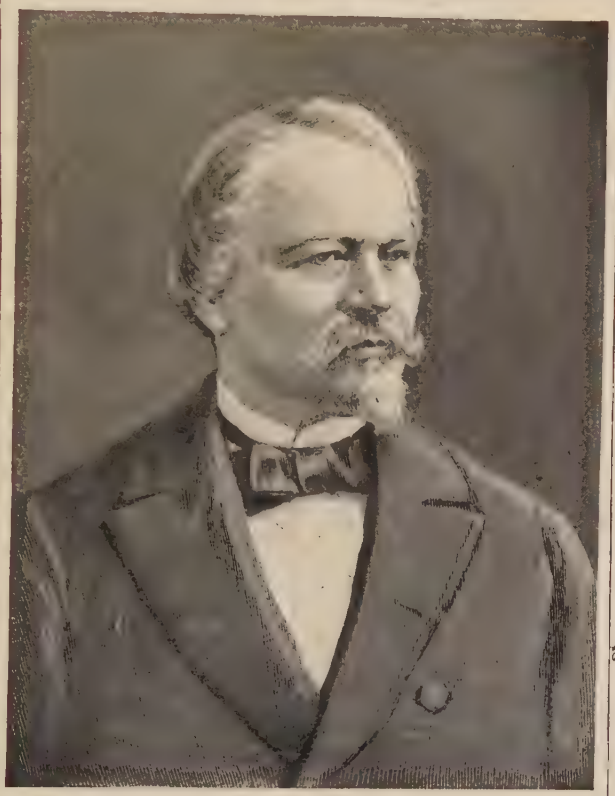
Thou mourn'st:—"Oh, look upon this heart,
That here doth weep upon this mound!
Forgive me if I caused thee pain,—
O God, it was not meant to wound!"

But he, he sees and hears thee not;
He comes not, he can never know:
The mouth that kissed thee once says not,
"Friend, I forgave thee long ago!"

He did forgive thee long ago,
Though many a hot tear bitter fell
For thee and for thy angry word;
But still he slumbers soft and well!

Oh, love so long as love thou canst!
Oh, love so long thy soul have need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

Translation of Dr. Edward Breck.



GUSTAV FREYTAG.

GUSTAV FREYTAG

(1816–1895)

GUSTAV FREYTAG, one of the foremost of German novelists, was born July 13th, 1816, in Kreuzburg, Silesia, where his father was a physician. He studied alternately at Breslau and Berlin, at which latter university he was given the degree of a doctor of philosophy in 1838. In 1839 he settled as a *privatdocent* at the University of Breslau, where he lectured on the German language and literature until 1844, when he resigned his position to devote himself to literature. He removed to Leipzig in 1846, and the following year to Dresden, where he married. In 1848 he returned to Leipzig to edit with Julian Schmidt the weekly journal Die Grenzboten, which he conducted until 1861, and again from 1869 to 1870. In 1867 he became Liberal member for Erfurt in the North German Reichstag. In 1870, on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, he was attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, later the German Emperor Frederick III., and remained in service until after the battle of Sedan. Subsequently to 1870 his journalistic work was chiefly for the newly established weekly periodical Im Neuen Reich. In 1879 he retired from public life and afterward lived in Wiesbaden, except for the summer months, which he spent on his estate Siebleben near Gotha. He died at Wiesbaden, April 30th, 1895.

All of Freytag's earliest work, with the single exception of a volume of poems published in 1845 under the title 'In Breslau,' is dramatic. His first production was a comedy, 'Die Brautfahrt' (The Wedding Journey), published in 1844, which although it was awarded a prize offered by the Royal Theatre in Berlin, found but indifferent popular favor, as did its successor, the one-act tragedy 'Die Gelehrte' (The Scholar). With his next play, 'Die Valentine' (1846), Freytag however was signally successful. This was followed the year after by 'Graf Waldemar.' He attained his highest dramatic success with the comedy 'Die Journalisten' (The Journalists), which appeared in 1853, and since its first production in 1854 has maintained its place as one of the most popular plays on the German stage. But one other play followed, the tragedy 'Die Fabier' (The Fabii), which appeared in 1859.

He had begun in the mean time his career as a novelist with his most famous novel, 'Soll und Haben' (Debit and Credit), which was

published in 1855 and met with an immediate and unbounded success. The appearance of this first novel, furthermore, was most significant, for it marked at the same time an era both in German literature and in its author's own career, in that it introduced into the one in its most recent phase one of the profoundest problems of modern life in Germany, and unmistakably pointed out, in the other, the direction which he was subsequently to follow. This latter statement has a twofold bearing. It is not only that as a writer of novels Freytag did his most important and lasting work, but that the whole of this work was in a manner the development of a similar tendency. Although as different as need be in environment, all of his subsequent novels embody inherently the characteristics of 'Debit and Credit,' for like it, they are all well-defined attempts to depict the typical social conditions of the period in which they move, and their characters are the carefully considered types of their time. Freytag, with a philosophic seriousness of purpose perhaps characteristically German, is writing not only novels but the history of civilization, in his early work. Later on, the didactic purpose to a certain extent overshadows the rest; and although he never loses his power of telling a story, it is the history in the end that is paramount.

'Debit and Credit' is a novel of the century, and it takes up the great problem of the century, the position of modern industrialism in the social life of the day. Its principal centre of action is the business house of the wholesale grocer T. O. Schröter, who is an admirable embodiment of the careful, industrious, and successful merchant. In sharp contradistinction to him is the Baron von Rothsattel, the representative of earlier conditions in the organization of the State, which made the nobleman pre-eminently a social force. Freytag's polemic is not only the dignity of labor under present conditions, but the absolute effeteness of the old order of things that despised it. The real hero of the story is Anton Wohlfahrt, who begins his commercial career as a youth in the house of T. O. Schröter, and ends, after some vicissitudes, as a member of the firm. Mercantile life has nowhere been better described in its monotony, its interests, and its aspirations, as the story is developed; and although at first sight no field could be more barren in literary interest, there is in reality no lack of incident and action, whose inevitable sequence makes the plot. Anton's career in the house of Schröter is interrupted by his connection with the Baron von Rothsattel, who has, through his want of a business training and his lack of a knowledge of men, fallen into the hands of a Jew money-lender; by whom he is persuaded to mortgage his land in order to embark in a business undertaking which it is presumed will increase his fortune. His mill fails, however, and he is involved in difficulties from which he is unable

to extricate himself. Anton, the intimate friend of the family, is therefore persuaded by the Baroness to undertake the management of matters, and after vainly endeavoring to induce his principal to interest himself in the affair, sacrifices his position to accompany the family to their dilapidated estate in a distant province. The Baron will tolerate no interference, however, and Anton finally returns to the house of Schröter and is reinstated in the business. Lenore, the Baron's daughter, the first cause of Anton's interest, meantime becomes engaged to the young nobleman Fink; who has been an associate of Anton's in the office of T. O. Schröter, has but recently returned from the United States, and who first advances funds for the improvement of the estate and ultimately purchases it.

Fink acts his part in the author's philosophy as a contrast to the Baron von Rothsattel. Although a nobleman, he has adapted himself to the conditions of the century, and is free from any hallucinations of his hereditary rank, even while he is perfectly awake to its traditions. He has entered upon a commercial career not from choice, but from necessity; but he has accepted his fate and has made successful use of his opportunities. Anton marries the sister of T. O. Schröter, and becomes a partner in the business. Fink is however really the one who gains the princess in this modern tale, and is plainly to have the more important share as an actual social force in the future. The old feudal nobility has played its part on the stage of the world; and being so picturesque, and full of romantic opportunity, its loss is doubtless to be regretted. The tamer realities of the modern industrial state have succeeded it. As Freytag solves the problem in 'Soll und Haben,' it is the man who works, the man of the industrial classes alone, to whom the victory belongs in the modern social struggle, be his antecedents bourgeois or aristocratic.

Freytag's second great novel, 'Die Verlorene Handschrift' (The Lost Manuscript), which appeared in 1864, concerns itself with another phase of the same problem. This time, however, instead of the merchant and man of affairs, it is the scholar about whom the action centres. Felix Werner, professor of philology, has come upon unmistakable traces of the lost books of Tacitus, whose recovery is the object of his life. In his search for the manuscript in an old house in the country he finds his future wife Ilse, one of the finest types in all German literature of the true German woman, both while at home a maid in her father's house and subsequently as the professor's wife in the university town. Werner, in his scholarly absorption, unwittingly neglects his wife, whose beauty has attracted the attention of the prince; and there is a series of intrigues which threaten seriously to involve the innocent Ilse, until the prince's evil intentions become evident even to the unsuspecting Werner. The covers of the lost manuscript are actually discovered at last, but the book itself has

vanished. In this second novel Freytag displays a most genial humor, unsuspected in the author of 'Debit and Credit,' but apparent enough in 'The Journalists.' The professorial life is admirably drawn with all its lights and shadows; and its motives and ambitions, its peculiar struggles and strivings, have never been more understandingly treated. The story, however, even more than 'Debit and Credit,' displays the author's weaknesses of construction. The plot is so confused by digressions that the main thread is sometimes lost sight of, and the tendency to philosophical generalization, which as a German is to some extent the author's birthright, reaches in these pages an appalling exemplification. What had been an extraordinary novel pruned of these defects, is still not an ordinary novel with them; and as a picture of German university life from the point of view of the professor, 'The Lost Manuscript' stands unrivaled in literature. Again the thesis in this second novel is the dignity of labor, and the nobleman fares no better at the author's hands than in the mercantile environment of the first.

These two novels, which outside of Germany are Freytag's best claim to attention, were followed by the four volumes of 'Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit' (Pictures from the German Past: 1859–62), a series of studies of German life from different epochs of its history, intended to illustrate the evolution of modern conditions through their successive stages from the remote past. Freytag's early work as a university *docent* had particularly fitted him for this sort of writing, and some of his best is contained in these books.

More important still, however, was his next great work, the long series of historical novels 'Die Ahnen' (The Ancestors: 1872–80), an ambitious plan, born of the stirring events of the Franco-Prussian War and the resultant awakening of the new spirit of nationality, to trace the development of the German people from the earliest time down to the present day. To carry out this purpose he accordingly selects a typical German family, which he describes under the characteristic conditions of each period, with the most conscientious attention to manners and customs and social environment. The same family thus appears from generation to generation under the changing conditions of the different epochs of German history, and the whole forms together the consecutive *Culturgeschichte* of the nation.

This whole long series of 'The Ancestors' stands as a monument of careful research into the most minute factors of German life in their time of action. Freytag's antiquarianism is not of the dilettante kind that is content to masquerade modern motives in ancient garb and setting. He was fully conscious of all the elements of his problem, and he sought to reproduce the intellectual point of view of his actors, and to account for their motives of action, as well as to picture accurately their material environment. It is in his

super-conscientiousness in these directions that the inherent weakness of the novels of this series lies. They are too palpably reconstructions with a purpose. Their didacticism is wrapped around them like a garment; and much of the time, that is all that is visible upon the surface. As the series advances this fault grows upon them. They are in reality of very unequal interest. 'Ingo' and 'Ingraban' are the sprightliest in action, and have been as a consequence the most widely read of these later works, many of which are, in part at least, far too serious of purpose to play their part conspicuously well as novels.

The novels of 'The Ancestors' are a culmination of Freytag's literary evolution. As a playwright he will no doubt be forgotten except for 'The Journalists'; in which he has, however, left an imperishable play which German critics have not hesitated to call the best comedy of the century. The two novels of modern life from his middle period form together his greatest work, although here, and particularly in 'The Lost Manuscript,' he has overweighted his material with abstract discussion, in which his perspective has sometimes all but disappeared. Subsequently, both the 'Bilder' and 'Die Ahnen' show his decided predilection for historical studies. The struggle in his own case was between the scholar and the man of letters, in which the scholar eventually won possession of the field.

Freytag's other work includes—'Die Technik des Dramas' (The Technique of the Drama: 1863), a consideration of the principles of dramatic construction; the life of his friend Karl Malthy, 1870; and 'Der Kronprinz und die Deutsche Kaiserkrone' (The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown: 1889), written after the death of Frederick III., with whom Freytag had had personal relations. To accompany the collected edition of his works (1887–88), he wrote a short autobiography, 'Erinnerungen aus Meinem Leben' (Recollections from My Life).

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR

From 'The Lost Manuscript'

Professors' wives also have trouble with their husbands. Sometimes when Ilse was seated in company with her intimate friends—with Madame Raschke, Madame Struvelius, or little Madame Günther—at one of those confidential coffee parties which they did not altogether despise, many things would come to light.

The conversation with these intellectual women was certainly very interesting. It is true the talk sometimes passed lightly

over the heads of the servants, and sometimes housekeeping troubles ventured out of the pond of pleasant talk like croaking frogs. To Ilse's surprise, she found that even Flaminia Struvelius could discourse seriously about preserving little gherkins, and that she sought closely for the marks of youth in a plucked goose. The merry Madame Günther aroused horror and laughter in more experienced married women, when she asserted that she could not endure the crying of little children, and that from the very first she would force her child (which she had not yet got) to proper silence by chastisement. Thus conversation sometimes left greater subjects to stray into this domain. And when unimportant subjects were reviewed, it naturally came about that the men were honored by a quiet discussion. At such times it was evident that although the subject under consideration was men in general, each of the wives was thinking of her own husband, and that each silently carried about a secret bundle of cares, and justified the conclusion of her hearers that that husband too must be difficult to manage.

Madame Raschke's troubles could not be concealed; the whole town knew them. It was notorious that one market day her husband had gone to the university in his dressing-gown — in a brilliant dressing-gown, blue and orange, with a Turkish pattern. His students, who loved him dearly and were well aware of his habits, could not succeed in suppressing a loud laugh; and Raschke had calmly hung the dressing-gown over his pulpit, held his lecture in his shirt-sleeves, and returned home in one of the students' overcoats. Since that time Madame Raschke never let her husband go out without herself inspecting him. It also appeared that all these ten years he had not been able to learn his way about the town, and she dared not change her residence, because she was quite sure that her professor would never remember it, and always return to his old home. Struvelius also occasioned much anxiety. Ilse knew about the last and greatest cause; but it also came to light that he expected his wife to read Latin proof-sheets, as she knew something of that language. Besides, he was quite incapable of refusing commissions to amiable wine merchants. At her marriage Madame Struvelius had found a whole cellar full of large and small wine casks, none of which had been drawn off, while he complained bitterly that no wine was ever brought into his cellar. Even little Madame Günther related that her husband could not give up night work;

and that once, when he wandered with a lamp among his books, he came too near the curtain, which caught fire. He tore it off, and in so doing burnt his hands, and burst into the bedroom with blackened fingers in great alarm, and resembling Othello more than a mineralogist. . . .

Raschke was wandering about in the ante-room. Here too was confusion. Gabriel had not yet returned from his distant errand; the cook had left the remains of the meal standing on a side-table till his return; and Raschke had to find his greatcoat by himself. He rummaged among the clothes, and seized hold of a coat and a hat. As he was not so absent-minded as usual to-day, a glance at the despised supper reminded him just in time that he was to eat a fowl; so he seized hold of the newspaper which Gabriel had laid ready for his master, hastily took one of the chickens out of the dish, wrapped it in the journal, and thrust it in his pocket, agreeably surprised at the depth and capaciousness it revealed. Then he rushed past the astonished cook, and out of the house. When he opened the door of the *étage* he stumbled against something that was crouching on the threshold. He heard a horrible growling behind him, and stormed down the stairs and out of doors.

The words of the friend whom he had left now came into his mind. Werner's whole bearing was very characteristic; and there was something fine about it. It was strange that in a moment of anger Werner's face had acquired a sudden resemblance to a bull-dog's. Here the direct chain of the philosopher's contemplations was crossed by the remembrance of the conversation on animals' souls.

"It is really a pity that it is still so difficult to determine an animal's expression of soul. If we could succeed in that, science would gain. For if we could compare in all their minutiæ the expression and gestures of human beings and higher animals, we might make most interesting deductions from their common peculiarities and their particular differences. In this way the natural origin of their dramatic movements, and perhaps some new laws, would be discovered."

While the philosopher was pondering thus, he felt a continued pulling at his coat-tails. As his wife was in the habit of giving him a gentle pull when he was walking next her absorbed in thought and they met some acquaintance, he took no further notice of it, but took off his hat, and bowing politely towards the railing of the bridge, said "Good-evening."

"These common and original elements in the mimic expression of human beings and higher animals might, if rightly understood, even open out new vistas into the great mystery of life." Another pull. Raschke mechanically took off his hat. Another pull. "Thank you, dear Aurelia, I did bow." As he spoke, the thought crossed his mind that his wife would not pull at his coat so low down. It was not she, but his little daughter Bertha who was pulling; for she often walked gravely next him, and like her mother, pulled at the bell for bows. "That will do, my dear," said he, as Bertha continued to snatch and pull at his coat-tails. "Come here, you little rogue!" and he absently put his hand behind him to seize the little tease. He seized hold of something round and shaggy; he felt sharp teeth on his fingers, and turned with a start. There he saw in the lamplight a reddish monster with a big head, shaggy hair, and a little tassel that fell back into its hind legs in lieu of a tail. His wife and daughter were horribly transformed; and he gazed in surprise on this indistinct creature which seated itself before him, and glared at him in silence.

"A strange adventure!" exclaimed Raschke. "What are you, unknown creature? Presumably a dog. Away with you!" The animal retreated a few steps. Raschke continued his meditations: "If we trace back the expression and gestures of the affections to their original forms in this manner, one of the most active laws would certainly prove to be the endeavor to attract or repel the extraneous. It would be instructive to distinguish, by means of these involuntary movements of men and animals, what is essential and what conventional. Away, dog! Do me a favor and go home. What does he want with me? Evidently he belongs to Werner's domain. The poor creature will assuredly lose itself in the town under the dominion of an *idée fixe*."

Meantime Speihahn's attacks were becoming more violent; and now he was marching in a quite unnatural and purely conventional manner on his hind legs, while his fore paws were leaning against the professor's back, and his teeth were actually biting into the coat.

A belated shoemaker's boy stood still and beat his leathern apron. "Is not the master ashamed to let his poor apprentice push him along like that?" In truth, the dog behind the man looked like a dwarf pushing a giant along the ice.

Raschke's interest in the dog's thoughts increased. He stood still near a lantern, examined and felt his coat. This coat had

developed a velvet collar and very long sleeves, advantages that the philosopher had never yet remarked in his greatcoat. Now the matter became clear to him: absorbed in thought, he had chosen a wrong coat, and the worthy dog insisted on saving his master's garment, and making the thief aware that there was something wrong. Raschke was so pleased with this sagacity that he turned round, addressed some kind words to Speihahn, and made an attempt to stroke his shaggy hair. The dog again snapped at his hand. "You are quite right to be angry with me," replied Raschke; "I will prove to you that I acknowledge my fault." He took off the coat and hung it over his arm. "Yes, it is much heavier than my own." He walked on cheerfully in his thin coat, and observed with satisfaction that the dog abandoned the attacks on his back. But instead, Speihahn sprang upon his side, and again bit at the coat and the hand, and growled unpleasantly.

The professor got angry with the dog, and when he came to a bench on the promenade he laid down the coat, intending to face the dog seriously and drive him home. In this manner he got rid of the dog, but also of the coat. For Speihahn sprang upon the bench with a mighty bound, placed himself astride the coat, and met the professor, who tried to drive him away, with hideous growling and snarling.

"It is Werner's coat," said the professor, "and it is Werner's dog: it would be wrong to beat the poor creature because it is becoming violent in its fidelity, and it would be wrong to leave the dog and the coat." So he remained standing before the dog and speaking kindly to him: but Speihahn no longer took any notice of the professor; he turned against the coat itself, which he scratched, rummaged, and bit. Raschke saw that the coat could not long endure such rage. "He is frantic or mad," said he suspiciously. "I shall have to use force against you after all, poor creature;" and he considered whether he should also jump upon the seat and push the mad creature by a violent kick into the water, or whether it would be better to open the inevitable attack from below. He resolved on the latter course, and looked round to see whether he could anywhere discover a stone or stick to throw at the raging beast. As he looked, he observed the trees and the dark sky above him, and the place seemed quite unfamiliar. "Has magic been at work here?" he exclaimed, with amusement. He turned politely to a solitary wanderer who was

passing that way: "Would you kindly tell me in what part of the town we are? And could you perhaps lend me your stick for a moment?"

"Indeed," angrily replied the person addressed, "those are very suspicious questions. I want my stick myself at night. Who are you, sir?" The stranger approached the professor menacingly.

"I am peaceable," replied Raschke, "and by no means inclined to violent attacks. A quarrel has arisen between me and the animal on this seat for the possession of a coat, and I should be much obliged to you if you would drive the dog away from the coat. But I beg you not to hurt the animal any more than is absolutely necessary."

"Is that your coat there?" asked the man.

"Unfortunately I cannot give you an affirmative answer," replied Raschke conscientiously.

"There must be something wrong here," exclaimed the stranger, again eyeing the professor suspiciously.

"There is, indeed," replied Raschke. "The dog is out of his mind; the coat is exchanged, and I do not know where we are."

"Close to the valley gate, Professor Raschke," answered the voice of Gabriel, who hastily joined the group. "Excuse me, but what brings you here?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Raschke joyously. "Pray take charge of this coat and this dog."

Gabriel gazed in amazement at Speihahn, who was now lying on the coat and bending his head before his friend. Gabriel threw down the dog and seized the coat. "Why, that is our greatcoat!" exclaimed he.

"Yes, Gabriel," said the professor, "that was my mistake, and the dog has shown marvelous fidelity to the coat."

"Fidelity!" exclaimed Gabriel indignantly, as he drew a parcel out of the coat pocket. "It was greedy selfishness, sir; there must be some food in this pocket."

"Yes, true," exclaimed Raschke; "it is all the chicken's fault. Give me the parcel, Gabriel; I must eat the fowl myself; and we might bid each other good-night now with mutual satisfaction, if you would just show me my way a little among these trees."

"But you must not go home in the night air without an overcoat," said Gabriel considerately. "We are not far from our

house; the best way would really be for you to come back with me, sir."

Raschke considered and laughed.

"You are right, Gabriel; my departure was awkward; and to-day an animal's soul has restored a man's soul to order."

"If you mean this dog," said Gabriel, "it would be the first time he ever did anything good. I see he must have followed you from our door; for I put little bones there for him of an evening."

"Just now he seemed not to be quite in his right mind," said the professor.

"He is cunning enough when he pleases," continued Gabriel mysteriously; "but if I were to speak of my experiences with this dog —"

"Do speak, Gabriel," eagerly exclaimed the philosopher. "There is nothing so valuable concerning animals as a truthful statement from those who have carefully observed them."

"I may say that I have done so," confirmed Gabriel, with satisfaction; "and if you want to know exactly what he is, I can assure you that he is possessed of the devil, he is a thief, he is embittered, and he hates all mankind."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the professor, somewhat disconcerted. "I see it is much more difficult to look into a dog's heart than into a professor's."

Speihahn crept along silent and suppressed, and listened to the praises that fell to his lot; while Professor Raschke, conducted by Gabriel, returned to the house by the park. Gabriel opened the sitting-room door, and announced: —

"Professor Raschke."

Ilse extended both her hands to him.

"Welcome, welcome, dear Professor Raschke!" and led him to her husband's study.

"Here I am again," said Raschke cheerfully, "after wandering as in a fairy tale. What has brought me back were two animals, who showed me the right way, — a roast fowl and an embittered dog."

Felix sprang up; the men greeted one another warmly, shaking hands, and after all misadventures, spent a happy evening.

When Raschke had gone home late, Gabriel said sadly to his mistress, "This was the new coat; the fowl and the dog have put it in a horrible plight."

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

(1782–1852)

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

IT WAS Froebel who said, "The clearer the thread that runs through our lives backward to our childhood, the clearer will be our onward glance to the goal;" and in the fragment of autobiography he has left us, he illustrates forcibly the truth of his own saying. The motherless baby who plays alone in the village pastor's quiet house, the dreamy child who wanders solitary in the high-walled garden; the thoughtful lad, neglected, misunderstood, who forgets the harsh realities of life in pondering the mysteries of the flowers, the contradictions of existence, and the dogmas of orthodox theology; who decides in early boyhood that the pleasures of the senses are without enduring influence and therefore on no account to be eagerly pursued;—these presentments of himself, which he summons up for us from the past, show the vividness of his early recollections and indicate the course which the stream of his life is to run.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

The coldness and injustice of the new mother who assumed control of the household when he was four years old, his isolation from other children, the merely casual notice he received from the busy father absorbed in his parish work, all tended to turn inward the tide of his mental and spiritual life. He studied himself, not only because it was the bent of his nature, but because he lacked outside objects of interest; and to this early habit of introspection we owe many of the valuable features of his educational philosophy. Whoever has learned thoroughly to understand one child, has conquered a spot of firm ground on which to rest while he studies the world of children; and because the great teacher realized this truth, because he longed to give to others the means of development denied to himself, he turns for us the heart-leaves of his boyhood.

It would appear that Froebel's characteristics were strongly marked and unusual from the beginning. Called by every one "a moon-struck child" in Oberweissbach, the village of his birth, he was just as unanimously considered "an old fool" when, crowned with the experience of seventy years, he played with the village children on the green hills of Thuringia. The intensity of his inward life, the white heat of his convictions, his absolute blindness to any selfish idea or aim, his enthusiasm, the exaltation of his spiritual nature, all furnish so many cogent reasons why the people of any day or of any community should have failed to understand him, and scorned what they could not comprehend. It is the old story of the seers and the prophets repeated as many times as they appear; for "these colossal souls," as Emerson said, "require a long focal distance to be seen."

At ten years old the sensitive boy was fortunately removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of the parental household; and in his uncle's home he spent five free and happy years, being apprenticed at the end of this time to a forester in his native Thuringian woods. Then followed a year's course in the University of Jena, and four years spent in the study of farming, in clerical work of various kinds, and in land-surveying. All these employments, however, Froebel himself felt to be merely provisional; for like the hazel wand in the diviner's hand, his instinct was blindly seeking through these restless years the well-spring of his life.

In Frankfort, where he had gone intending to study architecture, Destiny touched him on the shoulder, and he turned and knew her. Through a curious combination of circumstances he gained employment in Herr Gruner's Model School, and it was found at once that he was what the Germans love to call "a teacher by the grace of God." The first time he met his class of boys he tells us that he felt inexpressibly happy; the hazel wand had found the waters and was fixed at last. From this time on, all the events of his life were connected with his experience as a teacher. Impelled as soon as he had begun his work by a desire for more effective methods, he visited Yverdon, then the centre of educational thought, and studied with Pestalozzi. He went again in 1808, accompanied by three pupils, and spent two years there, alternately studying and teaching.

There was a year of lectures at Göttingen after this, and one at the University of Berlin, accompanied by unceasing study and research both in literary and scientific lines; but in the fateful year 1813 this quiet student life was broken in upon, for impelled by strong moral conviction, Froebel joined Baron von Lützow's famous volunteer corps, formed to harass the French by constant skirmishes and to encourage the smaller German States to rise against Napoleon.

No thirst for glory prompted this action, but a lofty conception of the office of the educator. How could any young man capable of bearing arms, Froebel says, become a teacher of children whose Fatherland he had refused to defend? how could he in after years incite his pupils to do something noble, something calling for sacrifice and unselfishness, without exposing himself to their derision and contempt? The reasoning was perfect, and he made practice follow upon the heels of theory as closely as he had always done since he became master of his fate.

After the Peace of Paris he settled down for a time to a quiet life in the mineralogical museum at the University of Berlin, his duties being the care, arrangement, and investigation of crystals. Surrounded thus by the exquisite formations whose development according to law is so perfect, whose obedience to the promptings of an inward ideal so complete, he could not but learn from their unconscious ethics to look into the depths of his own nature, and there recognize more clearly the purpose it was intended to work out.

In 1816 he quietly gave up his position, and taking as pupils five of his nephews, three of whom were fatherless, he entered upon his life work, the first step in which was the carrying out of his plan for a "Universal German Educational Institute." He was without money, of course, as he had always been and always would be,—his hands were made for giving, not for getting; he slept in a barn on a wisp of straw while arranging for his first school at Griesheim; but outward things were so little real to him in comparison with the life of the spirit, that bodily privations seemed scarcely worth considering. The school at Keilhau, to which he soon removed, the institutions later established in Wartensee and Willisau, the orphanage in Burgdorf, all were most successful educationally, but, it is hardly necessary to say, were never a source of profit to their head and founder.

Through the twenty succeeding years, busy as he was in teaching, in lecturing, in writing, he was constantly shadowed by dissatisfaction with the foundation upon which he was building. A nebulous idea for the betterment of things was floating before him; but it was not until 1836 that it appeared to his eyes as a "definite truth." This definite truth, the discovery of his old age, was of course the kindergarten; and from this time until the end, all other work was laid aside, and his entire strength given to the consummate flower of his educational thought.

The first kindergarten was opened in 1837 at Blankenburg (where a memorial school is now conducted), and in 1850 the institution at Marienthal for the training of kindergartners was founded, Froebel remaining at its head until his death two years after.

With the exception of that remarkable book 'The Education of Man' (1826), his most important literary work was done after 1836; 'Pedagogies of the Kindergarten,' the first great European contribution to the subject of child-study, appearing from 1837 to 1840 in the form of separate essays, and the 'Mutter-und-Kose Lieder' (Mother-Play) in 1843. Many of his educational aphorisms and occasional speeches were preserved by his great disciple the Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow in her 'Reminiscences of Froebel'; and though two most interesting volumes of his correspondence have been published, there remain a number of letters, as well as essays and educational sketches, not yet rendered into English.

Froebel's literary style is often stiff and involved, its phrases somewhat labored, and its substance exceedingly difficult to translate with spirit and fidelity; yet after all, his mannerisms are of a kind to which one easily becomes accustomed, and the kernel of his thought when reached is found well worth the trouble of removing a layer of husk. He had always an infinitude of things to say, and they were all things of purpose and of meaning; but in writing, as well as in formal speaking, the language to clothe the thought came to him slowly and with difficulty. Yet it appears that in friendly private intercourse he spoke fluently, and one of his students reports that in his classes he was often «overpowering and sublime, the stream of his words pouring forth like fiery rain.»

It is probable that in daily life Froebel was not always an agreeable house-mate; for he was a genius, a reformer, and an unworldly enthusiast, believing in himself and in his mission with all the ardor of a heart centred in one fixed purpose. He was quite intolerant of those who doubted or disbelieved in his theories, as well as of those who, believing, did not carry their faith into works. The people who stood nearest him and devoted themselves to the furthering of his ideas slept on no bed of roses, certainly; but although he sometimes sacrificed their private interests to his cause, it must not be forgotten that he first laid himself and all that he had upon the same altar. His nature was one that naturally inspired reverence and loyalty, and drew from his associates the most extraordinary devotion and self-sacrifice. Then, as now, women were peculiarly attracted by his burning enthusiasm, his prophetic utterances, and his lofty views of their sex and its mission; and then, as now, the almost fanatical zeal of his followers is perhaps to be explained by the fact that he gives a new world-view to his students,—one that produces much the same effect upon the character as the spiritual exaltation called «experiencing religion.»

He was twice married, in each case to a superior woman of great gifts of mind and character, and both helpmates joyfully took up a

life of privation and care that they might be associated with him and with his work. Those memorable words spoken of our Washington,— «Heaven left him childless that a nation might call him father,» are even more applicable to Froebel, for his wise and tender fatherhood extends to all the children of the world. When he passed through the village streets of his own country, little ones came running from every doorstep; the babies clinging to his knees and the older ones hanging about his neck and refusing to leave the dear play-master, as they called him. So the kindergartners love to think of him to-day,—the tall spare figure, the long hair, the wise, plain, strong-featured face, the shining eyes, and the little ones clustering about him as they clustered about another Teacher in Galilee, centuries ago.

Froebel's educational creed cannot here be cited at length, but some of its fundamental articles are:—

The education of the child should begin with its birth, and should be threefold, addressing the mental, spiritual, and physical natures.

It should be continued as it has begun, by appealing to the heart and the emotions as the starting-point of the human soul.

There should be sequence, orderly progression, and one continuous purpose throughout the entire scheme of education, from kindergarten to university.

Education should be conducted according to nature, and should be a free, spontaneous growth,—a development from within, never a prescription from without.

The training of the child should be conducted by means of the activities, needs, desires, and delights, which are the common heritage of childhood.

The child should be led from the beginning to feel that one life thrills through every manifestation of the universe, and that he is a part of all that is.

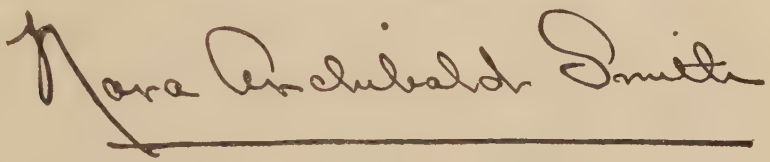
The object of education is the development of the human being in the totality of his powers as a child of nature, a child of man, and a child of God.

These principles of Froebel's, many of them the products of his own mind, others the pure gold of educational currency upon which he has but stamped his own image, are so true and so far-reaching that they have already begun to modify all education and are destined to work greater magic in the future. The great teacher's place in history may be determined, by-and-by, more by the wonderful uplift and impetus he gave to the whole educational world, than by the particular system of child-culture in connection with which he is best known to-day.

Judged by ordinary worldly standards, his life was an unsuccessful one, full of trials and privations, and empty of reward. His

death-blow was doubtless struck by the prohibition of kindergartens in Prussia in 1851, an edict which remained nine years in force. His strength had been too sorely tried to resist this final crushing misfortune, and he passed away the following year. His body was borne to the grave through a heavy storm of wind and rain that seemed to symbolize the vicissitudes of his earthly days, while as a forecast of the future the sun shone out at the last moment, and the train of mourners looked back to see the low mound irradiated with glory.

In Thuringia, where the great child-lover was born, the kindergartens, his best memorials, cluster thickly now; and on the face of the cliffs that overhang the bridle-path across the Glockner mountain may be seen in great letters the single word *Froebel*, hewn deep into the solid rock.



THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD

From 'Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel,' by Baroness B. von Marenholtz-Bülow. Copyright 1877, by Mary Mann. Reprinted by permission of Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

ALL that does not grow out of one's inner being, all that is not one's own original feeling and thought, or that at least does not awaken that, oppresses and defaces the individuality of man instead of calling it forth, and nature becomes thereby a caricature. Shall we never cease to stamp human nature, even in childhood, like coins? to overlay it with foreign images and foreign superscriptions, instead of letting it develop itself and grow into form according to the law of life planted in it by God the Father, so that it may be able to bear the stamp of the Divine, and become an image of God? . . .

This theory of love is to serve as the highest goal and polestar of human education, and must be attended to in the germ of humanity, the child, and truly in his very first impulses. The conquest of self-seeking *egoism* is the most important task of education; for selfishness isolates the individual from all communion, and kills the life-giving principle of love. Therefore the first object of education is to teach to love, to break up the egoism

of the individual, and to lead him from the first stage of communion in the family through all the following stages of social life to the love of humanity, or to the highest self-conquest by which man rises to Divine unity. . . .

Women are to recognize that childhood and womanliness (the care of childhood and the life of women) are inseparably connected; that they form a unit; and that God and nature have placed the protection of the human plant in their hands. Hitherto the female sex could take only a more or less passive part in human history, because great battles and the political organization of nations were not suited to their powers. But at the present stage of culture, nothing is more pressingly required than the cultivation of every human power for the arts of peace and the work of higher civilization. The culture of individuals, and therefore of the whole nation, depends in great part upon the earliest care of childhood. On that account women, as one half of mankind, have to undertake the most important part of the problems of the time, problems that men are not able to solve. If but one half of the work be accomplished, then our epoch, like all others, will fail to reach the appointed goal. As educators of mankind, the women of the present time have the highest duty to perform, while hitherto they have been scarcely more than the beloved mothers of human beings. . . .

But I will protect childhood, that it may not as in earlier generations be pinioned, as in a strait-jacket, in garments of custom and ancient prescription that have become too narrow for the new time. I shall show the way and shape the means, that every human soul may grow of itself, out of its own individuality. But where shall I find allies and helpers if not in women, who as mothers and teachers may put my idea in execution? Only intellectually active women can and will do it. But if these are to be loaded with the ballast of dead knowledge that can take no root in the unprepared ground, if the fountains of their own original life are to be choked up with it, they will not follow my direction nor understand the call of the time for the new task of their sex, but will seek satisfaction in empty superficiality.

To learn to comprehend nature in the child,—is not that to comprehend one's own nature and the nature of mankind? And in this comprehension is there not involved a certain degree of comprehension of all things else? Women cannot learn and take into themselves anything higher and more comprehensive.

It should therefore at least be the beginning, and the love of childhood should be awakened in the mind (and in a wider sense, this is the love of humanity), so that a new, free generation of men can grow up by right care.

EVOLUTION

From 'The Mottoes and Commentaries of Mother-Play.' Copyright 1895, by D. Appleton & Co.

WHAT shall we learn from our yearning look into the heart of the flower and the eye of the child? This truth: Whatever develops, be it into flower or tree or man, is from the beginning implicitly that which it has the power to become. The possibility of perfect manhood is what you read in your child's eye, just as the perfect flower is prophesied in the bud, or the giant oak in the tiny acorn. A presentiment that the ideal or generic human being slumbers, dreams, stirs in your unconscious infant — this it is, O mother, which transfigures you as you gaze upon him. Strive to define to yourself what is that generic ideal which is wrapped up in your child. Surely, as *your* child — or in other words, as child of man — he is destined to live in the past and future as well as in the present. His earthly being implies a past heaven; his birth makes a present heaven; in his soul he holds a future heaven. This threefold heaven, which you also bear within you, shines out on you through your child's eyes.

The beast lives only in the present. Of past and future he knows naught. But to man belong not only the present, but also the future and the past. His thought pierces the heaven of the future, and hope is born. He learns that all human life is one life; that all human joys and sorrows are his joys and sorrows, and through participation enters the present heaven — the heaven of love. He turns his mind towards the past, and out of retrospection wrests a vigorous faith. What soul could fail to conquer an invincible trust in the pure, the good, the holy, the ideally human, the truly Divine, if it would look with single eye into its own past, into the past of history? Could there be a man in whose soul such a contemplation of the past would fail to blossom into devout insight, into self-conscious and self-comprehending faith? Must not such a retrospect unveil the truth? Must not

the beauty of the unveiled truth allure him to Divine doing, Divine living? All that is high and holy in human life meets in that faith which is born of the unveiling of a heaven that has always been; in that hope born of a vision of the heaven that shall be; in that love which creates a heaven in the eternal Now. These three heavens shine out upon you through your child's eye. The presentiment that he carries these three heavens within him transfigures your countenance as you gaze upon him. Cherish this premonition, for thereby you will help him to make his life a musical chord wherein are blended the three notes of faith, hope, and love. These celestial virtues will link his life with the Divine life through which all life is one — with the God who is the supernal fountain of life, light, and love. . . .

Higher and more important than the cultivation of man's outer ear, is the culture of that inner sense of harmony whereby the soul learns to perceive sweet accord in soundless things, and to discern within itself harmonies and discords. The importance of wakening the inner ear to this music of the soul can scarcely be exaggerated. Learning to hear it within, the child will strive to give it outer form and expression; and even if in such effort he is only partially successful, he will gain thereby the power to appreciate the more successful effort of others. Thus enriching his own life by the life of others, he solves the problem of development. How else were it possible within the quickly fleeting hours of mortal life to develop our being in all directions, to fathom its depths, scale its heights, measure its boundaries? What we are, what we would be, we must learn to recognize in the mirror of all other lives. By the effort of each, and the recognition of all, the Divine man is revealed in humanity. . . .

Against the bright light which shines on the smooth white wall is thrust a dark object, and straightway appears the form which so delights the child. This is the outward fact; what is the truth which through this fact is dimly hinted to the prophetic mind? Is it not the creative and transforming power of light, that power which brings form and color out of chaos, and makes the beauty which gladdens our hearts? Is it not more than this, — a foreshadowing, perhaps, of the spiritual fact that our darkest experiences may project themselves in forms that will delight and bless, if in our hearts shines the light of God? The sternest crags, the most forbidding chasms, are beautiful in the mellow sunshine; while the fairest landscape loses all charm, and indeed

ceases to be, when the light which created it is withdrawn. Is it not thus also with our lives? Yesterday, touched by the light of enthusiastic emotion, all our relationships seemed beautiful and blessed; to-day, when the glow of enthusiasm has faded, they oppress and repulse us. Only the conviction that it is the darkness within us which makes the darkness without, can restore the lost peace of our souls. Be it therefore, O mother, your sacred duty to make your darling early feel the working both of the outer and inner light. Let him see in one the symbol of the other, and tracing light and color to their source in the sun, may he learn to trace the beauty and meaning of his life to their source in God.

Translation of Susan E. Blow.

THE LAWS OF THE MIND

From 'The Letters of Froebel'

I AM firmly convinced that all the phenomena of the child-world, those which delight us as well as those which grieve us, depend upon fixed laws as definite as those of the cosmos, the planetary system, and the operations of nature; and it is therefore possible to discover them and examine them. When once we know and have assimilated these laws, we shall be able powerfully to counteract any retrograde and faulty tendencies in the children, and to encourage, at the same time, all that is good and virtuous.

FOR THE CHILDREN

From 'The Letters of Froebel'

I WISH you could have been here this evening, and seen the many beautiful and varied forms and lovely patterns which freely and spontaneously developed themselves from some systematic variations of a simple ground form, in stick-playing. No one would believe, without seeing it, how the child soul, the child life, develops when treated as a whole, and in the sense of forming a part of the great connected life of the world, by some skilled kindergarten teacher — nay, even by one who is only simple-hearted, thoughtful, and attentive; nor how it blooms into

delicious harmonies like a beautifully tinted flower. Oh, if I could only shout aloud with ten thousand lung-power the truth that I now tell you in silence! Then would I make the ears of a hundred thousand men ring with it! What keenness of sensation, what a soul, what a mind, what force of will and active energy, what dexterity and skill of muscular movement and of perception, and what calm and patience, will not all these things call out in the children!

How is it that parents are so blind and deaf, when they profess to be so eager to work for the welfare, the health, and peace of their children? No! I cannot understand it; and yet a whole generation has passed since this system first delivered its message, first called for educational amendment, first pointed out where the need for it lay, and showed how it could be satisfied.

If I were not afraid of being taken for an idiot or an escaped lunatic, I would run barefoot from one end of Germany to the other and cry aloud to all men: — "Set to work at once for your children's sake on some universally developing plan, aiming at unity of life purpose, and through that at joy and peace." But what good would it do? A Curtman and a Ramsauer, in their stupidity or maliciousness, make it their duty to stigmatize my work as sinful, when I am but quietly corresponding with just my own friends and sympathizers; for they say I am destroying all pleasure in life for the parents: "Who could be so silly as I, — amongst sane men who acknowledge that parents have a right to enjoy life, — I who perpetually call to these parents in tones of imperative demand, 'Come, let us live for our children!'" (Kommt, laszt uns unseren Kindern leben!)

MOTIVES

From 'The Education of Man.' By permission of Josephine Jarvis, the translator, and A. Lovell & Co., publishers

Only in the measure that we are thoroughly penetrated by the pure, spiritual, inward, human relations, and are faithful to them even in the smallest detail in life, do we attain to the complete knowledge and perception of the Divine-human relation; only in that measure do we anticipate them so deeply, vividly, and truly, that every yearning of our whole being is thereby satisfied, — at least receives its whole meaning, and is

changed from a constantly unfulfilled yearning to an immediately rewarded effort. . . .

How we degrade and lower the human nature which we should raise, how we weaken those whom we should strengthen, when we hold up to them an inducement to act virtuously, even though we place this inducement in another world! If we employ an outward incentive, though it be the most spiritual, to call forth better life, and leave undeveloped the inner, spontaneous, and independent power of representing pure humanity which rests in each man, we degrade our human nature.

But how wholly different every thing is, if man, especially in boyhood, is made to observe the reflex action of his conduct, not on his outward more or less agreeable position, but on his inner, spontaneous or fettered, clear or clouded, satisfied or dissatisfied condition of spirit and mind! The experiences which proceed from this observation will necessarily more and more awaken the inner sense of man: and then true sense, the greatest treasure of boy and man, comes into his life.

APHORISMS

I see in every child the possibility of a perfect man.

The child-soul is an ever-bubbling fountain in the world of humanity.

The plays of childhood are the heart-leaves of the whole future life.

Childish unconsciousness is rest in God.

From each object of nature and of life, there goes a path toward God.

Perfect human joy is also worship, for it is ordered by God.

The first groundwork of religious life is love — love to God and man — in the bosom of the family.

Childhood is the most important stage of the total development of man and of humanity.

Women must make of their educational calling a priestly office.

Isolation and exclusion destroy life; union and participation create life.

Without religious preparation in childhood, no true religion and no union with God is possible for men.

The tree germ bears within itself the nature of the whole tree; the human being bears in himself the nature of all humanity; and is not therefore humanity born anew in each child?

In the children lies the seed-corn of the future.

The lovingly cared for, and thereby steadily and strongly developed human life, also the cloudless child life, is of itself a Christ-like one.

In all things works one creative life, because the life of all things proceeds from one God.

Let us live with our children: so shall their lives bring peace and joy to us; so shall we begin to be and to become wise.

What boys and girls play in earliest childhood will become by-and-by a beautiful reality of serious life; for they expand into stronger and lovelier youthfulness by seeking on every side appropriate objects to verify the thoughts of their inmost souls.

This earliest age is the most important one for education, because the beginning decides the manner of progress and the end. If national order is to be recognized in later years as a benefit, childhood must first be accustomed to law and order, and therein find the means of freedom. Lawlessness and caprice must rule in no period of life, not even in that of the nursling.

The kindergarten is the free republic of childhood.

A deep feeling of the universal brotherhood of man,—what is it but a true sense of our close filial union with God?

Man must be able to fail, in order to be good and virtuous; and he must be able to become a slave in order to be truly free.

My teachers are the children themselves, with all their purity, their innocence, their unconsciousness, and their irresistible claims; and I follow them like a faithful, trustful scholar.

A story told at the right time is like a looking-glass for the mind.

I wish to cultivate men who stand rooted in nature, with their feet in God's earth, whose heads reach toward and look into the heavens; whose hearts unite the richly formed life of earth and nature, with the purity and peace of heaven,—God's earth and God's heaven.

FROISSART

(1337–1410?)

BY GEORGE M'LEAN HARPER

FROISSART is the artist of chivalry. On his pages are painted, with immortal brilliancy, the splendid shows, the coronations, weddings, tourneys, marches, feasts, and battles of the English and French knighthood just before the close of the Middle Ages. "I intend," he says in the Prologue of his chronicle, "to treat and record history and matter of great praise, to the end that the honorable emprises and noble adventures and deeds of arms, which have come about from the wars of France and England, may be notably enregistered and placed in perpetual memory, whereby chevaliers may take example to encourage them in well-doing."

FROISSART

Chivalry, in the popular understanding, is the fine flower of feudalism, its bloom of poetic and heroic life. But in reality it was artificial, having grown from an exaggerated respect for certain human qualities, at the expense of others fully as essential and indeed no less beautiful. Courage is good; but it is not rare, and the love of fighting for fighting's sake is made possible only by disregarding large areas of life to which war brings no harvest of happiness, and over which it does not even cast the glamor of romance. The works of civilized communities — agriculture, industry, commerce, art, learning, religion — were nearly at a standstill in the middle of the fourteenth century, when Europe was turned into a playground for steel-clad barbarians.

This perversion of nature could not last. The wretched Hundred Years' War had run but half its course when the misery and disgust among the real people, who thought and wrought, drove them to such despairing efforts as the Jacquerie in France and Wat Tyler's Rebellion in England. It was the English archers, as Froissart reluctantly

admits, and not the knights, who won the battle of Poitiers. Gunpowder and cannon, a few years later, doomed the man-at-arms, and the rise of strong monarchies crowded out the feudal system. The thunder of artillery which echoes faintly in the last pages of Froissart is like a parting salvo to all the pageantry the volume holds. From cannon-ball and musket-shot the glittering procession has found refuge there. Into the safe retreat of these illuminated parchments, all the banners and pennons, lances, crests, and tapestries, knights and horses under clanking mail, had time — and but just time — to withdraw. We find them there, fresh as when they hurried in, the colors bright, the trumpets blowing.

Jean Froissart was born at Valenciennes in Hainault, in 1337, the year of his birth almost coinciding with Chaucer's. He tells us in his long autobiographical poem, 'L'Espinette Amoureuse,' that he was fond of play when a boy, and delighted in dances, carols, and poems, and had a liking for all those who loved dogs and birds. In the school where he was sent, he says, there were little girls whom he tried to please by giving them rings of glass, and pins, and apples, and pears. It seemed to him a most worthy thing to acquire their favor, and he wondered when it would be his turn to fall really in love. Much of this poem, which narrates tediously the love affair that was not long in coming, is probably fictitious; but there is no doubt of the accuracy of his description of himself in the opening lines, as fond of pleasure, prone to gallantry, and susceptible to all the bright faces of romance. From love and arms, he says, we are often told that all joy and every honor flow. He informs us elsewhere that he was no sooner out of school than he began to write, putting into verse the wars of his time.

In 1361 he went to England, where Edward III. was reigning with Philippa his queen, a daughter of the Count of Hainault. His passport to the favor of his great countrywoman was a book, the result of these rhymings, covering the period from the battle of Poitiers, 1356, to the time of his voyage. This volume is not known to exist, nor any copy of it. The Queen made him a clerk of her chamber. He had abundant opportunity in England to gratify his curiosity and fill his note-book, for the court was full of French noblemen, lately come over as hostages for King Jean of France, who was captured at the battle of Poitiers.

In 1365 he took letters of recommendation from the Queen to David Bruce, King of Scotland, whom he followed for three months in his progress through that realm; spending a fortnight at the castle of William Douglas and making everywhere diligent inquiry about the recent war of 1345. In his delightful little poem 'The Debate between the Horse and the Greyhound,' beginning, "Froissart from

Scotland was returning," we have a lifelike figure of the inquisitive young chronicler, pushing unweariedly from inn to inn on a tired horse and leading a footsore dog.

Between his thirtieth and his thirty-fourth year he was sometimes in England and sometimes in various parts of the Continent. In August 1369, while he was abroad, his patroness Queen Philippa died. She had encouraged him to continue his researches and writings, and he had presented her with a second volume, in prose, which has come down to us as a part of the chronicle. He admits that his work was an expansion of the chronicle of Jean le Bel, Canon of Saint Lambert at Liège, for he says:—"As all great rivers are made by the gathering together of many streams and springs, so the sciences also are extracted and compiled by many clerks: what one knows, the other does not."

On hearing of the Queen's death, Froissart settled in his own country of Hainault. There he won favor from princes, as was his custom, by giving them manuscripts of his chronicle, which was growing apace. By the middle of 1373 we find him become a churchman and provided with a living, in which he remained ten years, compiling fresh history and correcting what he had already written and put in circulation. A little later, 1376 to 1383, he made a more thorough revision of his chronicle, going so far as to modify its spirit, which had been favorable to English character and policy, and make it more agreeable to partisans of France. Although Froissart was not a Frenchman, his writings are all in the French language, which was of course his native tongue.

About the beginning of 1384 he was made a canon of the Church, at Chimay, a small town near the French frontier, and in this region he observed the military movements then going on there, and recorded them immediately in Book ii. of his chronicle. Four years of quiet were however too much for his mobile and energetic spirit; and in 1388, hearing that the Count Gaston de Foix, in the Pyrenees, was a man likely to know many details of the English wars in Gascony and Guyenne, he set out to visit him, taking among other presents a book of his poetry and two couples of hounds. When he still had ten days to travel he met a gentleman of Foix, with whom he journeyed the rest of the way, beguiling the time with talk about the sieges the various towns upon their route had suffered.

"At the words which he spoke I was delighted, for they pleased me much, and right well did I retain them all; and as soon as I had dismounted at the hostelries along the road which we traveled together, I wrote them down, at evening as in the morning, to have a better record of them in times to come; for there is nothing so retentive as writing."

Count Gaston received him hospitably, and filled his three months' sojourn with stories of great events. Then Froissart visited many towns of Provence and Languedoc. These peregrinations furnished much of the material for Book iii. Little more is known of his life, except with respect to a visit to England which he made in 1394, and which enabled him to collect material for a large part of Book iv., the last in the chronicle. He is supposed to have died at Chimay, later than 1400, and perhaps, as tradition asserts, in 1410.

It is an engaging picture, this, of a genial, sharp-eyed, somewhat worldly churchman, riding his gray horse over hill and dale in quest of knowledge. We can fancy him arriving at his inn of an evening, and at once asking the obsequious host what knight or other great person dwells in the neighborhood. He loses no time before calling at the castle, and is gladly admitted when he tells his well-known name. He is ready to pay for any historical information with a story from his own collection. He is welcome everywhere, and for his part does not regret the time thus spent, nor the money,—several fortunes, by his own count,—for he has the light heart of the true traveler. It is always sunshine where he goes. The clangor of arms and the blare of trumpets hover ever above the horizon. Around the corner of every hill sits a fair castle by a shining river. From town to town, from province to province, his love of listening draws him on. To realize the charm of journeying in those days, we must remember that the local customs and qualities were almost undisturbed by communication; two French cities only a score of miles apart would often differ from each other as much as Nuremberg does from Venice.

«And I tell you for a truth,» we read, «that to make these chronicles I have gone in my time much through the world, both to fulfill my pleasure by seeing the wonders of the earth, and to inquire about the arms and adventures that are written in this book.»

So to horse, good Canon of Chimay! Throw aside books; there is news of fighting in the South; after the battle, soldiers will talk. There have been deeds of courage and romance. Hasten thither, while the tale of them is new!

If he were not so celebrated as a chronicler, Froissart would be known as one of the last of the wandering minstrels. He had the roving foot; he lived by charming the rich into generosity with his recitals. And he wrote much poetry, which is little read, except where it has some autobiographical interest. We possess the long poems, 'L'Espinette Amoureuse,' 'Le Buisson de Jeunesse,' 'Le Dit du Florin,' and several shorter pieces, with fragments of his once famous versified romance 'Méliador.'

His great prose work, while professing to be a history, in distinction from the chronicles of previous writers, is however not an orderly narration, nor is it a philosophical treatment of political causes and effects. It is a collection of pictures and stories, without much unity except the constant purpose of exhibiting the prowess of knighthood. There is not much indication even of partisanship or patriotic feeling. Froissart generally gives due meed of praise to the best knight in every bout, the best battalion in every encounter, regardless of sides.

The subjects treated are so numerous and disparate that no general idea of them can be given. They cover the time from 1326 to 1394, and lead us through England, Scotland, Flanders, Hainault, France, Italy, Spain, and Northern Africa. Among the most interesting passages are the story of King Edward's campaign against the Scots; his march through France; the battle of Crécy; the siege of Calais; Wat Tyler's Rebellion, which Froissart the well-fed parasite treats with an odd and inconsistent mingling of horror and contempt; the Jacquerie, which he says was the work of peasant dogs, the scum of the earth; the battle of Poitiers, with a fine description of the Black Prince waiting at table on poor captured King Jean, and the rise and fall of Philip van Artevelde.

Froissart's chronicle used to be regarded as authoritative history. But as might have been expected from his mode of inquiry, it is full of geographical, chronological, and other errors. Getting his information by ear, he wrote proper names phonetically, or turned them into something resembling French. Thus Worcester becomes "Vaucestre," Seymour "Simon," Sutherland "Surlant," Walter Tyler "Vautre Tuilier," Edinburgh "Hedaimbourch," Stirling "Eturmelin." The persons from whom he got his material were generally partisans either of France or of England, and often told him their stories years after the events; so that although he tried to be impartial himself, and to offset one witness by another, he seldom heard a judicial account of a battle or a quarrel. He seems to have consulted few written records, though he might easily have seen the State papers of England and Hainault.

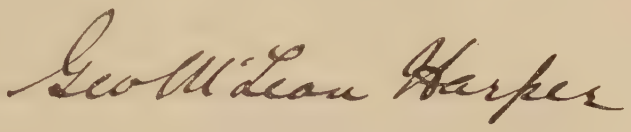
It is useless to blame him, however; for the writing of mere history was not his purpose. With all his fine devotion to his life work,—a devotion which is the more admirable when we consider his pleasure-loving nature,—with all his attention to fairness, his great concern was not so much to instruct as to delight, first himself, secondly the great people of his age, and lastly posterity, on whom he ever and anon cast a shrewd and longing glance. To please his contemporaries, he several times revised his work. Posterity has nearly always preferred what might be called the first edition, which is the most unconscious and entertaining, though the least precise.

But if we must deny him much of the value as a political historian which was once attributed to him, we may still regard him as a great authority for the general aspect of life in the fourteenth century. Manners, customs, morals, as well as armor and dress, are no doubt correctly portrayed in his book. We learn from it what was deemed virtue and what vice; we learn that although religion was sincerely professed by the upper classes, it was not very successfully practiced, and had amazingly little effect upon morals. We are struck, for instance, with the absence of imagination or sympathy which permitted people to witness the horrible tortures inflicted on prisoners and criminals, although their minds were frequently filled with visions of supernatural beings. Froissart unconsciously makes himself, too, a medium for studying human character in his time, by his negative morality, his complacent recording of crimes, his unconcerned mention of horrors. Yet from his bringing up as a poet, and his scholarly associations, and his connection with the Church, it is likely he was a gentler man than nine-tenths of the knights and squires and men-at-arms about him.

There is an indifference colder even than cynicism in his failure to remark on the sufferings of the poor, which were so awful in his age. It is the result of class prejudice, and seems deliberate. The burned village, the trampled grain-field, the cowering women, the starved children, the rotting corpses, the mangled forms of living and agonizing foot-soldiers,—all these consequences of war he sees and occasionally mentions, yet they hardly touch him. But he is forever mourning the death of stricken knights as if it were a woeful loss. Yet for all his association with the governing class, we never find ourselves thinking of him as anything but a commoner raised to fortune by genius and favor. He has not the distinction of Joinville, who was a nobleman in the conventional sense and also in the truest sense.

Froissart's merit, then, is not that he is a great political historian, nor even a great historian of the culture of his time. He did not see accurately enough to be the first, nor broadly and deeply and independently enough to be the second. But kindly Nature made him something else, and enabled him to win that name "which honoreth most and most endureth." She gave him the painter's eye, the poet's fancy, and it is as the artist of chivalry he lives to-day. His chronicle may be often false to historical fact, it may not display a broad and sympathetic intelligence or a generous impatience of conventionality, but it does please, it does enthrall. It is one of those books without moral intent, like the Arabian Nights, which the boys of all ages will persist in reading, and which men delight in if they love good pictures and good story-telling. No more lasting colors have come down to us from Venetian painters than those which rush

out from the words on his pages. His scenes do not take shape in our minds as etchings or engravings, but smile themselves into being, like oil-paintings. Sunlight, the glint of steel, red and yellow banners waving, white horses galloping over the sand, flashing armor, glittering spurs, the shining faces of eager men, fill with glory this great pictorial wonder-book of the Middle Ages.



THE INVASION OF FRANCE BY KING EDWARD III., AND THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY

From the 'Chronicles': Translation of John Bourchier, Lord Berners

How the King of England Rode Through Normandy

When the King of England arrived in the Hogue Saint-Vaast, the King issued out of his ship, and the first foot that he set on the ground he fell so rudely that the blood brast out of his nose. The knights that were about him took him up and said, "Sir, for God's sake enter again into your ship, and come not aland this day, for this is but an evil sign for us." Then the King answered quickly and said, "Wherefore? This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me." Of the which answer all his men were right joyful. So that day and night the King lodged on the sands, and in the mean time discharged the ships of their horses and other baggages; there the King made two marshals of his host, the one the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt and the other the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Arundel constable. And he ordained that the Earl of Huntingdon should keep the fleet of ships with a hundred men of arms and four hundred archers; and also he ordained three battles, one to go on his right hand, closing to the seaside, and the other on his left hand, and the King himself in the midst, and every night to lodge all in one field.

Thus they set forth as they were ordained, and they that went by the sea took all the ships that they found in their ways; and so long they went forth, what by sea and what by land, that they came to a good port and to a good town called Barfleur, the

which incontinent was won, for they within gave up for fear of death. Howbeit, for all that, the town was robbed, and much gold and silver there found, and rich jewels; there was found so much riches, that the boys and villains of the host set nothing by good furred gowns; they made all the men of the town to issue out and to go into the ships, because they would not suffer them to be behind them for fear of rebelling again. After the town of Barfleur was thus taken and robbed without brenning, then they spread abroad in the country and did what they list, for there was not to resist them. At last they came to a great and a rich town called Cherbourg; the town they won and robbed it, and brent part thereof, but into the castle they could not come, it was so strong and well furnished with men of war.

Of the Great Assembly that the French King Made to Resist the King of England

Thus by the Englishmen was brent, exiled, robbed, wasted, and pilled the good plentiful country of Normandy. Then the French King sent for the Lord John of Hainault, who came to him with a great number; also the King sent for other men of arms, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and squires, and assembled together the greatest number of people that had been seen in France a hundred year before. He sent for men into so far countries, that it was long or they came together, wherefore the King of England did what him list in the mean season. The French King heard well what he did, and sware and said how they should never return again unfought withal, and that such hurts and damages as they had done should be dearly revenged; wherefore he had sent letters to his friends in the Empire, to such as were farthest off, and also to the gentle King of Bohemia and to the Lord Charles his son, who from thenceforth was called King of Almaine; he was made King by the aid of his father and the French King, and had taken on him the arms of the Empire: the French King desired them to come to him with all their powers, to the intent to fight with the King of England, who brent and wasted his country. These Princes and Lords made them ready with great number of men of arms, of Almains, Bohemians, and Luxemburgers, and so came to the French King. Also King Philip sent to the Duke of Lorraine, who came to serve him with three hundred spears; also there came the Earl

[of] Salm in Saumois, the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl William of Namur, every man with a fair company.

Ye have heard herebefore of the order of the Englishmen; how they went in three battles, the marshals on the right hand and on the left, the King and the Prince of Wales his son in the midst. They rode but small journeys, and every day took their lodgings between noon and three of the clock, and found the country so fruitful that they needed not to make no provision for their host, but all only for wine; and yet they found reasonably sufficient thereof. It was no marvel, though, they of the country were afraid; for before that time they had never seen men of war, nor they wist not what war or battle meant. They fled away as far as they might hear speaking of the Englishmen, and left their houses well stuffed, and granges full of corn; they wist not how to save and keep it. The King of England and the Prince had in their battle a three thousand men of arms and six thousand archers, and a ten thousand men afoot, beside them that rode with the marshals. . . .

Then the King went toward Caen, the which was a greater town and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, noble ladies and damosels, and fair churches, and specially two great and rich abbeys, one of the Trinity, another of Saint Stephen; and on the one side of the town one of the fairest castles of all Normandy, and captain therein was Robert of Wargny, with three hundred Genoways, and in the town was the Earl of Eu and of Guines, Constable of France, and the Earl of Tancarville, with a good number of men of war. The King of England rode that day in good order and lodged all his battles together that night, a two leagues from Caen, in a town with a little haven called Austrehem, and thither came also all his navy of ships with the Earl of Huntingdon, who was governour of them.

The constable and other lords of France that night watched well the town of Caen, and in the morning armed them with all them of the town: then the constable ordained that none should issue out, but keep their defenses on the walls, gate, bridge, and river; and left the suburbs void, because they were not closed; for they thought they should have enough to do to defend the town, because it was not closed but with the river. They of the town said how they would issue out, for they were strong enough to fight with the King of England. When the constable saw their

good wills, he said, "In the name of God be it, ye shall not fight without me." Then they issued out in good order, and made good face to fight and to defend them and to put their lives in adventure.

Of the Battle of Caen, and How the Englishmen Took the Town

The same day the Englishmen rose early and appareled them ready to go to Caen.* The King heard mass before the sun-rising, and then took his horse, and the Prince his son, with Sir Godfrey of Harcourt, marshal and leader of the host, whose counsel the King much followed. Then they drew toward Caen with their battles in good array, and so approached the good town of Caen. When they of the town, who were ready in the field, saw these three battles coming in good order, with their banners and standards waving in the wind, and the archers, the which they had not been accustomed to see, they were sore afraid and fled away toward the town without any order or good array, for all that the constable could do; then the Englishmen pursued them eagerly. When the constable and the Earl Tancarville saw that, they took a gate at the entry and saved themselves and certain with them, for the Englishmen were entered into the town. Some of the knights and squires of France, such as knew the way to the castle, went thither, and the captain there received them all, for the castle was large. The Englishmen in the chase slew many, for they took none to mercy.

Then the constable and the Earl of Tancarville, being in the little tower at the bridge foot, looked along the street and saw their men slain without mercy; they doubted to fall in their hands. At last they saw an English knight with one eye, called Sir Thomas Holland, and a five or six other knights with him; they knew them, for they had seen them before in Pruce, in Granade, and in other viages. Then they called to Sir Thomas and said how they would yield themselves prisoners. Then Sir Thomas came thither with his company and mounted up into the gate, and there found the said lords with twenty-five knights with them, who yielded them to Sir Thomas; and he

*This was 26th July, 1346. Edward arrived at Poissy on 12th August; Philip of Valois left Paris on the 14th; the English crossed the Seine at Poissy on the 16th, and the Somme at Blanche-taque on the 24th.

took them for his prisoners and left company to keep them, and then mounted again on his horse and rode into the streets, and saved many lives of ladies, damosels, and cloisterers from defoiling,—for the soldiers were without mercy. It fell so well the same season for the Englishmen, that the river, which was able to bear ships, at that time was so low that men went in and out beside the bridge. They of the town were entered into their houses, and cast down into the street stones, timber, and iron, and slew and hurt more than five hundred Englishmen; wherewith the King was sore displeased. At night when he heard thereof, he commanded that the next day all should be put to the sword and the town brent; but then Sir Godfrey of Harcourt said:—"Dear sir, for God's sake assuage somewhat your courage, and let it suffice you that ye have done. Ye have yet a great voyage to do or ye come before Calais, whither ye purpose to go: and sir, in this town there is much people who will defend their houses, and it will cost many of your men their lives, or ye have all at your will; whereby peradventure ye shall not keep your purpose to Calais, the which should redound to your rack. Sir, save your people, for ye shall have need of them or this month pass; for I think verily your adversary King Philip will meet with you to fight, and ye shall find many strait passages and rencounters; wherefore your men, an ye had more, shall stand you in good stead: and sir, without any further slaying ye shall be lord of this town; men and women will put all that they have to your pleasure." Then the King said, "Sir Godfrey, you are our marshal; ordain everything as ye will." Then Sir Godfrey with his banner rode from street to street, and commanded in the King's name none to be so hardy to put fire in any house, to slay any person, nor to violate any woman. When they of the town heard that cry, they received the Englishmen into their houses and made them good cheer, and some opened their coffers and bade them take what them list, so they might be assured of their lives; howbeit there were done in the town many evil deeds, murders, and robberies. Thus the Englishmen were lords of the town three days and won great riches, the which they sent by barks and barges to Saint-Saviour by the river of Austrehem, a two leagues thence, whereas all their navy lay. Then the King sent the Earl of Huntingdon with two hundred men of arms and four hundred archers, with his navy and prisoners and riches that they had got, back again into England. And the King bought of Sir Thomas Holland the

Constable of France and the Earl of Tancarville, and paid for them twenty thousand nobles. . . .

The next day the King departed, brenning and wasting all before him, and at night lodged in a good village called Grandvilliers. The next day the King passed by Dargies; there was none to defend the castle, wherefore it was soon taken and brent. Then they went forth destroying the country all about, and so came to the castle of Poix, where there was a good town and two castles. There was nobody in them but two fair damosels, daughters to the Lord of Poix; they were soon taken, and had been violated, an two English knights had not been, Sir John Chandos and Sir Basset; they defended them and brought them to the King, who for his honor made them good cheer and demanded of them whither they would fainest go. They said, "To Corbie," and the King caused them to be brought thither without peril. That night the King lodged in the town of Poix. They of the town and of the castles spake that night with the marshals of the host, to save them and their town from brenning, and they to pay a certain sum of florins the next day as soon as the host was departed. This was granted them, and in the morning the King departed with all his host, except a certain that were left there to receive the money that they of the town had promised to pay. When they of the town saw the host depart and but a few left behind, then they said they would pay never a penny, and so ran out and set on the Englishmen, who defended themselves as well as they might and sent after the host for succor. When Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Thomas Holland, who had the rule of the rear guard, heard thereof, they returned and cried, "Treason, treason!" and so came again to Poix-ward and found their companions still fighting with them of the town. Then anon they of the town were nigh all slain, and the town brent, and the two castles beaten down. Then they returned to the King's host, who was as then at Airaines and there lodged, and had commanded all manner of men on pain of death to do no hurt to no town of Arsyn,* for there the King was minded to lie a day or two to take advice how he might pass the river of Somme; for it was necessary for him to pass the river, as ye shall hear after.

* Probably a misunderstanding by Froissart of the English word «arson»: the king's command being not to burn the towns on the Somme, as he wanted them for shelter.

How the French King Followed the King of England in Beauvoisinois

Now let us speak of King Philip, who was at Saint-Denis and his people about him, and daily increased. Then on a day he departed and rode so long that he came to Coppegueule, a three leagues from Amiens, and there he tarried. The King of England, being at Airaines, wist not where for to pass the river of Somme, the which was large and deep, and all bridges were broken and the passages well kept. Then at the King's commandment his two marshals with a thousand men of arms and two thousand archers went along the river to find some passage, and passed by Longpré, and came to the bridge of Remy, the which was well kept with a great number of knights and squires and men of the country. The Englishmen alighted afoot and assailed the Frenchmen from the morning till it was noon; but the bridge was so well fortified and defended that the Englishmen departed without winning of anything. Then they went to a great town called Fountains, on the river of Somme, the which was clean robbed and brent, for it was not closed. Then they went to another town called Long-en-Ponthieu; they could not win the bridge, it was so well kept and defended. Then they departed and went to Picquigny, and found the town, the bridge, and the castle so well fortified that it was not likely to pass there; the French King had so well defended the passages, to the intent that the King of England should not pass the river of Somme, to fight with him at his advantage or else to famish him there.

When these two marshals had assayed in all places to find passage and could find none, they returned again to the King, and shewed how they could find no passage in no place. The same night the French King came to Amiens with more than a hundred thousand men. The King of England was right pensive, and the next morning heard mass before the sun-rising and then dislodged; and every man followed the marshals' banners, and so rode in the country of Vimeu approaching to the good town of Abbeville, and found a town thereby, whereunto was come much people of the country in trust of a little defense that was there; but the Englishmen anon won it, and all they that were within slain, and many taken of the town and of the country. The King took his lodging in a great hospital* that was there. The

* That is, a house of the Knights of St. John.

same day the French King departed from Amiens and came to Airaines about noon; and the Englishmen were departed thence in the morning. The Frenchmen found there great provision that the Englishmen had left behind them, because they departed in haste. There they found flesh ready on the broaches, bread and pasties in the ovens, wine in tuns and barrels, and the tables ready laid. There the French King lodged and tarried for his lords.

That night the King of England was lodged at Oisemont. At night when the two marshals were returned, who had that day overrun the country to the gates of Abbeville and to Saint-Valery and made a great skirmish there, then the King assembled together his council and made to be brought before him certain prisoners of the country of Ponthieu and of Vimeu. The King right courteously demanded of them if there were any among them that knew any passage beneath Abbeville, that he and his host might pass over the river of Somme: if he would shew him thereof, he should be quit of his ransom, and twenty of his company for his love. There was a varlet called Gobin Agace, who stepped forth and said to the King:—"Sir, I promise you on the jeopardy of my head I shall bring you to such a place, whereas ye and all your host shall pass the river of Somme without peril. There be certain places in the passage that ye shall pass twelve men afront two times between day and night; ye shall not go in the water to the knees. But when the flood cometh, the river then waxeth so great that no man can pass; but when the flood is gone, the which is two times between day and night, then the river is so low that it may be passed without danger both a-horseback and afoot. The passage is hard in the bottom, with white stones, so that all your carriage may go surely; therefore the passage is called Blanche-Taque. An ye make ready to depart betimes, ye may be there by the sun-rising." The King said, "If this be true that ye say, I quit thee thy ransom and all thy company, and moreover shall give thee a hundred nobles." Then the King commanded every man to be ready at the sound of the trumpet to depart.

Of the Battle of Blanche-Taque

The King of England slept not much that night, for at midnight he arose and sowned his trumpet; then incontinent they made ready carriages and all things, and at the breaking of the day they departed from the town of Oisemont and rode after the guiding of Gobin Agace, so that they came by the sun-rising to Blanche-Taque: but as then the flood was up, so that they might not pass, so the King tarried there till it was prime; then the ebb came.

The French King had his currours in the country, who brought him word of the demeanor of the Englishmen. Then he thought to close the King of England between Abbeville and the river of Somme, and so to fight with him at his pleasure. And when he was at Amiens he had ordained a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godemar du Fay, to go and keep the passage of Blanche-Taque, where the Englishmen must pass or else in none other place. He had with him a thousand men of arms and six thousand afoot, with the Genoways; so they went by Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu and from thence to Crotoy, whereas the passage lay: and also he had with him a great number of men of the country, and also a great number of them of Montreuil, so that they were a twelve thousand men one and other.

When the English host was come thither, Sir Godemar du Fay arranged all his company to defend the passage. The King of England let not for all that; but when the flood was gone, he commanded his marshals to enter into the water in the name of God and St. George. Then they that were hardy and courageous entered on both parties, and many a man reversed. There were some of the Frenchmen of Artois and Picardy that were as glad to joust in the water as on the dry land.

The Frenchmen defended so well the passage at the issuing out of the water, that they had much to do. The Genoways did them great trouble with their cross-bows; on the other side the archers of England shot so wholly together, that the Frenchmen were fain to give place to the Englishmen. There was a sore battle, and many a noble feat of arms done on both sides. Finally the Englishmen passed over and assembled together in the field. The King and the Prince passed, and all the lords; then the Frenchmen kept none array, but departed, he that might

best. When Sir Godemar saw that discomfiture, he fled and saved himself; some fled to Abbeville and some to Saint-Riquiers. They that were there afoot could not flee, so that there were slain a great number of them of Abbeville, Montreuil, Rue, and of Saint-Riquiers; the chase endured more than a great league. And as yet all the Englishmen were not passed the river, and certain currours of the King of Bohemia and of Sir John of Hainault came on them that were behind, and took certain horses and carriages and slew divers, or they could take the passage.

The French King the same morning was departed from Airaines, trusting to have found the Englishmen between him and the river of Somme; but when he heard how that Sir Godemar du Fay and his company were discomfited, he tarried in the field and demanded of his marshals what was best to do. They said, "Sir, ye cannot pass the river but at the bridge of Abbeville, for the flood is come in at Blanche-Taque;" then he returned and lodged at Abbeville.

The King of England, when he was past the river, he thanked God, and so rode forth in like manner as he did before. Then he called Gobin Agace and did quit him his ransom and all his company, and gave him a hundred nobles and a good horse. And so the King rode forth fair and easily, and thought to have lodged in a great town called Noyelles; but when he knew that the town pertained to the Countess d'Aumale, sister to the Lord Robert of Artois,* the King assured the town and country as much as pertained to her, and so went forth: and his marshals rode to Crotoy on the seaside and brent the town, and found in the haven many ships and barks charged with wines of Poitou, pertaining to the merchants of Saintonge and of Rochelle; they brought the best thereof to the King's host. Then one of the marshals rode to the gates of Abbeville and from thence to Saint-Riquiers, and after to the town of Rue-Saint-Esprit. This was on a Friday, and both battles of the marshals returned to the King's host about noon and so lodged all together near to Cressy in Ponthieu.

The King of England was well informed how the French King followed after him to fight. Then he said to his company, "Let us take here some plot of ground, for we will go no farther till we have seen our enemies. I have good cause here to abide

*She was in fact his daughter.

them, for I am on the right heritage of the Queen my mother, the which land was given at her marriage: I will challenge it of mine adversary Philip of Valois." And because that he had not the eighth part in number of men as the French King had, therefore he commanded his marshals to chose a plot of ground somewhat for his advantage; and so they did, and thither the King and his host went. Then he sent his currours to Abbeville, to see if the French King drew that day into the field or not. They went forth and returned again, and said how they could see none appearance of his coming; then every man took their lodging for that day, and to be ready in the morning at the sound of the trumpet in the same place. This Friday the French King tarried still in Abbeville abiding for his company, and sent his two marshals to ride out to see the dealing of the Englishmen; and at night they returned, and said how the Englishmen were lodged in the fields. That night the French King made a supper to all the chief lords that were there with him, and after supper the King desired them to be friends each to other. The King looked for the Earl of Savoy, who should come to him with a thousand spears, for he had received wages for a three months of them at Troyes in Champagne.

Of the Order of the Englishmen at Cressy

On the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to His honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the Prince his son with him, and the most part of his company, were confessed and houseled; and after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the King caused a park to be made by the wood-side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their

horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles: In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other with the Welshmen; every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the King; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the King leapt on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles; then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

The Order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and How they Beheld the Demeanor of the Englishmen

This Saturday the French King rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of St. Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the King sent four

knights, the Moine [of] Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them; they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said, "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the King said to [the] Moine, who pertained to the King of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you." Then he said:—"Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the King commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and St. Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost; and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they reculed then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list; some went forth, and some abode still. The commons, of

whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or shew the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvelous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, shewed me as they knew.

Of the Battle of Cressy, August 26th, 1346

The Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles. The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and

bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly [together] and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press: the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw

that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold

Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and shewed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself willfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the

walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault. The King would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.